★ Mar. 25, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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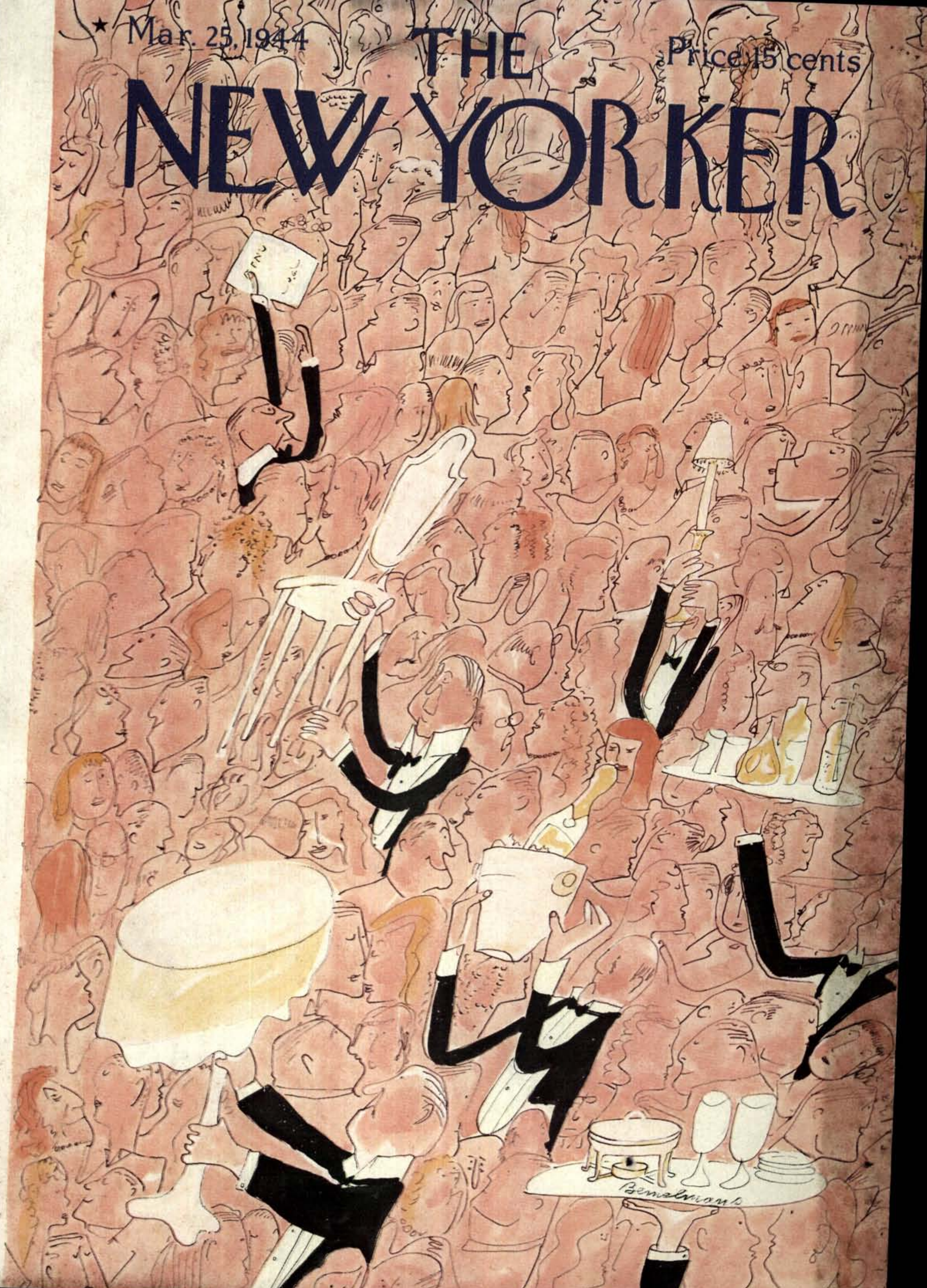

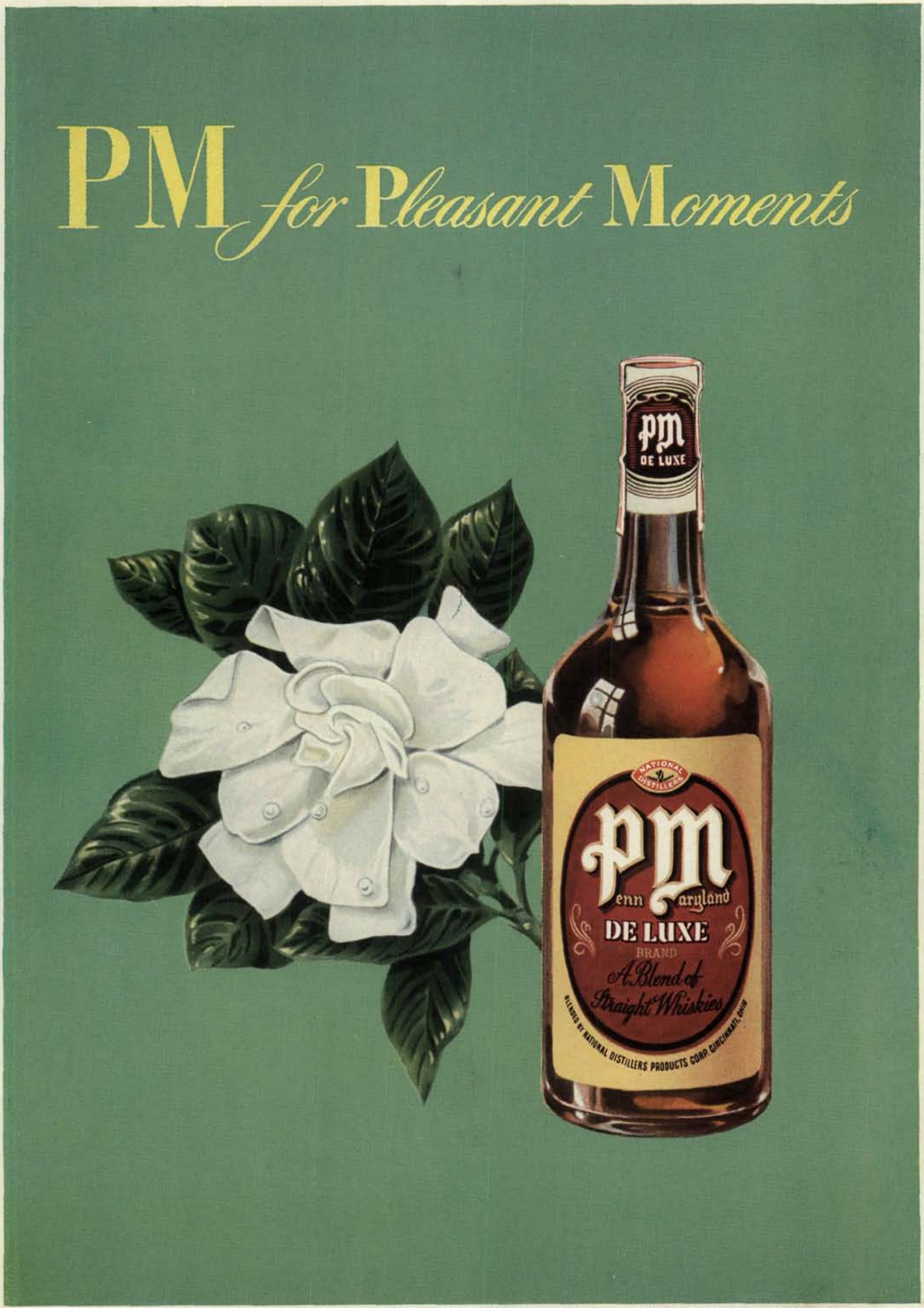
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Margaret Webster's slightly disappointing revival of Chekhov's most touching play, with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 1.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Moves on Tues., March 28, to the Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 1.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell is as fascinating as ever, and Henry Daniell, Carol Goodner, and Arthur Margetson are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and enormously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is superb. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

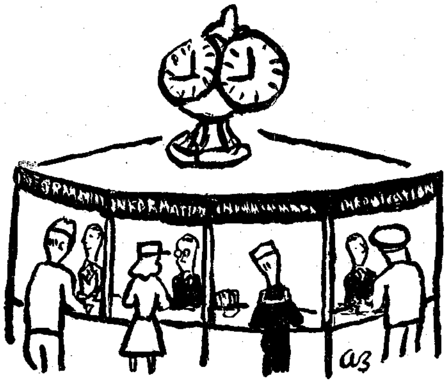
Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Conrad Nagel, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun., March 26, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The House in Paris—A dramatization of the Elizabeth Bowen novel, with Ludmilla Pitöeff and Alastair Boyd Kyle. Staged by Clarence Derwent and produced by H. Clay Blaney. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's music, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or another. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A good-looking, earnest revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, handsome musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon are also in it. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—Etta Moten and some others of the original cast in the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—A comedy by Zoë Akins, with Billie Burke, Frank Craven, and Barbara Bel Geddes. Staged by Elliott Nugent and produced by Richard Myers. Opens Wed., March 29. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except March 30, and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—Final performances of the season: "Patience," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., March 23-24; "Ruddigore," Sat. and Sun. Afts. and Eves., March 25-26. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Cinderella" and "Sleeping Beauty," Sat., March 25 and April 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In the fourth of a series of repertory recitals, Sun., March 26, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Martha Graham—With her group—Central High School, 225 W. 24 (ST 9-1391), Sat., March 25, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400), Sun., March 26, at 3:30 P.M.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A good-looking ice revue and Emile Petti's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. In other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Josh White and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous and tumultuous room with pretty girls and palm

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

trees. Also Sophie Tucker, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.... The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Sweet and continuous music (for waltzers, too) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and handsome, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Dr. Giovanni, the pickpocket, and Stanley Melba's orchestra.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings at the supper hour in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra is there throughout the evening.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a sedate but pleasant ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening.... Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room and Paul Draper entertains the after-theatre trade.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Imogene Coca head a competent show.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with a number of entertainers.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni, at her best, and a good magician.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old songs and a few new ones.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, and plenty of elbow room.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a slapdash show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine.... **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show.... **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe will be here through Tues., March 28; Machito's rumba band.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter and the Clarence Profit Trio.

●

Mostly for Music—At the **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ethel Waters and Maurice Rocco are here, heading an all-Negro show.... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur de Paris play for their admirers.... **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): blues by Billie Holiday and jazz by the Al Casey Trio.... **YACHT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Trummie Young, with his trombone and his band.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): an orchestra headed by Sidney Catlett and Ben Webster, as well as the Leonard Ware Trio.

ART

John Atherton—Recent oils by a "magic realist": Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31.

Nelli Bar—Sculpture by a former pupil of Maillol: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A retrospective of prints by Emil Ganso (through May 21); also, a hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many well-known artists (through Sun., March 26). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mario Carreño—Twenty-one recent paintings and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Gladys Rockmore Davis—Backstage ballet scenes: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Julio De Diego—New oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

Philip Evergood—New paintings, mostly of the war: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Vaughn Flannery—Landscapes and *Police Gazette* pastiche: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

French—Twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 24.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: the mid-season retrospective of work which has been shown at the gallery during the past year. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Fri., March 24.... **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and several others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: Raphael and Moses Soyer, Isabel Bishop, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Irene Hamar—A Brazilian sculptor's academic versions of Mrs. Vanderbilt, Martha Graham, Wendell Willkie, and others: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Jean Hélion—Oils done since the artist escaped from a German prison camp: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Hans Hofmann—A well-known art teacher shows his own paintings and drawings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Walter Houmère—A merger of Abstract and Surrealist painting: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Hungarian Art—A loan exhibition of work by Zoltan Hecht, Ladislaus Segy, Marcel Vertès, and others; a benefit for the Red Cross: Peikin, 704 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 26.

Peter Hurd—Landscapes with the usual mannerisms: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Fernand Léger—New oils, more or less abstract: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Jean Lurçat—Oils and gouaches: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection (through April 9). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

George L. K. Morris—Abstractions with war themes: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 8.

Edvard Munch—Black-and-whites, mostly late nineteenth-century, in the first show since the artist's death: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

Portraits—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculpture of theatre people, beginning with Mrs. Siddons; a benefit for the Red Cross: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4.

Primitives—Recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist: Harry Stone, 555 Madison, at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

Andre Racz—Drawings, engravings, and paintings: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Louis Schanker—Abstract oils and prints: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Raphael Soyer—Water colors and drawings from his sketchbooks: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31.

Still Lifes—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: as developed by seventeenth-century artists in the Mediterranean countries and in Holland. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.... **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57: well-selected show by French masters from Manet to Picasso; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31.

Lesser Ury—The first show here of work by this German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 11.

Maurice Vlaminck—New and old oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57: Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 25.

Abraham Walkowitz—Twenty-five paintings, including several from the Armory Show of 1913: Schacht, 23 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., March 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 24, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 25, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., March 26, at 3 P.M. Leonard Bernstein conducting: Wed., March 29, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 31, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., April 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: William Kapell, piano, March 23-24; John Corigliano, violin, March 25-26; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 29, 31, and April 1.)

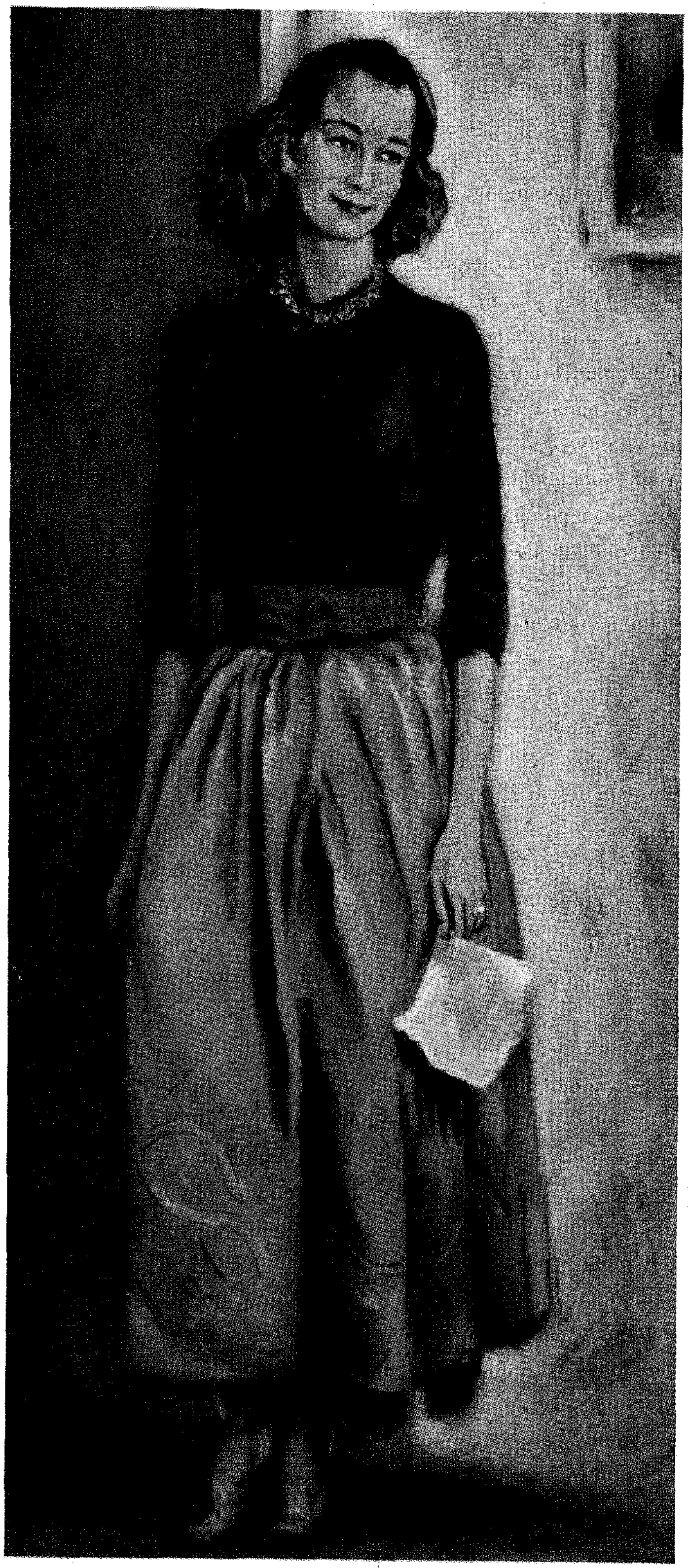
Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 30, at 8:30 P.M.; and Sat., April 1, at 2:30 P.M. .. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., March 31, at 8:30 P.M.

Chamber Music Series—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players. Fri., March 24 (with Martial Singher, baritone; and others), and Fri., March 31 (with Frances Magnes, violin); at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

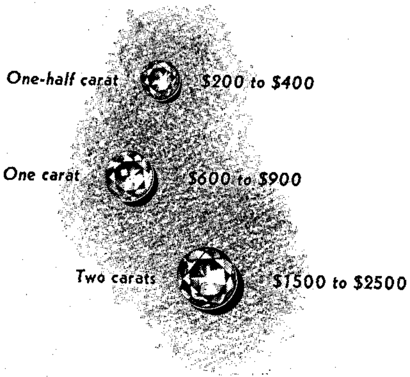
Bach's "St. Matthew Passion"—The Brooklyn Oratorio Society, the New Choral Group of Manhattan, the Choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, and an orchestra, conducted by Carl Bamberger. Sun., March 26, at 3 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Verdi's "Requiem"—The orchestra and chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Association, conducted by Bruno Walter; vocal soloists: Zinka Milanov, Kerstin Thorborg, Charles Kullman, and Nicola Moscona; a Red Cross benefit. Tues., March 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Aïda," Thurs. Eve., March 23.... "Carmen," Fri. Eve., March 24... "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., March 25.... "Die Walküre," Sat. Eve., March 25.... "La Traviata," Mon. Eve., March 27... "Parsifal," Wed. Eve., March 29.... "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., March 30.... "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Eve., March 31.... "The Magic



"ANNETTE" *by Peter Lauck. Painted for the De Beers collection*



Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

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Until tomorrow

So carefully gay, so brief the hours you spent together. How can you know she understands . . . the things you will be able to say only when years once more grow long and tranquil? The steadfast flame of your diamond engagement ring brings deep assurance—a tireless light to the threshold of your life together to be.

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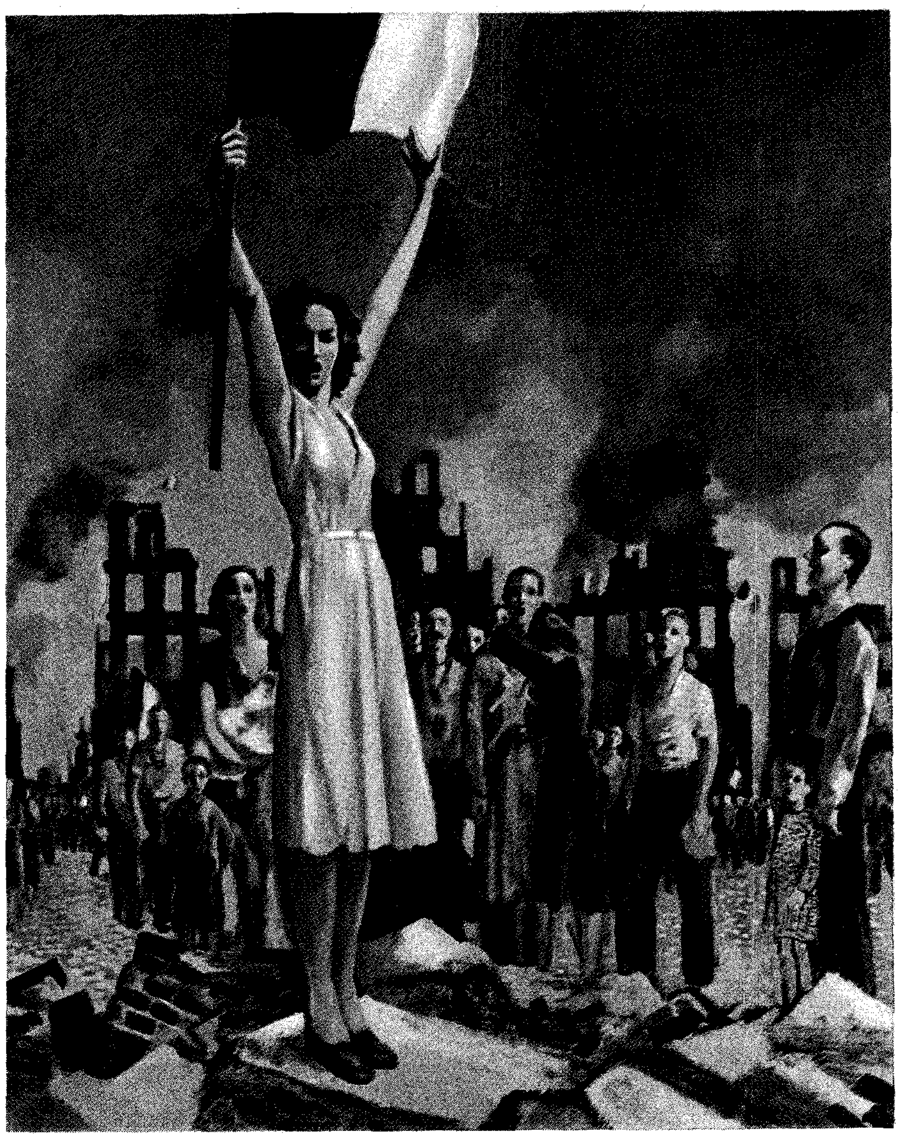
Day of Deliverance



An interpretation of "La Marseillaise," the French national anthem, attributed to Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle. Bernard Lamotte, celebrated French painter, has depicted a city in France, just evacuated by the Germans after their customary destruction. The people march into the public square led by the modern Jeanne d'Arc who raises anew the tricolor. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

A NEW DAY! . . . Out of the dark hovels of despair come the people, long oppressed. Timidly they step into the arena of light—hoping—yet fearing lest they be smitten anew. . . . But the tyrant weakens and reels! And for the people of France — day of deliverance!

Day of joy — when Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité are reborn! When men may sing — ungagged —*"Allons, enfants de la Patrie!"*. . . Yes, come, you children of the beggared nations — *arise!* And — as the chains of slavery fall—*sing!*

For song is the ever-ready accompaniment of freedom. In music of all kinds men find the truest reflection of their hopes, dreams and loftiest aspirations.

Men who love music—be it the strains of an anthem or of a symphony—have come to look to the Capehart for music supremely interpreted. Today the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for war; but new Capeharts will be available after victory is won.

However, your Capehart dealer is ready to serve you in other ways. In his showrooms you may hear "La Marseillaise" as recorded by Marcel Journet (Victor No. 6557), or as conducted by A. V. Alexandroff (Columbia No. 36266). And you may hear the heroic works of France's great national composers — Berlioz, Franck, Debussy, Bizet, Ravel.

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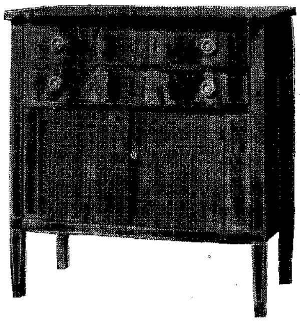

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Flute," Sat. Aft., April 1. . . . "Siegfried," Sat. Eve., April 1. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, March 26, at 8:30, will be Nadine Conner, Jarmila Novotna, Kurt Baum, and Nicola Moscona.

National Negro Opera Company—Presenting "La Traviata," Wed., March 29, at 8:15 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

George Copeland—Piano. Sat., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Dorothy Maynor—Soprano. Sat., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Frieda Hempel—Soprano. Sun., March 26, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Ray Lev—Piano. Sun., March 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Lucie Bigelow Rosen—Theremin. Sun., March 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Old Music—Yves Tinayre, tenor; and a choir conducted by Edgar Varèse, in a program of fourteenth- to seventeenth-century music. Mon., March 27, at 8:45 P.M. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. GR 5-3424.)

Artur Schnabel—Piano; the second of three programs of Beethoven sonatas, sponsored by the New Friends of Music. Mon., March 27, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. Mon., March 27, at 9 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

Bach's B-minor Mass—The Oratorio Society, Alfred Greenfield conducting. Tues., March 28, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jascha Heifetz—Violin. Tues., March 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Coolidge Quartet—Chamber music. Tues., March 28, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament final, Sun., March 26, at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: Dartmouth vs. Catholic University, and Ohio State vs. Temple, Fri., March 24; Eastern final, Sat., March 25; East-West final and a game between two service teams, Tues., March 28; at 8:15 P.M. . . . A Red Cross benefit match, teams to be announced, Thurs., March 30, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tippy Larkin vs. Allie Stolz, catchweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., March 23; Beau Jack vs. Juan Zurita, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 31. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves New York-Chicago championship, Mon., March 27, at 8 P.M.

Fencing—National Open Championship, qualifying rounds, foil, individual, Sun., March 26, at 2 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other Commando raids (through Fri., March 24); also, the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Antiques Exhibition—Members of the Art and Antique Dealers League of America exhibiting their best examples of American, English, and French eighteenth-century antiques as a benefit for the Red Cross: Sherry's, 300 Park, at 50. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Fri., March 24.

Americana—At the **ROSENBACH COMPANY**, 15 E. 51: a large collection of books and documents relating to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, including Lee's farewell address, books from George Washington's library, and letters and manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Thurs. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 26. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

Latin America—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating

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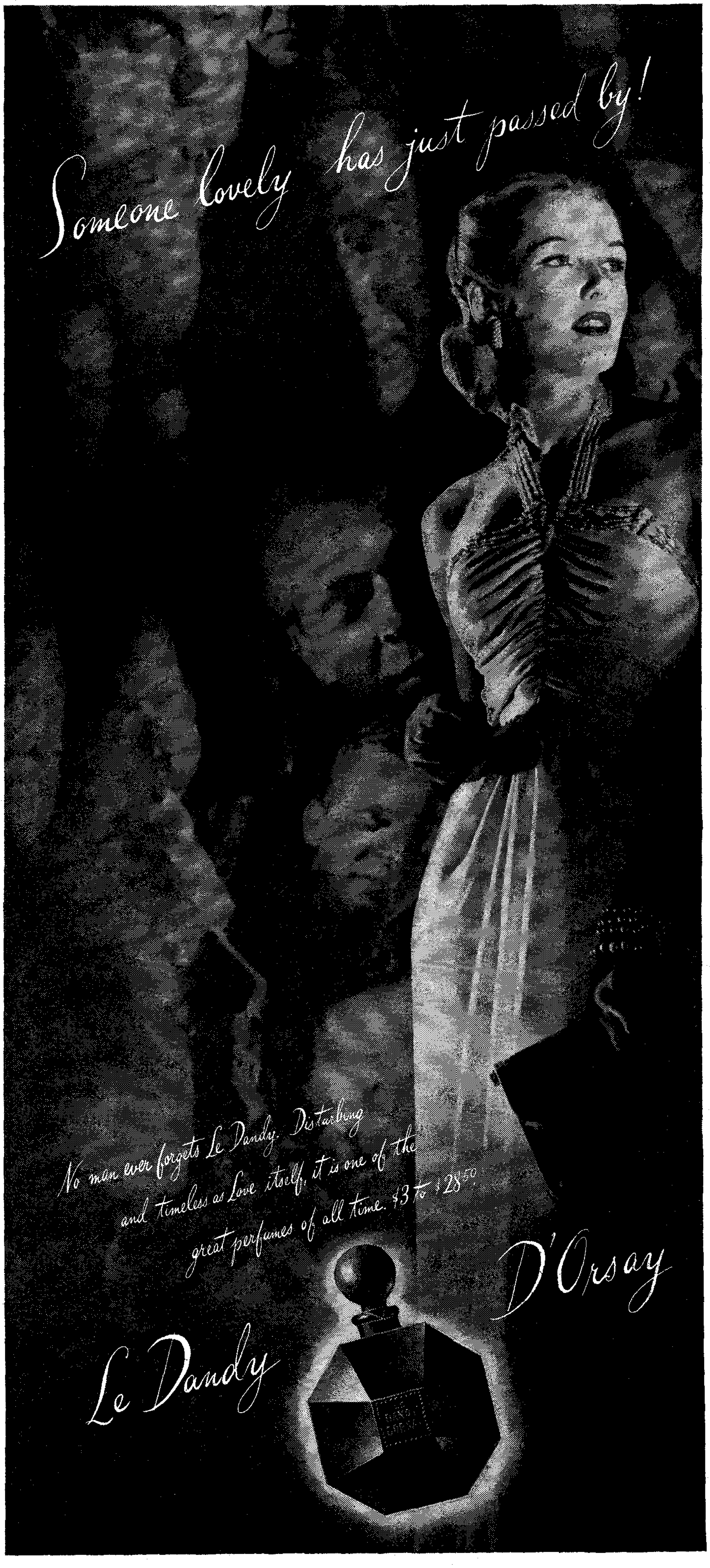
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from *1500 to 1900:* New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg.: the annual show of outstanding prints made by press photographers during the past year, featuring war pictures taken by servicemen, will open Sat., March 25. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 23.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., March 26, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 25 and April 1, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: André Kostelanetz conducting, Sat., March 25; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 1; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 26, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., March 25 and April 1, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ella Flesch and Armand Tokatyan, and "Pagliacci," with Licia Albanese and Raoul Jobin, Sat., March 25; "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 1; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Tippy Larkin vs. Allie Stolz, Thurs., March 23; Beau Jack vs. Juan Zurita, Fri., March 31; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—French eighteenth-century porcelains and other objects of art from the collection of the late J. P. Morgan: Thurs. through Sat., March 23-25, at 2 P.M. . . . American and European art books from the libraries of Mrs. Alexander Lieberman, Mrs. B. Raymond, Dr. Richard Offner, and others: Mon., March 27, at 2 and 8:15 P.M. . . . English and American furniture and Early American glass, from the collection of the late George Horace Lorimer: Wed. through Sat., March 29-April 1, at 2 P.M. . . . French and American paintings by such artists as Pissarro, Matisse, Cassatt, and Prendergast, owned by Mr. and Mrs. William F. Laporte: Thurs., March 30, at 8:15 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Paintings by Cotes, Ryder, Blakelock, and others, from private collections: Fri., March 24, at 8 P.M. . . . French perfume bottles and Chinese objects of art, from the collections of Mr. Mark Leopold, Mrs. Gordon Pearce, and others: Sat., March 25, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

A GUY NAMED JOE—Contains some fantasy that gets a little out of hand, but pretty intelligent otherwise. Spencer Tracy as a bomber pilot and Irene Dunne as his girl in the Ferry Command. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 29. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., March 25-29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., March 28-April 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., March 29.)

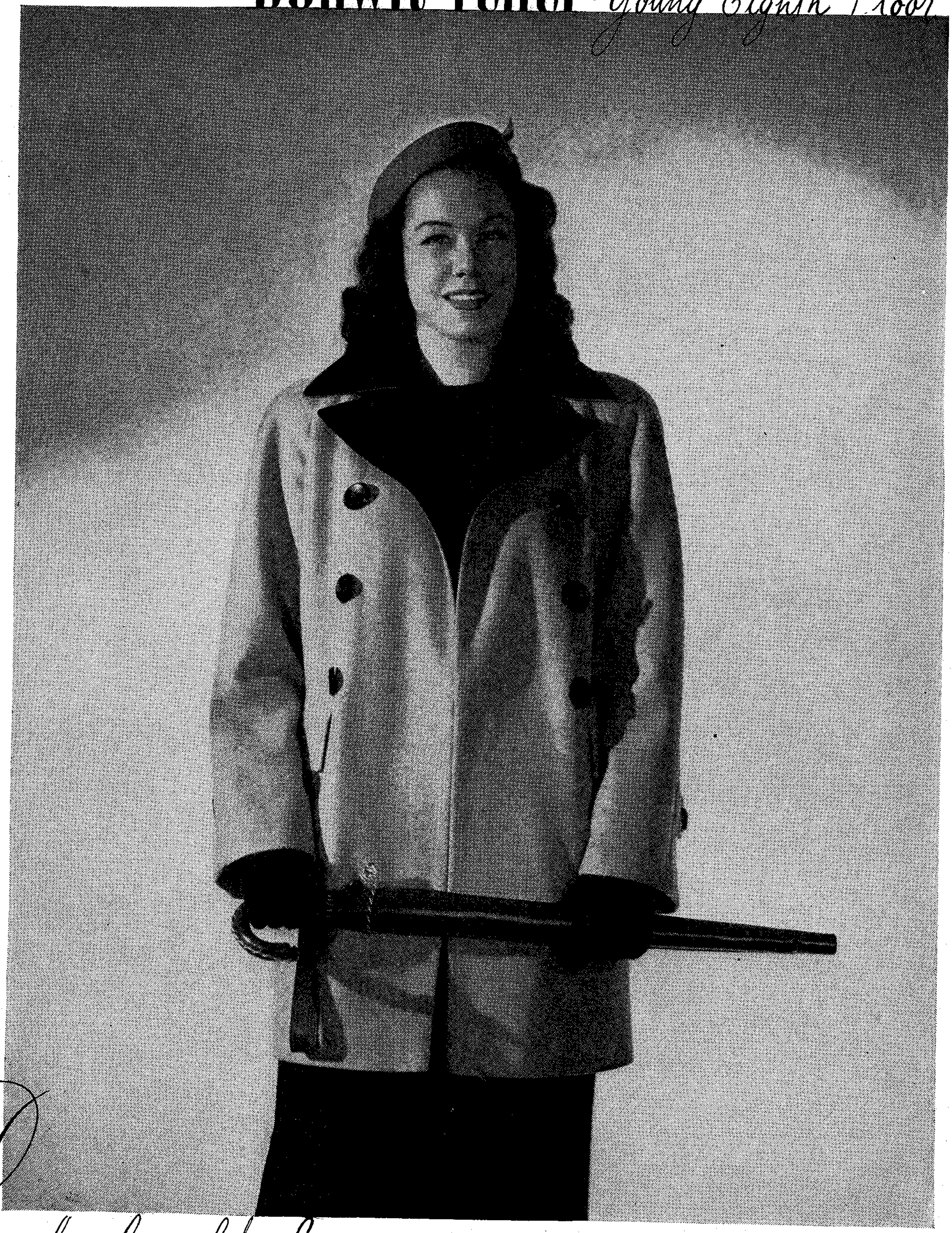
JANE EYRE—Marred by an odd performance by Orson Welles but still recognizable. There's also Joan Fontaine and Henry Daniell. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 27. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 29.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of fight pictures ranging from the Burns-Squires bout in 1905 to the reign of Joe Louis. Not of much interest to those who aren't fight fans but a natural for those who are. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalyzed in Technicolor. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

THE NORTH STAR—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines good

Bonwit Teller *Young Eighth Floor*



Brief, bright boxer

Patrice Munsel, sensational young Metropolitan Opera soprano making her début this season, wears our newest shortcoat in Juilliard's Melton cloth. Brief, bright, boxed. Beige, gold, blue, red, green, aqua with black lapels. Sizes 10 to 20, 45.00

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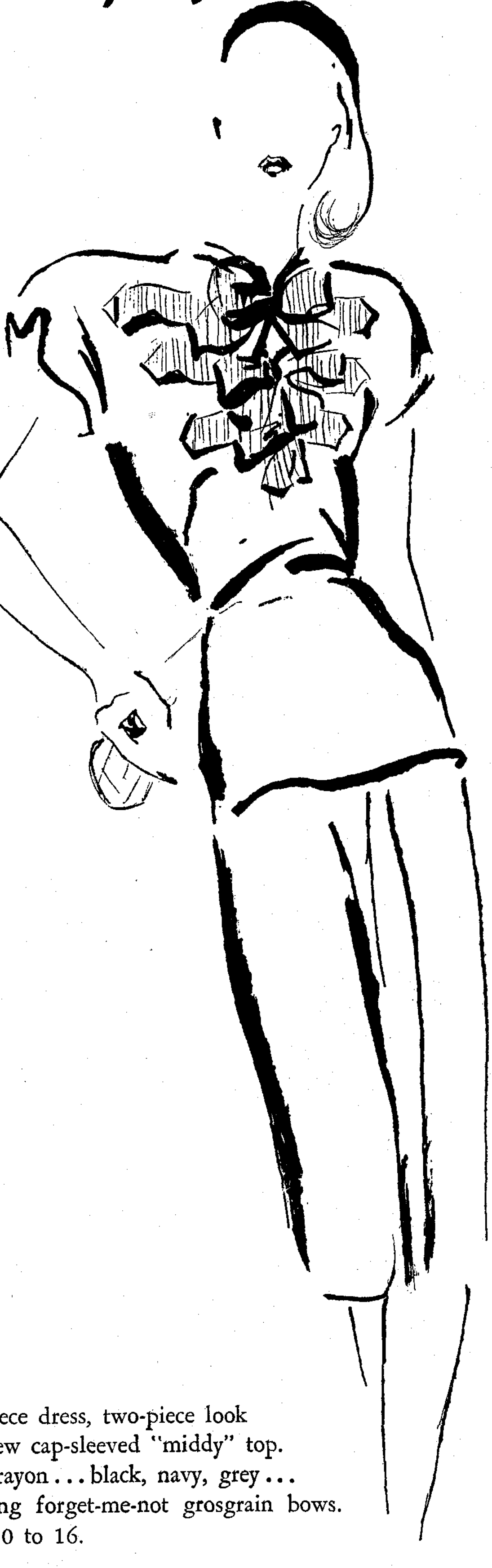

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 24. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., March 29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 26-27.)

Passage to Marseille—An eventful, if cumbersome, picture about the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Purple Heart—The story of the captured Tokio raiders, not all it should be artistically but nevertheless a forceful demonstration of Japanese notions of justice. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—The story of Lourdes, long but with some good acting. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Tunisian Victory—A British-American documentary, sometimes dull, sometimes absorbing, and always informative. (Rialto, B'way at 42; starting Fri., March 24.)

Up in Arms—Danny Kaye in a musical having something to do with the war but designed mainly to strut Mr. Kaye's stuff. There's also Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews, and Constance Dowling. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 23.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 24.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., March 24.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., March 28-29.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., March 25. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., March 24-27.)

Lancer Spy (1937)—Espionage in the Berlin of 1914-18. Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., March 28-29.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 23.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Fri., March 25-31.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 27-28.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 24.)

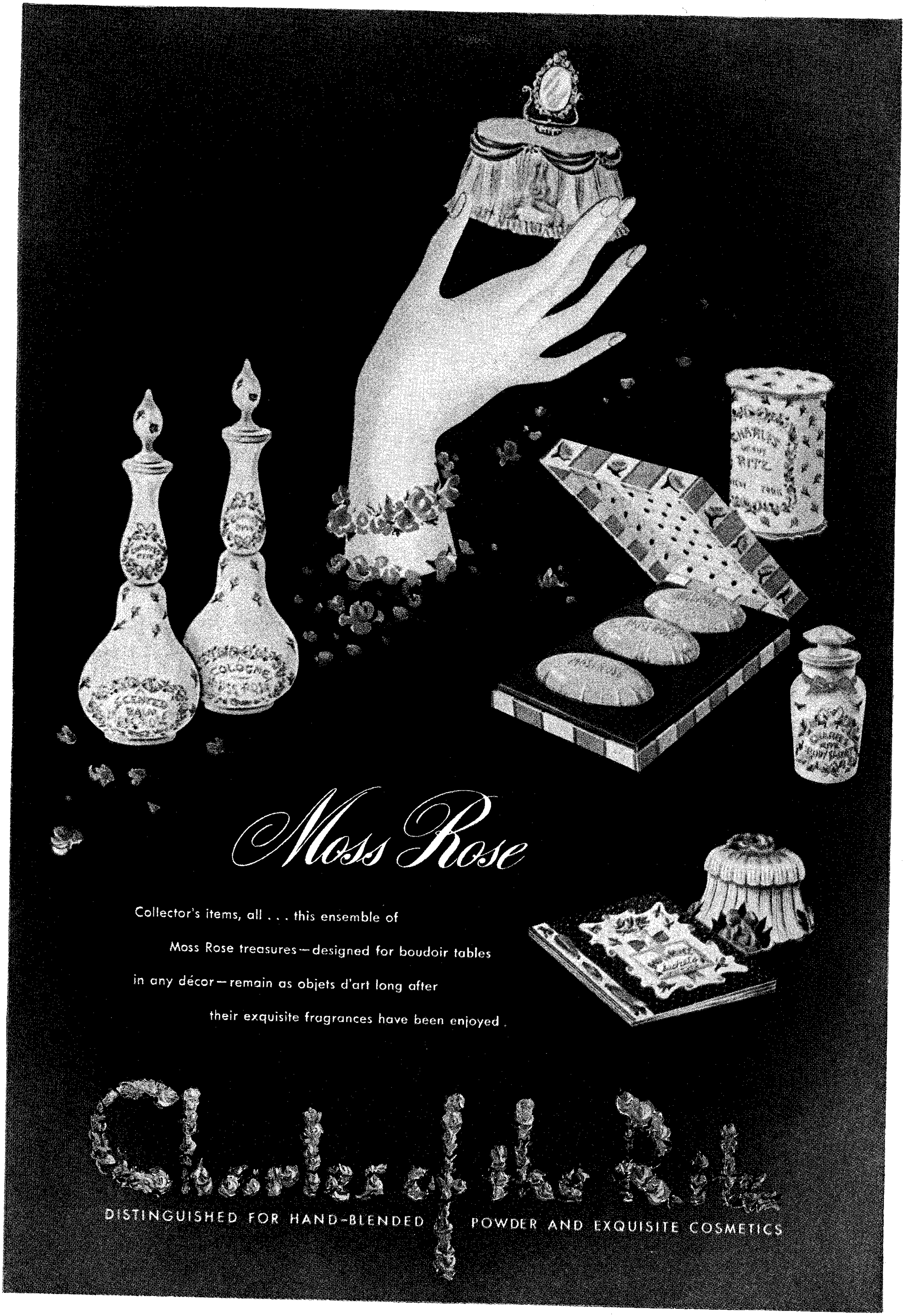
Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; Thurs., March 23.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., March 28-29.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." Sylvia Sidney. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 28-30.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 23.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., MARCH 23: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), with Rudolph Valentino. FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 24-25: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Astor. SUN. AND MON., MARCH 26-27: "The Student Prince" (1927), with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro. TUES. AND WED., MARCH 28-29: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 30-31: "Morocco"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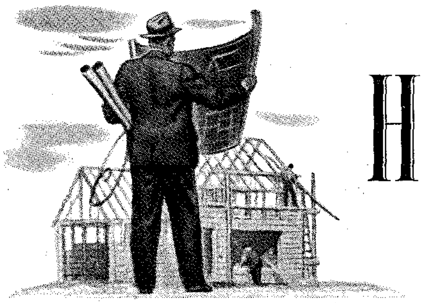
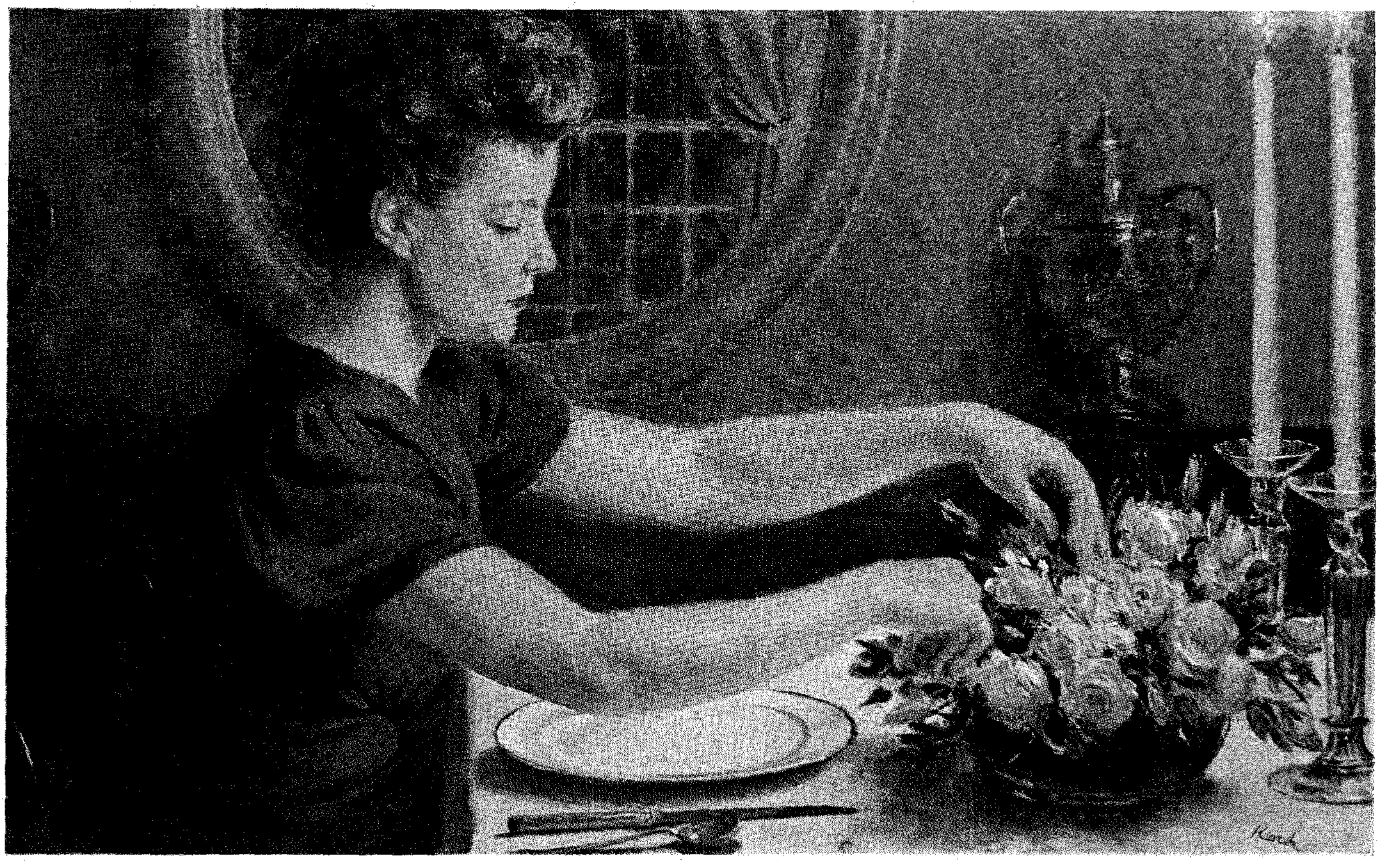


HE, *the builder of houses*



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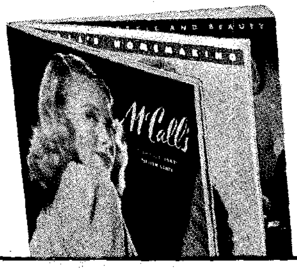
SHE, *the maker of homes*

Man is the architect and the builder . . . building in terms of woman's needs and ideas. But it is her responsibility to turn *what* he builds into a home . . . a responsibility that involves the purchase of enormous quantities of "consumer goods." Naturally, contributions so entirely different create different interests . . . and, particularly, different *reading* interests.

Out of these differences the women's magazines were born — and they now fill a place, and do a job, unapproached by any other magazines published. That McCall's is read by one American Woman out of every five is no accident but the direct result of *this* magazine's ability to think the way women think. Today, millions of women are dreaming and planning post-war homes. Vast numbers of these women are crystallizing their dreams through McCall's articles on *Building and Decorating.*

In war as in peace, McCall's is edited directly to the three primary interests of the American Woman—Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.



McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. **FROM SAT., APRIL 1:** "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

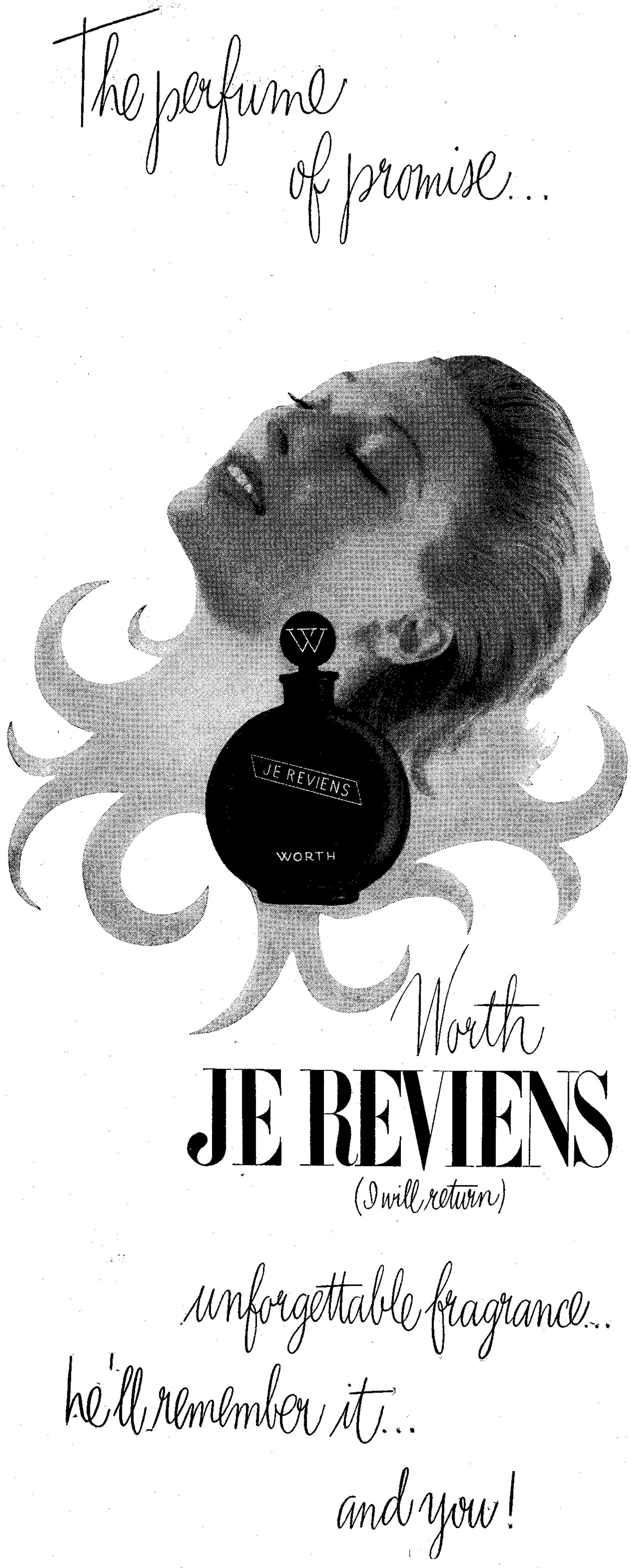
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women to take a seven-week part-time course and then serve at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and dietetics, and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects and then work three days a week and every third weekend, or two evenings a week and two out of every three weekends, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend as much time as they can spare serving as recreation leaders and craft teachers in settlement houses; men and women to take a brief training course and then work at least two hours a week, during the day, fingerprinting civilians for war jobs and identification. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, orderlies, porters, and dietary aides; women to work six daytime hours a week in hospital pantries, coffee shops, linen rooms, etc.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44th (PL 5-7300, Ext. 5), wants to collect fifty thousand books for servicemen in this country. If you have fifty or more books to give, the C.D.V.O. will pick them up; smaller contributions should be delivered to the office. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to give, call LE 2-0886. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

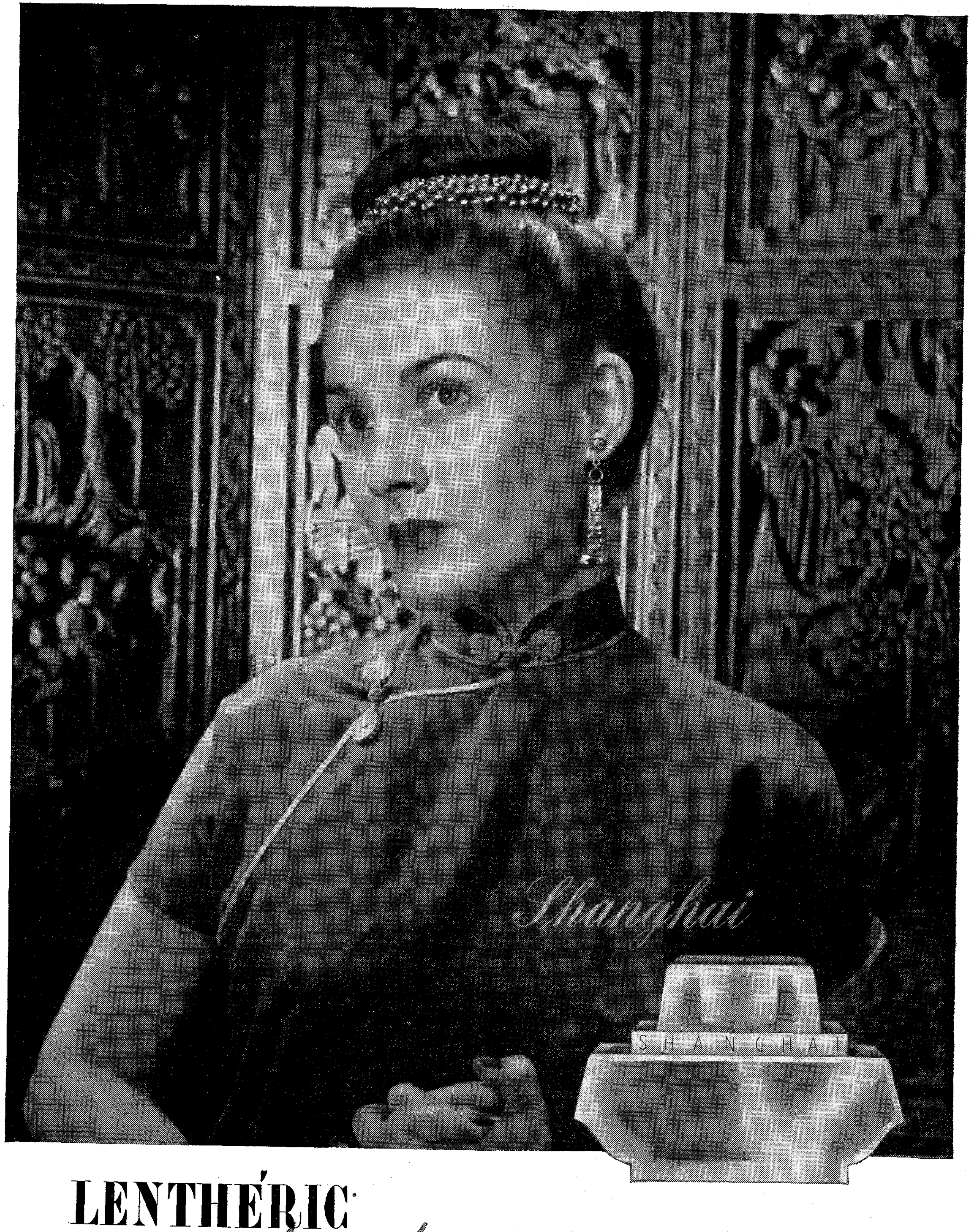


★Aralac . . . . . fibre of beauty in modern fabrics

Portrait of a lady at leisure! A veritable exclamation point of suave smartness in a superb slack suit of Seaglow's Shanara, a smooth, crisp Brighton fabric of rayon and Aralac . . . *exquisitely* tailored from the softly flared tunic to the slim, tapered slacks.

Aralac is a textile fibre of extraordinary talent! It blends beauty and texture into fabrics . . . makes them smooth and crisp . . . gives them the extra something that looks so elegant and feels so well! Black slacks with gold or copen tunic . . . sizes 10 to 18 . . . 25.00. ★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Aralac, Inc., a division of National Dairy Products Corporation.

B. Altman & Co., New York


Shanghai
SHANGHAI

LENTHÉRIC
perfumes

Softer Smoother Skin

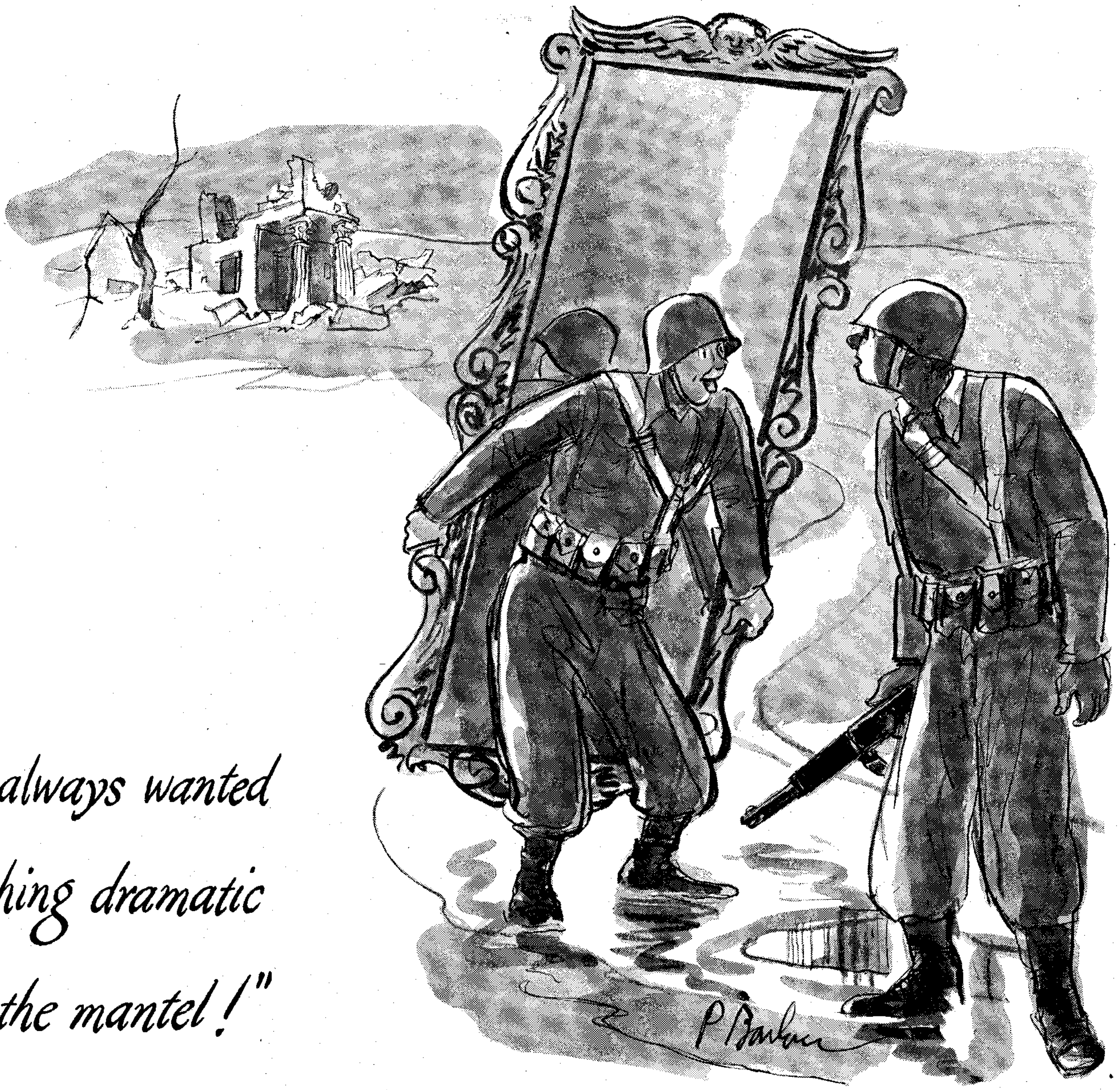
with Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream

Radiantly cleanses . . . soothes and softens. Your dry skin loves the rich oils which so gently and thoroughly remove stubborn dirt and grime . . . leaving behind a softer, smoother, fresher beauty.

For Dry or Normal Skin
Barbara Gould Special Cleansing Cream $1.00, $2.00, $3.50
For Oily Skin
Barbara Gould Cream Pompon
$1.00, $2.00, $3.50 *(all prices plus tax)*

Barbara Gould
SPECIAL
CLEANSING CREAM
NET WT 2 3/4 OZS.
BARBARA GOULD · NEW YORK

Barbara Gould
NEW YORK



"Mom always wanted
something dramatic
over the mantel!"

The little guy who dug a seventy-five pound rococo mirror out of the ruins of an Italian villa to send back to Mom was indulging one of his deepest emotions: his love of his home.

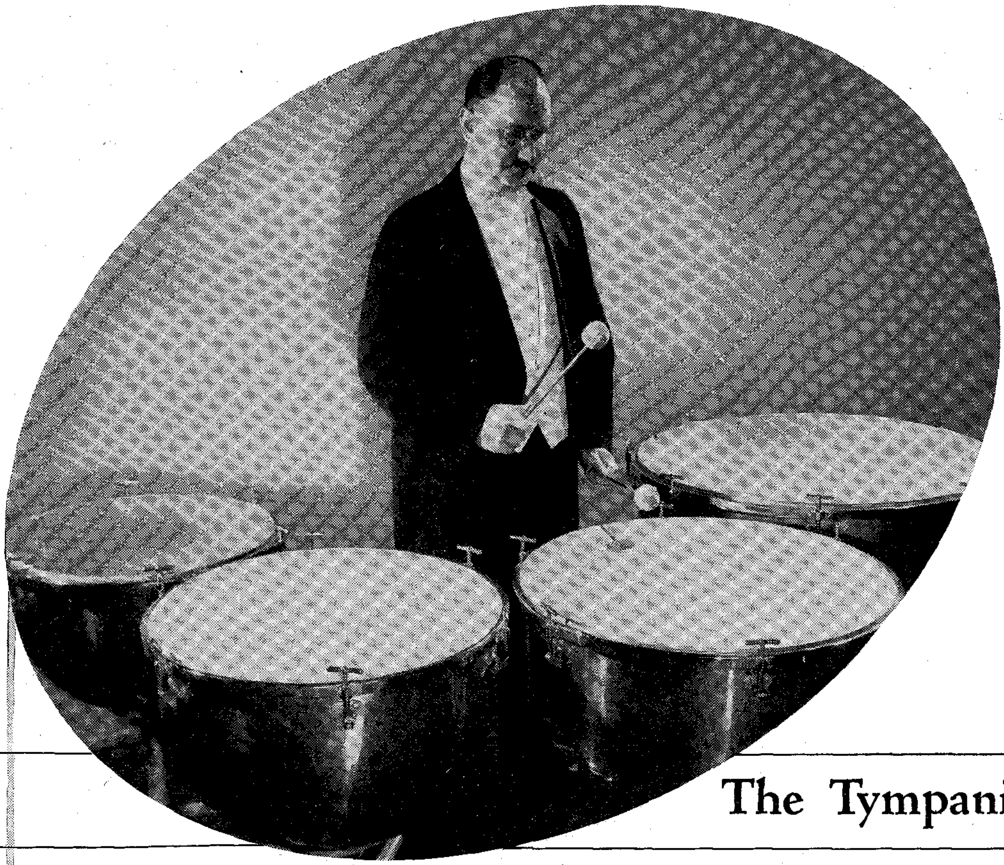
Maybe he never thought much before of whether his home had Chippendale or Mission furniture. And as long as his office had a whopper of a desk and a soft-bottomed chair, the coal company's calendar on the wall didn't bother him.

But after the war, his perspective is going to be different. He will have seen a lot more of the world and its people. He will have new ideas and a realization of his importance in the scheme of things. He'll want things better when he gets home.

The right things for living better in your home or business have been a Sloane tradition. At the moment, we're still on the fighting front ...fitting out ships, making glider wings, keeping up the pace that earned us a Maritime "M" and a gold star. But when Victory comes, we'll be better able than ever to help America make our post-war world a finer place to live in.

W & J SLOANE

575 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



The Tympanist tunes his instrument as subtly as a violinist . . . and with a Scott you hear the delicate shading of each pulsing drum!

E. H. SCOTT

If the drum means but a thud, a bump, a blunted sound to you now—wait until you hear fine music with a Scott. For even when the drums serve only to accent the rhythm or the mood, they have a distinctive voice, to be heard and enjoyed. And when they join in a clear shout of triumph, they will burst upon your ears with vibrant sonority, in a "living performance" on the Scott.

Indeed *each* instrument seems to be favored by a Scott. That is why so many artists check their own recordings with it. Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, said that he could tell left from right in the orchestra when listening to record or radio with his Scott.

Because of its miraculous re-creation of sound, the Scott went off to war early. Scott engineers devised ways of eliminating tell-tale radiation, to make the Scott the first radio *safe* from enemy detection devices. Today it is bringing vital messages to our ships on all the oceans, and entertainment to lonely seamen whose only link with home is its welcome voice.

Meanwhile, you can hurry the happy day when a Scott will be built for *you* by buying bonds, bonds, bonds and MORE BONDS.

SCOTT
FINE RADIO
RECEIVERS

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, Inc.,
Dept. 7C4, 4436 Ravenswood Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois
Please send me a complimentary copy of your new booklet on radio, "Achievement Through The Years."
Name.......................................
Address....................................
City.......................*State*............

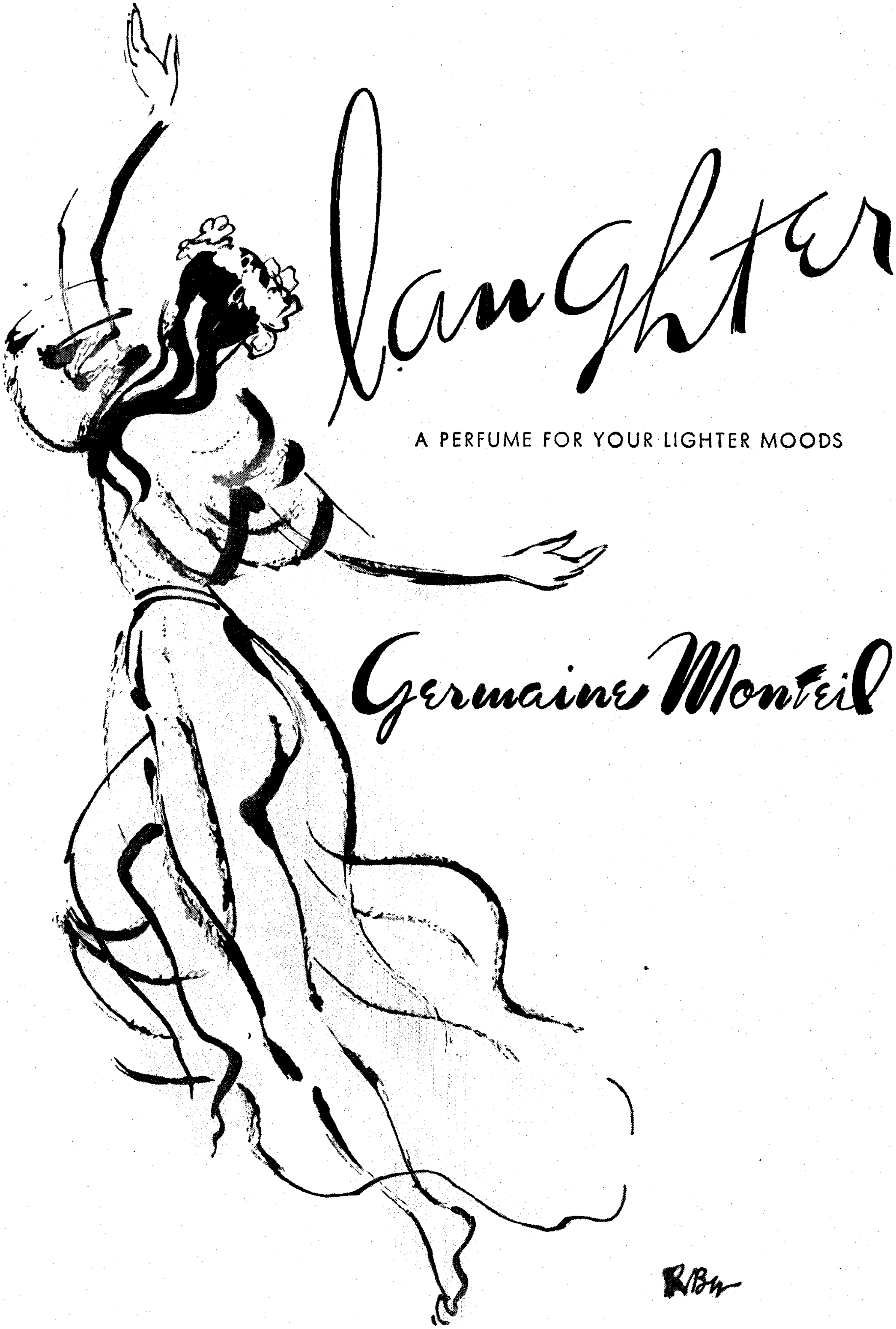
E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4436 RAVENSWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO

Antoine, incomparable creator of feminine loveliness . . . genius of dramatic make-up, enchantment and allure . . . brings his superb cosmetic skill to foundation cream. Velvet-smooth and exquisitely flattering, 284 Foundation Creme gives your skin a soft, luminous beauty . . . holds powder and rouge serenely intact. In five wonderful shades.

663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

ANTOINE

COSMETICS

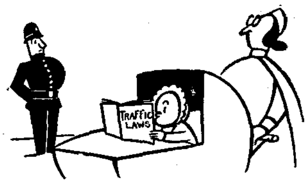

laughter
A PERFUME FOR YOUR LIGHTER MOODS
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

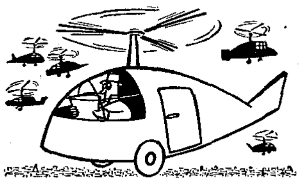
Notes and Comment

THERE'S some talk in Britain of having motorists drive on the right-hand side of the road instead of on the conservative old left. If anything comes of this, it will be an important move in the direction of political unity. Whether there is some deep magnetic force within an Englishman compelling him toward the left side of the road, and a corresponding force in an American pulling him over to the right, will remain to be seen on the highways of the future. Our suspicion is that neither an Englishman nor an American is born with a compulsion which carries him to his particular side of the road. The time to prevent collisions between temperaments, motor vehicles, and sovereign nations is before the children are born, so that they may be weaned on the same basic agreements, as well as on orange juice and strained vegetables.



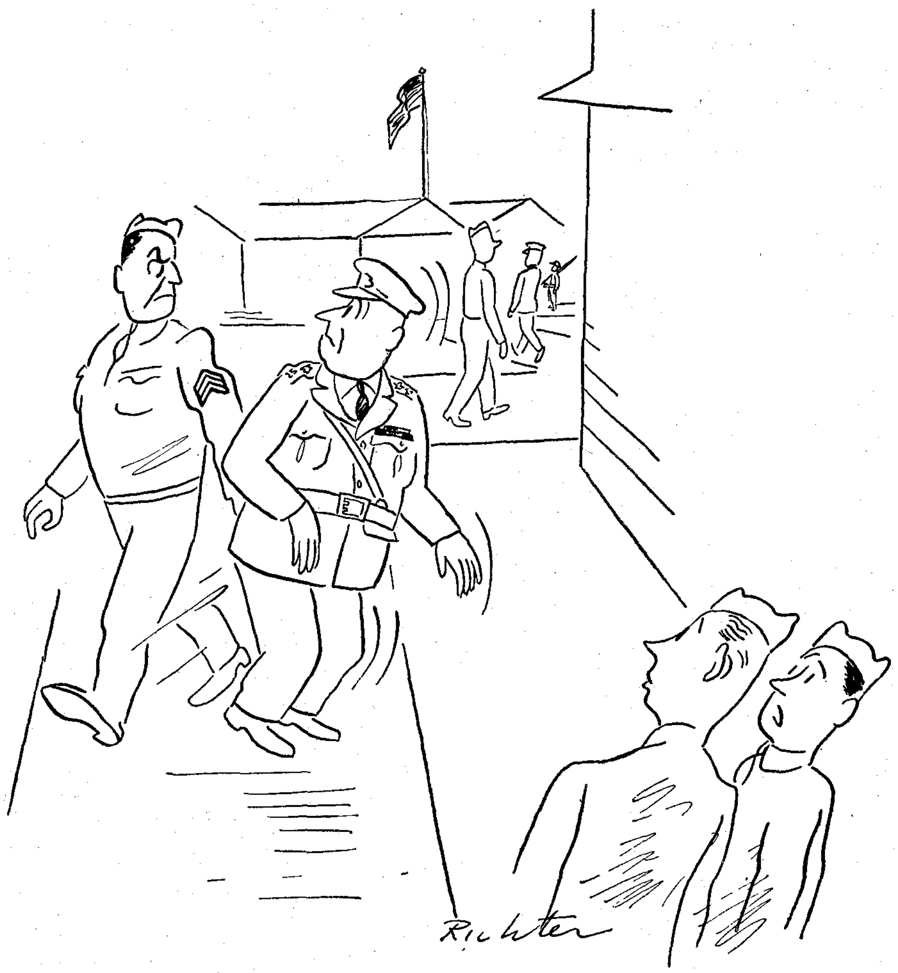
LORD CALVERT whiskey, as you know, is drunk by men of achievement, men of distinction, and men of accomplishment. It is probably also drunk by a few incompetent and unregenerate characters who have somehow managed to scrape together a fin for a bottle of whiskey, but that's beside the point. The point is that the Calvert people have lately upset the advertising world by using real live business executives in their ads instead of professional models. This practice, if it is persisted in, is going to raise the devil. You take a genuine 86.8-proof business executive out of his natural setting and turn him over to a sharp-shooting cameraman and something happens to him fast: the strange jewel of distinction drops from him, like a tear. For one thing, he knows he is doing a professional out of twenty or thirty bucks. He also knows that he ought to be at his desk, among his associates in the upper-income groups, instead of posing for a whiskey ad. He has a suspicion, too, that his gray pin-stripe double-breasted suit is just a little *too* well pressed to be quite right for a man of action, his smile a shade too rigid, his eyes a trifle glassy. Way down inside him this man of distinction feels suddenly uneasy, indistinct. He knows he's at the wrong end of a rather small deal. So much for him. On the other side of the fence, you take a professional model who is hanging around a studio in hopes of picking up a whiskey job and who discovers that an amateur has been brought in to fill his rôle; he may get so whooping mad at the whole thing that his mild appearance leaves him and, for the first time in his life, he looks like a man of authority. An alert cameraman might easily slip the whiskey glass into his hand and take the picture of the century.

WE'VE been sitting up nights reading "The Helicopters Are Coming," by C. B. F. Macauley, and there's some question whether we'll ever sleep again. The helicopters are coming all right, and before you're through the book you'll wish something less ominous were coming, like Visigoths. It is the only book we know of in which three enormous blades whirl around above the reader's head for the entire distance. The sky is black with big and little helicopters, most of them piloted by persons who are just learning the trick of the thing and who are reading the morning paper as they sit at the controls. Among other things he does, the author takes you on two memorable journeys with a commuter—a husband starting to work on a pleasant morning from his home in the Catskills, a husband returning from work on a night when the wind is of near-hurricane velocity and ice is forming on all three blades. This latter trip is a nightmare of navigational horrors which will turn your stomach to stone, but it is the first trip, the *in*-town one, which, although made under ideal conditions, contains an incident that casts a permanent cloud over the future of air travel. It seems that this air commuter—this Mr. Henry, his name is—has just ascended to the roof deck of his Catskill home and is about to "rev up" his motor when he notices that Junior has left his girocycle right in the way of everything. Mr. Henry is plainly annoyed. "Tell Junior," he calls to his wife, "I want to have a talk with him tonight. If he isn't old enough to put his things away properly, he isn't old enough to fly to school yet."



We turned out our bed lamp at that one, revved up the comforter, and waited in terror for morning to come.

THE sustained ecstasy of the helicopter book, the author's simple acceptance of the essential wonder and goodness of flight, impressed us. Felicity-through-machinery is, of course, the modern dream, of which the helicopter is just one more lurid episode. Felicity-through-machinery, the American counterpart of strength-through-joy—illusory yet persistent. Someday we shall undoubtedly all float off somewhere in perfect ease, yet, for the present, vertical ascent in a windmill merely presents us with new horizons whose possibilities (and whose hard demands) have scarcely been dreamed of by our governors and our political inventors. There is still an embarrassing torque in the earth's tail which these people have shown very little disposition to correct. It spins us with a terrible spin. Straight up toward the sun race the engineers, hanging to their hats and reading their



"He scares everybody around here."

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oil gauges, while far below, like grease monkeys in the hangars of society, the statesmen fumble and fool with the treacherous contraptions that have let us down so often and so far.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A recent concentration of American troops in an Italian village brought together a number of officers who had been at Princeton together. They started an eating club.

In Houston, it is a misdemeanor to look at a girl in the manner formally described by the ordinance as "making goo-goo eyes."

In the Board of Education's new budget, the lowest-salaried executive is the Director of Thrift.

Zaret

IT'S only fourteen months since Russian War Relief started collecting watches over here for the fighting men on the Eastern front, and in that period more than twenty-four thousand timepieces have been shipped to Russia. ("Timepieces" is the only word elastic enough to include old-fashioned key-winders, chronometers, pocket alarms, instruments that tell the day of the week and of the month as well as the time, repeaters, and Mickey Mouse watches, all of which, along with a vast majority of more orthodox items, are represented in the collection.) Russian War Relief decided to set up its own workshop for cleaning, repairing, and adjusting the watches before shipment, and this brings us to Elusha Zaret, who is the workshop's expert consultant. There are eight regular full-time watch men, but they're just watchmakers; Zaret is a watchmaker, but a watchmaker who hails from Sevastopol, a watchmaker who was, in the Old Country, a romantic actor and a cadet in the Czar's army. After forty years over here, Zaret retains a luxuriant Russian accent and an enthusiasm for the works of Pushkin which is not characteristic of the average horologist. Horology and Pushkin are mystically fused in his mind. Speaking of his early struggles to learn his trade, he told us, "It was hard, and I might have given up if I had not had such a philosophical philosophy—and Pushkin."

Zaret has never been anything more than an amateur actor, but he is a good one, or so Stanislavsky thought. It was Stanislavsky, in fact, who encouraged him to act over here. "If I play diplomats or scientists, no one cares about my English," he said. "When I was young, it was Romeo I played." By way of making a practical start in life, he became a military cadet, but he soon resigned and emigrated to the United States. This was on the advice of his father, who said, "You have too much temperament. You are sure to get killed." Zaret had some vague idea of studying medicine in the United States, he said, but he gave it up because his English wasn't good enough. Finally, a master watchmaker named Long took him as an apprentice, and after fourteen years of working for him and other employers, Zaret felt qualified to branch out on his own and open a shop in New York. He copped all the Russian trade right off, including such well-known folk as Chaliapin, Balieff, Stanislavsky, and the widow of Anton Chekhov. Inevitably, business was transacted on an intensely personal basis, so much so that Zaret discovered, along about 1940, that his watch repairing was bringing him a lot of social contacts but no income. He closed up his shop and confined his work to difficult jobs for the trade until he heard about the Russian War Relief collection, to which he immediately started devoting his entire time.

So far, the only donation that Zaret hasn't been able to put in shape for active service is a child's "time teacher," a dummy clock that arrived from Honolulu filled with Fanny Farmer molasses kisses, and even this donation did not displease him. "Kisses from Honolulu," he remarked dreamily to us. "It's beautiful." He then issued a brief statement about the modern military-style watches. "Poof!" he said. "Bach will last, Pushkin will last. These new watches are novelties. They will never last. Watches are a culture. There is nothing new in watches—they have only deteriorated since the Renaissance, like many other things." He wants to do a new translation of Pushkin. "Americans would love Pushkin," he told us. "Such emotion, such understanding! It is what I feel when I make watches. I will make a watch someday that will be Pushkin and Brahms and Beethoven and Stanislavsky. It will not be just a watch but a history of culture." We hope the Russian soldiers know who's fixing up their watches for them.

Reverie

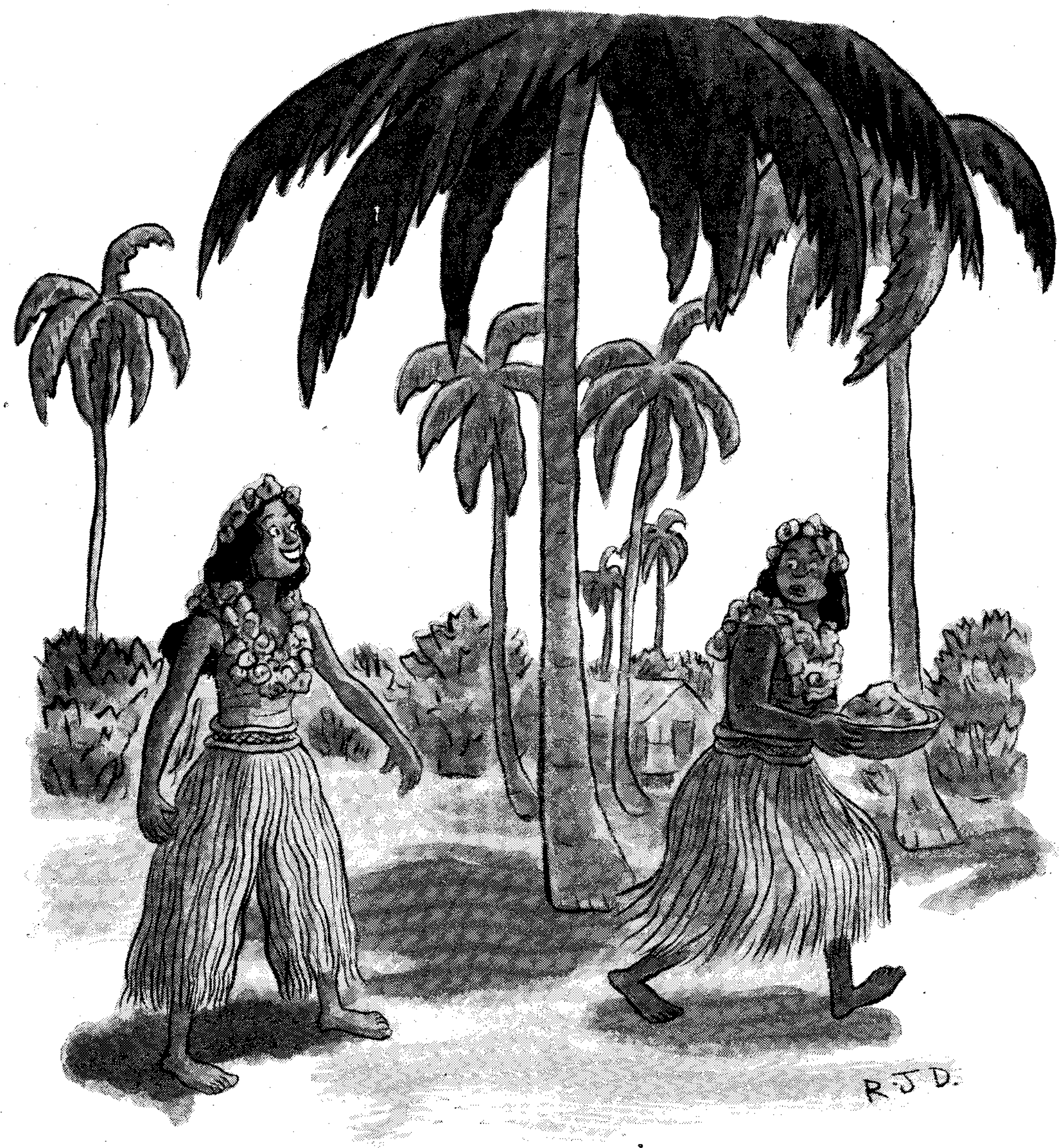
YOU know those ghostly voices you sometimes hear on the telephone when you're waiting for a long-distance call to be put through? Well, one of our correspondents says she heard a peevish ghost, evidently female, saying, "After all, I might just as well hit her, I waste so much time *thinking* about hitting her."

Zoology Lesson

A CHAT with a herpetologist (we visit ours twice a year) and an entomologist enables us to make a brief report on the bugs, lizards, snakes, and other pests which our troops are encountering in the South Seas. While there are some fairly troublesome creatures thereabouts, the dangers of the tropical jungles and beaches seem on the whole to have been overrated. On the question of snakes, we learned that different snake situations prevail on the oceanic islands (the Gilberts, for instance) and the so-called continental islands (New Guinea, the Solomons, and other larger bodies to the west). The oceanic islands have no dangerous land snakes, but occasional venomous sea snakes are to be found hanging about the shoreline. They're reasonably toxic, but lethargic and short-fanged and in any case not much of a menace to a man wearing boots or leggings. The continental islands have poisonous sea *and* land snakes. On Bougainville there's a copperhead (no relation to the North American variety); New Guinea has a death adder and a fake cobra called Mueller's snake. Herpetologists used to believe that there were no true cobras in the South Seas, but recently some long, thin, cobralike snakes have bobbed up in the Fiji Islands; no one knows yet how much damage they can do. Arboreal snakes, the kind that drop onto you from trees, won't be encountered by our troops until they get into the East Indies. Then they'll have to look out for giant pythons and boas overhead, not to mention eighteen-foot king cobras underfoot.

With the before-mentioned exceptions, reptile life in the South Seas is merely exotic, not alarming. There are seven-foot lizards in New Guinea which climb trees, and there are geckos and skinks scattered about the larger islands. The gecko—so named because it says "gecko"—is a primitive, eight-inch lizard resembling a Gila monster. Skinks, which have never been known to say "skink," are smooth-scaled lizards about the size of a fox terrier. The most presentable of the family is the blue-tailed skink of New Guinea. Lizards in this part of the world are never dangerous unless cornered, when they will sometimes slap at their pursuers with their tails. A seven-foot lizard, of course, can deliver quite a wallop. New Guinea has a dreadnaught crocodile thirty feet long which cruises miles out to sea. Fortunately, it is not pugnacious. Frogs in the South Seas are pretty much like frogs anywhere else, except that they don't croak loudly at night. The turtle situation is likewise uninteresting, except to a turtle man, who might, for instance, be interested in the fact that one variety which in our climate lives in salt water has, in the South Seas, chosen a fresh-water habitat.

Malaria and dengue-fever mosquitoes, incidentally, occur only in the large islands in the Southwest Pacific (Guadalcanal is one of the worst). The mosquitoes on the oceanic islands have only a nuisance value, as far as current medical research can discover; just the same, the Army and Navy medical men observe mosquito precautions all over the Pacific on the theory that the diseases might be spread by men shipped in from the danger zones. Mess sergeants in the South Seas have to contend with jumbo cockroaches. Beetles, flies, gnats, and bees, however, are no larger in the tropics than on Long Island, or more plentiful. Ticks are common, and, as in



"Look! Slacks!"

the United States, carry tick fever from one human being to another. There are leeches which perch on bushes and grab at you, and there's a good cross section of venomous spiders and tarantulas. A harmless but alarming creature is the wolf spider, six inches across and covered with bushy hair. The moths and butterflies in the South Seas are the most varied and beautiful in the world, but our fellows are probably too busy to appreciate them fully.

War Work

THE most specialized war activity we've yet heard of is that of a high-born lady who spends several evenings a week in one of the nearby military hospitals. She sits and chats with the officer of the day until it's time to go home.

Navy Cook

WE called last week on Miss Ida Lindman, who has just completed a cookbook for the Navy—the first absolutely new one in forty years. The old one, written in 1904, was merely revised now and then. Miss Lindman is a blond dietitian who knows more about bananas than any other dietitian. She is now back with her old employers, the United Fruit Company, and can't say she's sorry. "It was quite a year," she told us. "I say it with reverence and feeling, but just the same I'm glad to get back again to my own quiet office and the banana problem." Maybe we'd better clear up this matter of the bananas before going on. Well, Miss Lindman took courses in dietetics at Columbia and Cornell and went to work for a canning company. After a few years of this, she heard that the United Fruit Company was looking for somebody who could dream up interesting banana recipes. Miss Lindman took the job and in no time at all had worked up a recipe book containing a hundred and fifty ways of doing bananas. By the time the Navy tapped her, she had raised her score to six hundred. (Banana omelet, banana mayonnaise, banana toast, banana griddle cakes, banana shortcake, banana fritters, banana muffins, banana milk shake—had enough?) The Navy wasn't interested in getting the most out of the banana, especially; just considered her an ingenious and all-around good dietitian.

One reason the Navy needed a new cookbook was that the old recipes were for such small groups that cooking the same dishes for a vast number of men became a pencil-and-paper problem. Also, the powers that be wanted to get the vitamin problem down in writing and explain the uses of dehydrated foods. One of Miss Lindman's big troubles, she said, was that, just as she had completed a chapter, a new kind of dehydrated food would turn up and she'd have to write in some recipes for it. From 1933 to Pearl Harbor, the Navy standard was four thousand calories per day per man. Then it was changed for the duration to a money standard—fifty-five cents per day. The boys still get their daily calory requirements, though, as you may have noticed. Miss Lindman tried to give all the steps in each recipe, so that even a man who had only operated a hot-dog wagon in civilian life would be able to open her book and discover how to roast turkeys or bake cake. "It finally got so we felt like we were making up proverbs, little rules about life," she told us. "I mean we say things like 'It is better to underseason than overseason' and 'It is better to taste before than after.' Gives you a nice, calm feeling," she added.

Before her Navy chore, Miss Lindman had seldom had to wear glasses, but while compiling her cookbook she had to have her prescription stepped up twice. At that, she hopes someday to do a specialized cookbook for use in submarine and aircraft galleys. "There you really get down to science," she says. "On top of being a cook, you've got to be a psychologist, a physiologist, and a sixth-sense wizard with carbohydrates. When you fly at an altitude of twenty thousand feet, there are some carbohydrates you just can't take along with you."

Nazis

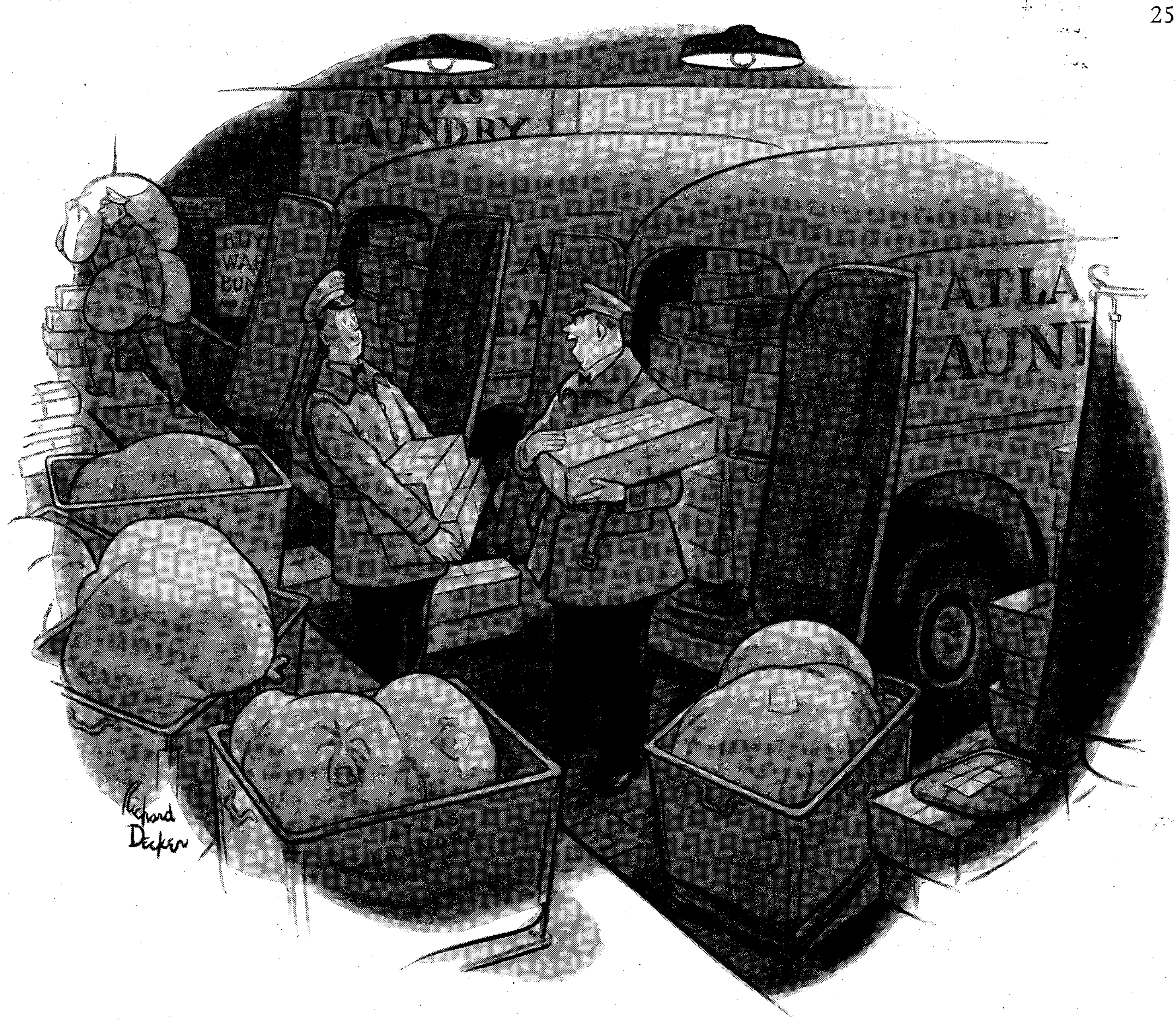
THE cops recently had a telephone call from a worried lady who works in an office on the south side of East Forty-second Street, near Second Avenue. "Listen," she said, "you'd better come over here right away. I can see into an office across the street that has a swastika flag hanging up on the wall, and there are men in brown uniforms strutting around as if they owned the place." The cops located this hideout in no time at all. It proved to be the home office of *Yank*, the Army publication. The swastika flag was a *souvenir from Africa and the brown uniforms were GI.*

On the Scales

WEIGHING-INS, or weighings-in, of boxers take place at twelve-thirty in the afternoon of the day they are going to fight. Last Friday we attended the weighing-in of Beau Jack and Al Davis before their meeting in Madison Square Garden, in which Jack won at a canter. The scene was, as is usual, the basement of the State Office Building, at Worth and Center Streets. We were accredited to this ceremony by Mr. Harry Markson, press agent for Mike Jacobs, president of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, an organization that promotes boxing to the exclusion of all other twentieth-century sports. Mr. Markson was waiting for us at the door of the ceremonial chambers. We entered a room occupied by a surprisingly large number of people, considering that, beyond a cursory physical examination, the weighing of prizefighters on easily operable scales was about the only business to be done. Mr. Markson explained that the gathering consisted of State Athletic Commissioners, deputy commissioners, managers, handlers, and newspapermen. Jack and Davis were in an adjoining room undressing, and about a dozen preliminary fighters, who were also to have their weight appraised, were waiting their turn in the hall.

The scales were in a room to our right, which was otherwise furnished with a telephone booth, a table, and a semicircular row of folding chairs. A small man with glasses was buzzing in and out, plainly upset. "He should have opened his mouth," he was saying to anybody who would listen and some who wouldn't. Mr. Markson told us that this was Nat Rogers, Mr. Jacobs' matchmaker, and that he was worried about one of the preliminary fighters. This man, it seems, was a soldier on furlough who had just revealed to Mr. Rogers that he hadn't got permission from his commanding officer to spend any part of his leave in the prize ring. Mr. Rogers had urged him forcefully to get it.

We took a cigarette out of our pocket, but before we had it lit a man edged up to us and said, "Don't let the General catch you smoking." He referred to Brigadier General John J. Phelan (New York State Guard, ret.), chairman of the State Athletic Commission. We put the cigarette away. At this



"From what you say, your Mrs. Holmes must be charming, but I'll bet she can't make a Martini like my Mrs. Wingate."

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point, Davis appeared, clad in shorts, shoes, socks, and overcoat. He stood for a moment in front of a man with a stethoscope, who turned out to be Dr. William H. Walker, the Athletic Commission's medical examiner. Dr. Walker tapped him with the stethoscope and peered at his eyes and then passed him on into the weighing-in room, where he sat down on the table. A moment later, Beau Jack showed up in the same costume, went through the same test, and repaired to the weighing-in room. Then Davis took off the rest of his clothes and stepped on the scales, and a man called out his weight, 142½. This was written down by another man, who had seated himself at the table, as well as by the assembled reporters. The man at the table said, "Poiple tights, eight o'clock in the dressing room." Then Beau Jack weighed in, at 138, and the man at the table said, "Black tights, eight o'clock in the dressing room." After that, Davis went and got a pair of purple tights and Jack got a pair of black tights, and both fighters weighed in again for the photographers. Then Dr. Walker examined them again for the photographers. After that, Davis and Jack went into another room and were briefly addressed by General Phelan. "You boys both know the rules, so it would be absurd for me to tell them to you," said the General, and promptly told the boys a few of the rules. He mentioned the foul rule and the fact that, in the event of a knockdown, a man had to be on his feet not at the count of nine but at the count of ten. "Regarding the gloves," he said in conclusion, "do not cut the gloves off in the ring. Remove them in the dressing room." "Yes, sir," said the boys, speaking for the first time.

We left the ceremonies in the company of Mr. Markson and a man from the *Mirror*. "Say," said the man from the *Mirror*, thinking of a St. Patrick's Day angle as we walked down the corridor, "was the General wearing a green tie?" "No," said Mr. Markson. "You sure?" asked the man from the *Mirror*. "Positive," said Mr. Markson.

Specialists

TWO girls, undoubtedly office workers for a vast organization, were having a lunchtime discussion of their fellow-workers. "What gets *me*," said one, "is the executives. Gosh, *they* know *everything*." "Uh-huh," her friend agreed, taking a sip of malted. "Well, after all, that's what they're there for."

CRIME PASSIONNEL

SHE came to us recommended by Sister Theresa of St. Joseph's, in the cheerful summer of 1932, to do the nursery laundry and scrub the nursery floors. She was quite a big girl and very strong and well developed for the sixteen years Sister Theresa said she had spent on this earth. Her parents lived in a small house near the millrace on the road to Fleurines, where once the hounds were blessed every year on St. Hubert's Day—a small, romantic house overshadowed by poplar trees, with a rose tree called Les Sept Sœurs climbing over the house, just such a house as Abbé Prévost would have chosen for Manon Lescaut.

Joséphine was her name—not a flashy name like Colette or Jacqueline or even Euphémie, but just a commonplace, middle-class name which might mean anything at all. She had a high-colored and lusty beauty, like a rather bad, overpainted Flemish picture, and a curious habit of looking at you, especially if you were a man, and giggling. Afterward, it occurred to me that this might have given us the tip-off, but at the moment we passed it over, since it was difficult to find anybody to wash the diapers and nighties for a nursery overcrowded by three children of our own and five small visiting cousins, inconsiderately spaced a year apart, from four and a half years to six months.

Although Senlis was a dead, ecclesiastical city and not an industrial town, there was a crisis in domestic labor caused by the presence of a single factory known as Le Caoutchouc de Senlis and given over to the manufacture of rubber goods. It occupied a handsome old house just across the street from ours, by the edge of the canal which flowed through our garden. After the canal had passed the factory, it became the moat which surrounded the ramparts of the ancient Vauban fortifications of the town. Le Caoutchouc de Senlis was important in our lives because it had absorbed all the young girls who might have been available as nursery maids—all except Joséphine. We discovered that Joséphine had resisted the lure of the Caoutchouc de Senlis because she and her mother felt the moral effect of such an establishment was not good—that factory work was beneath a young woman of her accomplishments. We did not understand at the time the full extent of the rôle which ambition was to play in Joséphine's career.

She began her duties with gusto and for a time was considered a great success even by Nanny, one of those paragons, produced only by England, who are an odd mixture of extravagance and rigid respectability. She was a liberal at heart and, in some respects, even a radical, but she was deeply committed, nevertheless, to a regard for form and what is proper. For a few days, Joséphine, large, handsome, and young, seemed to be just the ticket for the nursery.

Nanny made no trouble at first, but the two Marias were tougher. They were cousins of a certain age, one called Marie and the other Maria to keep them straight, gifted with demoniac energy and a devotion to stirring up clouds of dust (which only settled back again after they had gone away), breaking dishes, and listening at keyholes, although what they gained by this I do not know, since all family conversation was conducted in English, of which they professed not to understand a word. Above everything else, they were virgins, and, believe me, in France a virgin can be a virgin as in no other country on earth. A real French virgin can find more voluptuous pleasure in her profession than Nana or Zaza ever found in hers. The two Marias were like that. They were tough virgins. From the very beginning, they claimed that they smelled a rat about Joséphine, although I imagine that their suspicions at first were based solely on Joséphine's healthy good looks, which after all are something of a traditional cause for suspicion in France.

The cook, Marguerite, was no trouble at all for Joséphine. Marguerite came from Périgord, was large, handsome, maternal, gay, and a wonderful cook. She was a widow with two grown sons and her attitude toward Joséphine was an understanding one. She believed that girls should enjoy themselves. She even kept the secret about the downstairs toilet window.

This window, like the others on the street side of the house, was protected by a heavy iron grille, which swung on hinges and was padlocked in place. The grilles were meant to keep out intruders, although later they failed notably with both Senegalese and Germans. They were not designed to keep people *inside* the house, or at least no one had thought of them in that connection except Joséphine. She might, of course, have escaped to her nocturnal rendezvous by the front door or by any of the windows on the garden side, but there was something in Joséphine, some hidden instinct for drama, which made her prefer to climb out the barred window in the ground-floor toilet.

How soon these nocturnal excursions began after her arrival to wash diapers is obscure, but I suspect, from what we learned afterward, that she escaped to the ramparts, which were the local Grove of Apollo, the first night she spent in the house. At any rate, Marguerite, descending to the kitchen in quest of artichoke tea on one of the nights when she was suffering stomach distress, beheld through an open door the remarkable spectacle of Joséphine coming in through the window of the downstairs toilet at three in the morning. What pact was made between them, or whether Marguerite used the secret to exact some form of blackmail, I do not know, but in any case she did not reveal her secret until Joséphine later on betrayed herself by another singular outburst of her instinct for drama.

This happened on one of those rare evenings in northern France when it was too hot to sleep properly. The air was still and sultry, as if the whole world of Senlis were awaiting the Resurrection. Sticky dampness crept in at the open windows. It was decidedly a dramatic and unhealthy night. Even the children, in the crowded nursery bedrooms, stirred, wakened, and called out for "a drinka water." By two, however, the house was quiet and the last child

EL ALAMEIN
Alan Dunn

had mercifully had enough water and fallen asleep. Then suddenly the still air was rent by piercing screams interrupted by sentences at first incoherent with violence.

In no time at all, the windows on the second and third floors were crowded with eager faces looking down upon a curious scene, dimly revealed in the glow of a distant gas light. On the bridge just below were the dim figures of a man and a woman. The man, in the uniform of a corporal of the local spahi regiment, stood leaning back on his elbows, watching a woman who stood on the railing on the opposite side of the bridge. Considering the performance of the woman, the attitude of the soldier was one of utter cynicism, for the woman, who kept jumping up and down, was shouting, *"Je vais me jeter à l'eau! Je vais me jeter à l'eau!"*

There was only one element which spoiled the drama of the scene and turned it to pure farce. It may have accounted for the cynical attitude of the soldier. The bridge rail was not more than eight feet from the surface of the water and the water itself was not more than two feet deep.

It is hard to say how long this scene would have gone on entertaining its growing audience if the action of our neighbor, Monsieur Regnier, manager of the rubber factory, had not put an end to it. He was a large Frenchman of a disposition usually benign and phlegmatic, but the noise had wakened him out of the connubial slumber of a large double bed and he was mad. Leaning out of a second-floor window of the rubber factory, he bellowed "Hey, you!" in the voice of the Bull of Bashan. One good bellow was enough, for the woman stopped yelling and turned toward the window. Her arms dropped to her sides and she stood on the bridge rail, transfixed by the spectacle of Monsieur Regnier in his nightshirt.

When he had got her attention, the manager of the rubber factory shouted, "All right! If you're going to jump, jump! If you're going to kill yourself, go ahead, do it, but don't keep honest citizens awake with your bellowing!" And with that he slammed down the window to shut out the unhealthy night air.

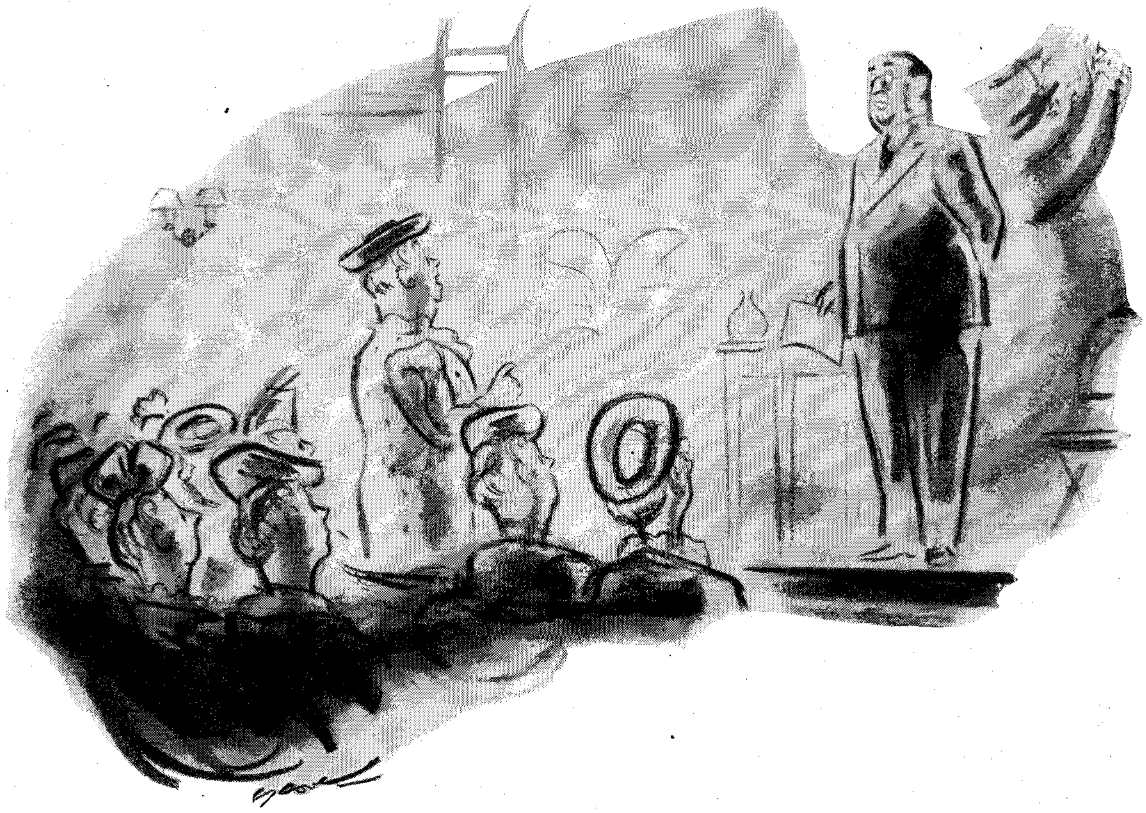
Now, the speech of Monsieur Regnier was as French as possible. It was clear, deliberate, and logical. It respected the sacred rights of the individual. The woman certainly had a right to do away with herself if she chose; that was none of his concern. But she had no right to keep the neighbors up while she was doing it. Having stated his position, Monsieur Regnier slammed down the window and went back to bed.

The speech made an impression; doubtless it appealed to the Gallic sense of justice and logic in the woman herself. Without another sound, she got down off the bridge rail and started off slowly up the street in the direction of the gas light. The soldier took his elbows off the bridge rail, lighted a cigarette, and followed at a little distance. As the woman came into the yellow flame of the gas light, we all recognized her as our Joséphine, who was supposed to be in virgin slumber in her room on the third floor.

Naturally, I was not the only one who recognized her. Two embattled virgins, the two Marias, hanging from their window on the third floor, were also familiar with the voluptuous figure and slow, hip-swinging saunter. They were downstairs in the dark waiting for her when she came in, a little before dawn, through the toilet window. The two Marias were fury incarnate. Their denunciations and her angry replies wakened the whole house.

But we kept Joséphine in our employ because the rubber factory was doing a booming business in its assault upon the French birth rate and there weren't any girls available to take her place. Driven by Nanny and the two Marias, I examined the grille covering the toilet window. Joséphine had acted with admirable directness. She had simply smashed the padlock and thrown it away. The padlock was replaced on my orders by the two Marias, who spent quite a long time over the operation, chattering together like a couple of old magpies, but my principal reaction to the episode was one of admiration for the vitality and health of Joséphine, who could wash diapers all day long and roam the Grove of Apollo all night with non-commissioned officers.

After this episode, there was a persistent and marked coldness between



"About this international police force you speak of—will there be a women's auxiliary and, if so, what color uniform will they wear?"

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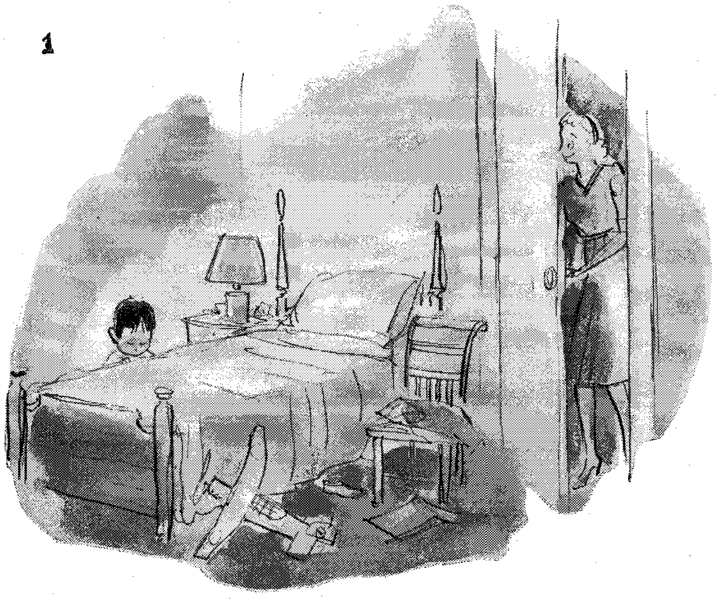

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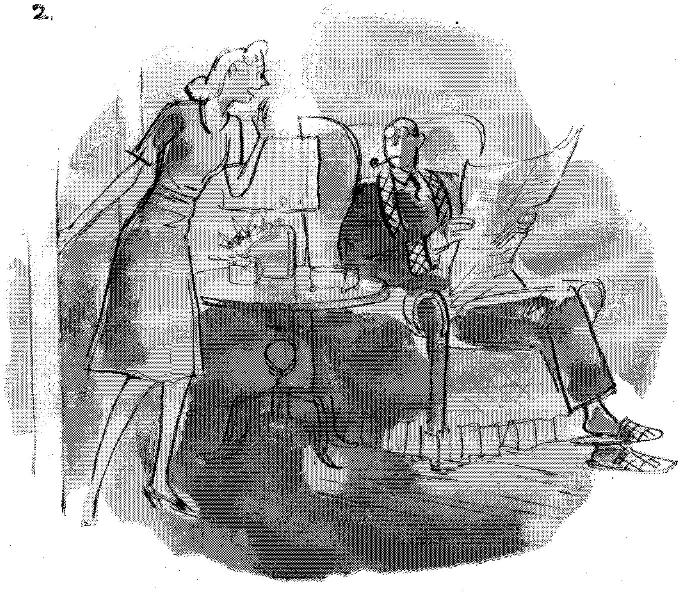

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Joséphine and the two Marias. The attitude of Marguerite was friendly and unchanged; doubtless the episode brought up happy memories of her own youth. Nanny took a purely British and hygienic stand; the moral aspect did not concern her, but she disapproved of having the girl who washed diapers running about all night with spahi non-commissioned officers.

THE summer passed and, what with padlocks and the consecrated spying of the two Marias, Joséphine appeared to be leading a more respectable life. But there we were deceived, for about three months after the scene at the bridge, Joséphine, as the result of carrying a heavy basket of freshly washed diapers through the back hall, had an accident, an accident which was indisputable evidence that Joséphine had certainly got out somehow and sometime.

This time the two Marias, outraged, took matters in their own hands and sent for Alcide to remove Joséphine and all her worldly goods, which were not much, to her mother's cottage.

Alcide was himself a character. He was seventy-five years old and led a placid life, disturbed only by the necessity of harnessing his old white horse twice a day to drive to the station and meet the branch-line train that ran between Chantilly and Crépy-en-Valois. The old horse drew a small and battered omnibus, which bore a brass plate on which was inscribed "Carrosserie Benguet 1878." Aside from its service to and from the station, the omnibus was hired on special occasions for wedding parties or by old ladies making their annual round of calls. Now the two Marias had summoned it to transport the enemy Joséphine to her home.

Driving back from Paris, I chanced to pass the omnibus with Alcide on the box. Inside I discovered the figure of Joséphine between two black-clad and indignant Marias. Although she was feeling none too well, her head was raised proudly and defiantly in consciousness of her great advantage over the two virgins. She looked for all the world like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

It was Marguerite who explained to me the disaster of the back hall. It was clear that she took the whole thing calmly and with detachment. When she had finished, she asked, "*Mais que voulez-vous? Cette Joséphine! C'est une manifestation de la nature! On ne peut pas changer une manifestation de la nature.*" Then she added, "*Les deux pauvres Maria!* They are eaten up with pride and envy." It was a curious choice of words—"pride and envy." The two Marias were proud of something they had kept which nobody ever wanted very much. They had made a kind of treasure out of it. And yet—somehow the envy came in, too.

THAT was the end of Joséphine so far as our household was directly concerned. By now, we were inclined to take Marguerite's point of view regarding Joséphine as a "manifestation of nature," and that particular kind of manifestation simply didn't fit into our scheme of things.

Winter passed and spring came, and Joséphine, after a brief period of retirement, appeared again in the village streets, and as summer came on, it became clear that even her mother had not been able to keep her shut up. Glimpses of her at the market, at the Firemen's Annual Exhibition, on parade on the ramparts made it only too evident that this *manifestation de la nature* had been frequenting the Grove of Apollo once more. It was also well known that Joséphine had no husband, although she was seen from time to time passing the time of day with a variety of gentlemen ranging from the coal man, who was rarely seen save in blackface, to the spahi cavalry sergeant. The sergeant was notable as an advance socially, since the highest rank hitherto attained by Joséphine was the corporal who watched her suicide attempt on the bridge with such cynical nonchalance. During all this period, the *manifestation de la nature* was as shameless as a volcano. Practically daily reports were brought back by one or both of the indignant Marias.

"*Cette femme!*" they would say. "*Cette créature! Quel exemple pour les jeunes filles bien élevées, pour les pauvres enfants innocents! Quel monstre!*" Their sustained and violent indignation caused a new high in damage to crockery and glassware. Tumblers, plates, cups, and saucers all became transmuted into Joséphines, and suffered accordingly.

Six weeks later, on a Sunday evening in June, Monsieur and Madame Verdeau were entertaining at a soiree. They were both musical—Monsieur Verdeau recited Verlaine and Baudelaire to the piano accompaniment of Madame Verdeau, and Madame Verdeau to her own accompaniment sang ballads in a fluty, uncertain voice. They were childless

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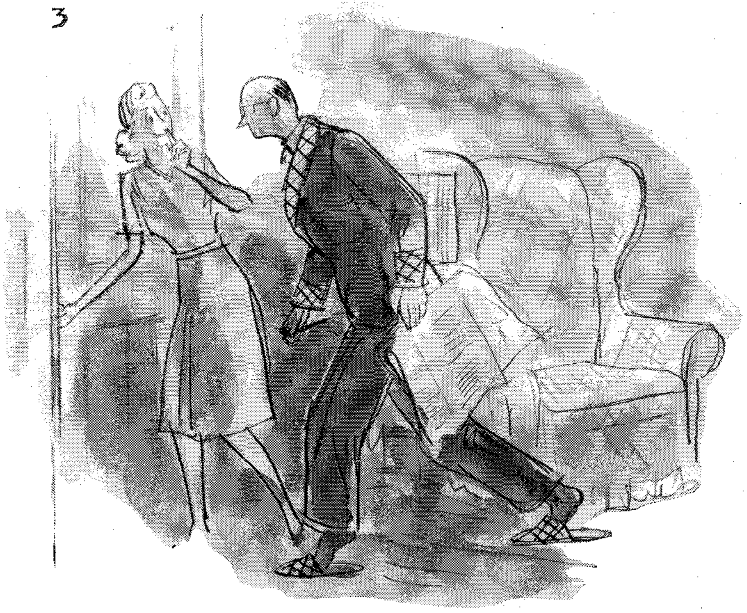

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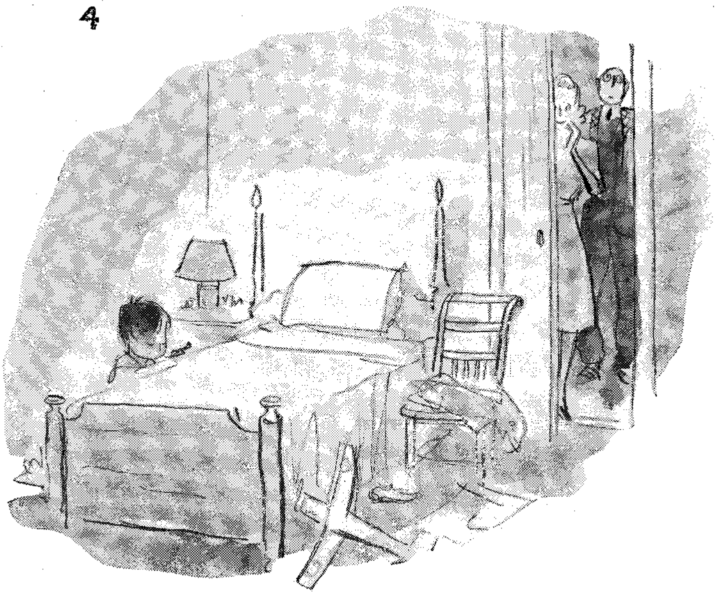

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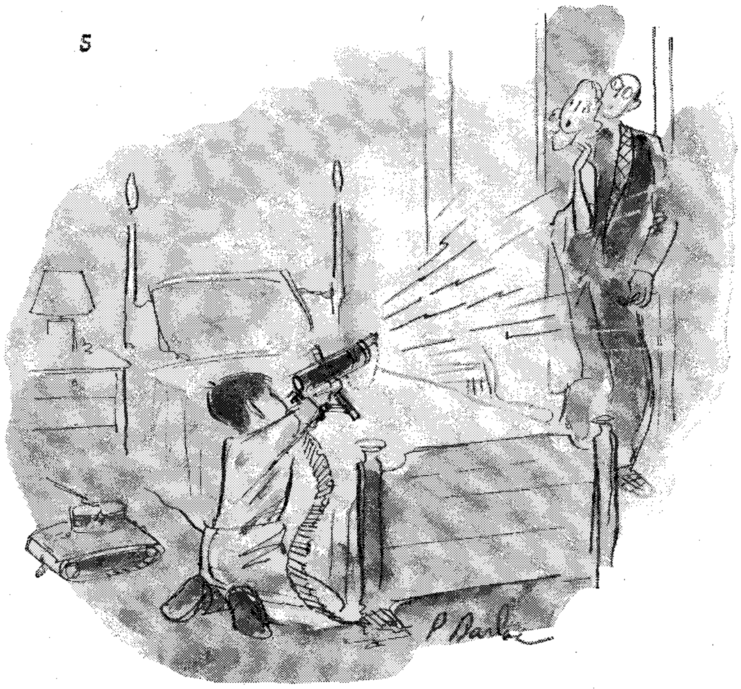

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and lived on an income which steadily neared the point of invisibility. Their *soirées de musique* were held principally to give them an opportunity to recite and sing and to afford their friend, the Baron de Maricourt, a small man of about sixty-five and of no known sex, a chance to read aloud his latest poems or manuscripts.

The house of the Verdeaus stood near the part of the ramparts which had been levelled and made into a park—the part bordered by the cemetery and the commercially well-placed shop of the tombstone maker. The soiree at the Verdeaus was well under way and Madame Verdeau was singing "L'Esclave" in her fluty voice, a little off key, when she was interrupted by the appearance at the open French window of Joséphine's highly *enceinte* figure in a great state of agitation.

"*Venez! Venez vite!*" she was shouting. "*Un type vient de se suicider!*"

This alarming sight put a sudden end to Madame Verdeau's uncertain rendition of "L'Esclave." Monsieur Verdeau, as master of the house, and the Baron de Maricourt, as the local Saint Simon, followed the stricken Joséphine to the scene of the hypothetical suicide. When they arrived, Monsieur Verdeau turned his electric torch upon the figure lying on the ground. There, in the circle of yellow light, lay the sergeant, dead as a doornail, with a revolver by his side.

Joséphine was giving one of her best performances. "I begged him to marry me!" she cried out. "I implored him! I swore on the head of my mother that he was the father of my child. He denied it. He said the coal man was the father and that rather than marry me he would commit suicide. And he did it!"

Here the Baron, after a glance at Joséphine's figure, interjected a pertinent but waspish remark, "And none too soon! But he'll do you very little good now as a husband or anything else."

The police were called and Joséphine was put away for the rest of the night in the cooler. During this procedure, she continued to give a first-rate imitation of the performance of a tenth-rate actress. She wrung her hands, she wept, she called upon *le bon Dieu* as witness, and finally she walked proudly with upright head into her cell, pushing well in advance the evidence of her extremity.

The milkman brought the news to the two Marias on the following morning. He also brought the alarming information that Joséphine herself had purchased the revolver found on the scene of the "suicide." The two Marias were enchanted. They were triumphant. They were redeemed. Virtue had been vindicated as in the religious novels which were their only reading. "*Vous voyez!*" they kept repeating in turn. "*Vous voyez. J'ai toujours dit que cette fille était au fond meurtrière!*" Marguerite, the cook, the cynic, the complacent, suffered deeply from their triumph.

THE career of Joséphine was not finished. She was brought to trial in the assize of Beauvais for the murder

OUR WAYWARD WEBSTER'S

(SOME PUZZLED REFLECTIONS CAUSED BY AN EXAMINATION OF THE NEW WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, PUBLISHED BY THE G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., EDITED BY DR. WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, AND CONTAINING MORE THAN FORTY THOUSAND NAMES, FROM SVEND AAGESEN, DANISH HISTORIAN, TO HULDREICH ZWINGLI, A SWISS RELIGIOUS REFORMER WHO LIVED FROM 1484 TO 1531. PRICE, $6.50.)

Dr. Neilson, after your biography of Noah Webster, lexicographer,
You warn, "Do not confuse Noah Webster with Daniel Webster."
And when you have finished with Daniel Webster, statesman,
You say, "Do not confuse Daniel Webster with Noah Webster."
Very well, Doctor, we shall not confuse them; we never have.
But may we speak with you upon the subject of confusion?
Your employers, the Merriam people, are good at words,
But when they tackle biography they enter a tricky field
Strewn with no end of dangerous editorial booby traps.

You sought to pick out forty thousand notables, living and dead,
And embalm them in a sort of all-time, all-embracing *Who's Who.*
You have had help: Dr. Nabih Amin Faris on the Arabic stuff,
Dr. Heinz A. Wieschhoff on the bewildering Bantu material,
And Dr. Morris Swadesh to check on the Aztec riddles.

Mind you, the result is far from bad, but, sadly, not foolproof.
An admirable range—Nicholas Murray Butler and Semiramis,
Paul Robeson and Prester John, Moses and Gene Buck.
And it's good to know that Tipoo Tib was the nickname
Of Hamidi bin Muhammad, slave trader in equatorial Africa,
And that Garet Garrett's real name is Edward Peter Garrett,
And that Geronimo in late life joined the Dutch Reformed Church,
And that Babe Ruth's name is pronounced the familiar way.
You say the selections and omissions were free from bias.
Is that so? Look closely, Doctor—are you sure of that?

Why did you blackball Payne Whitney, who died May 25, 1927,
And left a net estate of $178,893,655? Wasn't that enough?
Yet you include his brother, Harry Payne Whitney, who left less.

Moreover, in pugilism you are all on the side of the big men;
You have Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard,
Dempsey and Tunney and Schmeling—all heavyweights.
But where are the others? Gans, the Old Master, is out. So are
Bat Nelson, the Durable Dane; Greb, the Pittsburgh Windmill;
Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin; Wilde, the Mighty Atom;
Wolgast, the Cadillac Wildcat; and Walker, the Toy Bulldog.
They weren't heavy enough for you, eh, Dr. Neilson?

Among outlaws you have Jesse James and Cole Younger.
Good stuff, but why snub good old Frank James,
In many ways a better man than his tragic brother, Jesse?
You give a place to that sneering little rat, Billy the Kid,
But not a word for Pat Garrett, the sheriff who killed him
One night in Pete Maxwell's house in New Mexico in 1881.

You have some Gimbels, from Jacob to Bernard F.,
But who, if anybody, was R. H. Macy? You don't say.
You list Samuel Colt, six-shooter inventor, and Stetson,
Who made the famous hat, but nowhere do you say
That Sam Glidden of DeKalb, Ill., perfected barbed wire.
You set down many a pip-squeak journalist, but somehow
Fremont Older, the lion of the Pacific Coast, is out.
And why isn't W. Averell Harriman in your 40,000 Club?
You have Martial (Marcus Valerius Martialis), epigrammatist,
Who flourished back in the first century, but Wilson Mizner
Is out in the cold. Not because he drank, we trust?
Also, why couldn't Alphonse Capone make the grade?
And did you, perchance, never hear of Lt. Com. Walter Winchell
He's out, but in are O. O. McIntyre and Westbrook Pegler,
And so is Lucius Beebe, listed as an "American journalist,"
Author of "Fallen Stars" (1921), but with no mention
Of his clothes or his mastery of basic pidgin.

Speaking of confusion, Doctor, as we were, what now?
You say Big Bill Haywood was tried in 1907 on a charge
Of participating in the killing of a former Idaho governor,
"Frank R. Strunenberg." The name, sir, was Steunenberg.
Borah was prosecutor, with Clarence Darrow defending.
Again, referring to Abe Hummel, the crooked lawyer,
You say he lived his last years in "poverty and obscurity."
The truth is, Dr. Neilson, he lived quietly but well,
Bet on the horses in both England and France,
And left enough money to start a sensational lawsuit.

A minor matter, perhaps, Doctor, but what have you against
Clifton Fadiman? You say that Kieran, Levant, and Adams all
Appear on "Information Please"—but no Fadiman.

When you come to William Allen White (born 1868),
You say he's sometimes known as the Sage of Potato Hill.
No, Doctor, the one and only Potato Hill sage (1853-1937)
Was Ed Howe (Edgar Watson Howe), editor and paragrapher,
Who had a farm on the Missouri River called Potato Hill.
Also, what makes you think that Heber Jedediah Grant,
The bearded, thrifty Mormon leader, died in 1937?
Perhaps you should hire some new necrology experts.
Mr. Grant lived, at last word, on Eighth Avenue, Salt Lake City.

But remember, Dr. Neilson, be careful not to confuse
Daniel Webster with Noah Webster, or vice versa.

—STANLEY WALKER

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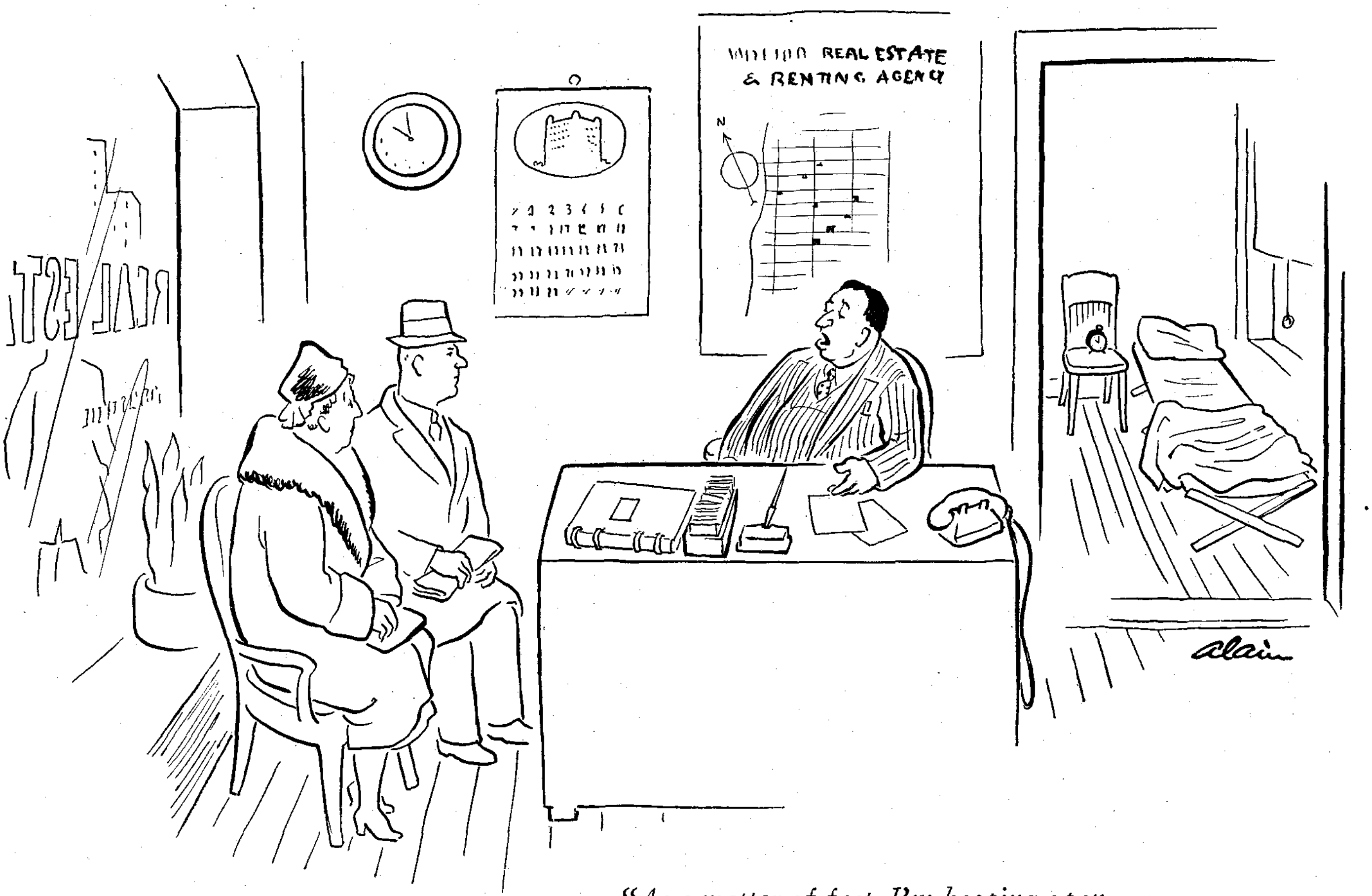
of one Henri Wentz, sergeant of the eighth regiment of Moroccan spahis. The case was of course reported in the Paris newspapers as a *crime passionnel.* Joséphine's picture, taken in first communion dress (the only one available), appeared in the *Matin*, the *Petit Parisien*, and even in *La Petite Gironde*, in Bordeaux. Reporters came out from Paris to interview her and her mother, who, it developed, was not quite bright and had had a career of her own, which, however, never attained the dramatic heights of that of her daughter.

Under the Code Napoléon, a prisoner is deemed guilty until proven innocent, and Joséphine, now relieved of her guilty burden, which had been delivered at the Clinique St. Joseph with the assistance of the same nuns who had stood as witnesses to her irreproachable character, appeared in court as a murderess.

Never had she given a better demon-



"As a matter of fact, I'm keeping open only in the hope of getting an apartment for myself."

• •

stration of what it is like to be a *manifestation de la nature*. Seated between two *sergents de ville*, she was dressed as a widow. She wore yards of cheap crape, with a tiny frill of white to frame her large-featured, florid beauty. Most of the time she sat with bowed head, but occasionally she burst into dry, silent sobs.

During the questioning several interesting and somewhat damning facts came out. She was forced to admit that she was not quite certain whether it had been the coal man or the sergeant who was really the cause of her downfall. At this admission, the prosecutor, a small, thin man with enormous handlebar mustaches, asked her, with practical French logic, why, when the sergeant refused to marry her, she had not tried to get the coal man, or even the corporal, who had appeared dimly in the background of the testimony. This, he thought, was a less painful course than murder.

Then Joséphine, after repeating tearfully that she was not guilty of murder but that the sergeant had killed himself rather than marry her, revealed herself in her true light, as a social climber. "I wanted to marry an officer," she said. "Anyone can marry a *porteur de charbon*."

The trial lasted three days. Monsieur and Madame Verdeau and the Baron de Maricourt were all forced to appear, flustered, scandalized, but delighted, to testify. Joséphine, in her widow's weeds, continued to play the rôle of a stricken Rubens widow, and to the unworldly, provincial taste of the jury this rôle made a great appeal. On the final day of the trial, a notoriously lecherous elderly shopkeeper in the front row was observed in tears on three separate occasions.

Joséphine was acquitted, principally, I think, on the ground that although she herself had purchased the lethal instrument, no one was able to disprove her story that the sergeant wrested it from her hands when she meant to use it on herself and had destroyed himself rather than marry her. It was one of those cases in which the whole community believed the defendant guilty, but there was nothing to be done about it.

The outrage of the two Marias surpassed description. They raised their arms to heaven. The damage to crockery and glassware reached new and unbelievable proportions. In short, their tantrums, their tyranny, their power of destruction became unendurable and they were fired. This, too, they took bitterly, calling upon God to witness how the evil triumphed and the innocent were persecuted. We never really escaped Joséphine until we got rid of the two Marias. I doubt that *they* have got rid of *her* yet.

Two days after she walked out of court a free woman, Joséphine married the coal man. This was clearly a marriage of convenience, *faute de mieux*, for it lasted only a week or two, after which Joséphine, depositing the child in her mother's care, disappeared. When last seen, the *manifestation de la nature* was heading for Paris to cash in on her publicity.

—Louis Bromfield

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For as what is conceived, is conceived by conception, and what is conceived by conception, as it is conceived, so is in conception; so what is understood, is understood by understanding, and what is understood by understanding, as it is understood, so is in the understanding. What can be more clear than this?—*From the works of St. Anselm, translated by Sidney N. Deane.*

What indeed?

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

DINGY with fatigue but still kindly, the old waiter in the London restaurant glanced from time to time at the weather-beaten boy in mufti, the girl with a blue ribbon in her heaped coiffure, as architectural as a peruke. When they came in, he had snuffed the odor of mothballs and had said to himself, "It's his first night on leave." Now, as they sat on over their empty coffee cups, he thought, "A bit of a tiff. Soon blow over, though."

"But I want to dance with you," the boy said. "All this time I've been looking forward to dancing with you."

"Dance?" the girl repeated. "What about that village canteen? You won't grow moldy for lack of dancing, my boy!"

"It's you I want to dance with."

"Even if we went," she said, "I couldn't dance. My knees would be knocking against each other at every step. And I won't go to the pictures, either. One's as dangerous as the other. If you're so bent on dancing, why not dance at home?"

"Round and round the aspidistra," he said, "while your dad winds the gram and your mum does a *pas seul* of her own, looking for where she left her spectacles. And then if a bomb drops on us, we won't be killed because we're not at a *palais de danse*. I know."

"Well," the girl said. And then, "Why not drop in at Vanda's? She'd love to see us."

"I believe you. Vanda'd love to see a deaf-mute with smallpox. No! When I get leave, I want to see life, not Vanda."

"See life? See death, more likely!" she said.

"But it's no more dangerous to go to a dance hall than to go home," he said. "Why can't you see that? It's simply a matter of density."

RECORD YOUR OWN VOICE
RD

"I may be dense. But I do know what I'm talking about, and if you'd been through as many raids as I have, you'd know too. But that's the trouble. You sit on your blasted heath, cuddled round your searchlight, and know no more about what it's like in London than a Siamese kitten that's never left Siam." With a hand shaking with temper, she tilted the coffeepot above her cup. The coffeepot was empty.

"I don't mean that sort of density," he said carefully. "I mean density of population. The number of people in a given place. Obviously, in a dance hall there are more people to the square yard than there would be in somebody's quiet home further up the street."

"It looks like it," the girl said. "Della Marks—she's an ARP and knows what she's talking about—told me that at Putney they dug out three hundred. I don't know if they were to the square yard or not. But they were for the graveyard, all right, what was left of them."

"But because there are more people in a place, it doesn't mean that they are more likely to be killed. It just means there are more of them to be killed. Think of plates," he said. "Suppose you had fifty plates—"

"Why not suppose I had fifty oranges?"

"—and you put twenty-five of them," he continued, "in a heap in the sink and distributed the other twenty-five in ones all over the floor—"

The girl's laugh was as pretty as lambs playing. Hearing it, the waiter looked round with a smile and thought, "That's all right again."

"—and then the little boy next door threw a cricket ball in at the window. If it pitched in the sink, twenty-five plates would be broken. If it hit the floor, only one plate, or perhaps none at all."

The girl's laughter had ceased. She stared dumbly at the coffeepot.

"Well," the boy said, "it's the same with bombs. It just depends where a bomb falls. Or when it falls. If it falls on a dance hall or a cinema, it may kill three hundred. If it falls on a villa called Chatsworth, it may kill three. If it falls on a church on Sunday, it may kill fifty. If it falls on the same church on a Monday, it won't kill anyone."

"Oh, won't it? You should have seen what they took out of the crypt of St. Jude's. That was a Monday."

"I mean a church without a crypt!" he exclaimed. "But you won't even try to understand."

"I understand, all right. I heard what you said. If a bomb falls on a dance hall, it kills more people. That's why we're not going to a dance hall."

"But do you really believe that if we go and dance, we're more likely to be killed?" he asked anxiously. "I believe you've gone religious."

"*You* said it. You said yourself we were. Only word of sense you've said this evening. It's not likely I shouldn't notice it."

"I did *not* say it!" The boy shook his head.

"Honey, you did. You said that if a bomb falls on a dance hall, more people are killed."

"But only because more people are there."

"Well, I don't intend to be one of them," the girl said. "And I don't intend you to be one of them, either. I don't want to see you killed. I can't stop you from being in the Army and I can't stop the war. But I *can* stop you from going to the Blue Lagoon, and I mean to. I don't know why you should be so anxious to get us both dead!"

"But—"

"Personally," she said, "I still want us to keep alive and have a proper home and a family and have some fun after all this misery."

"Oh, God—"

"I don't understand your tony ideas about suicide! I never—" She broke off, swallowed violently, and made another attempt with the coffeepot.

"Here, waiter!" the boy said, turning. "Another coffee for two."

"Yes, sir! Immediately, sir!" the waiter said.

"No hurry at all," the boy said.

Across the little table he and the girl stared at each other with murder in their eyes.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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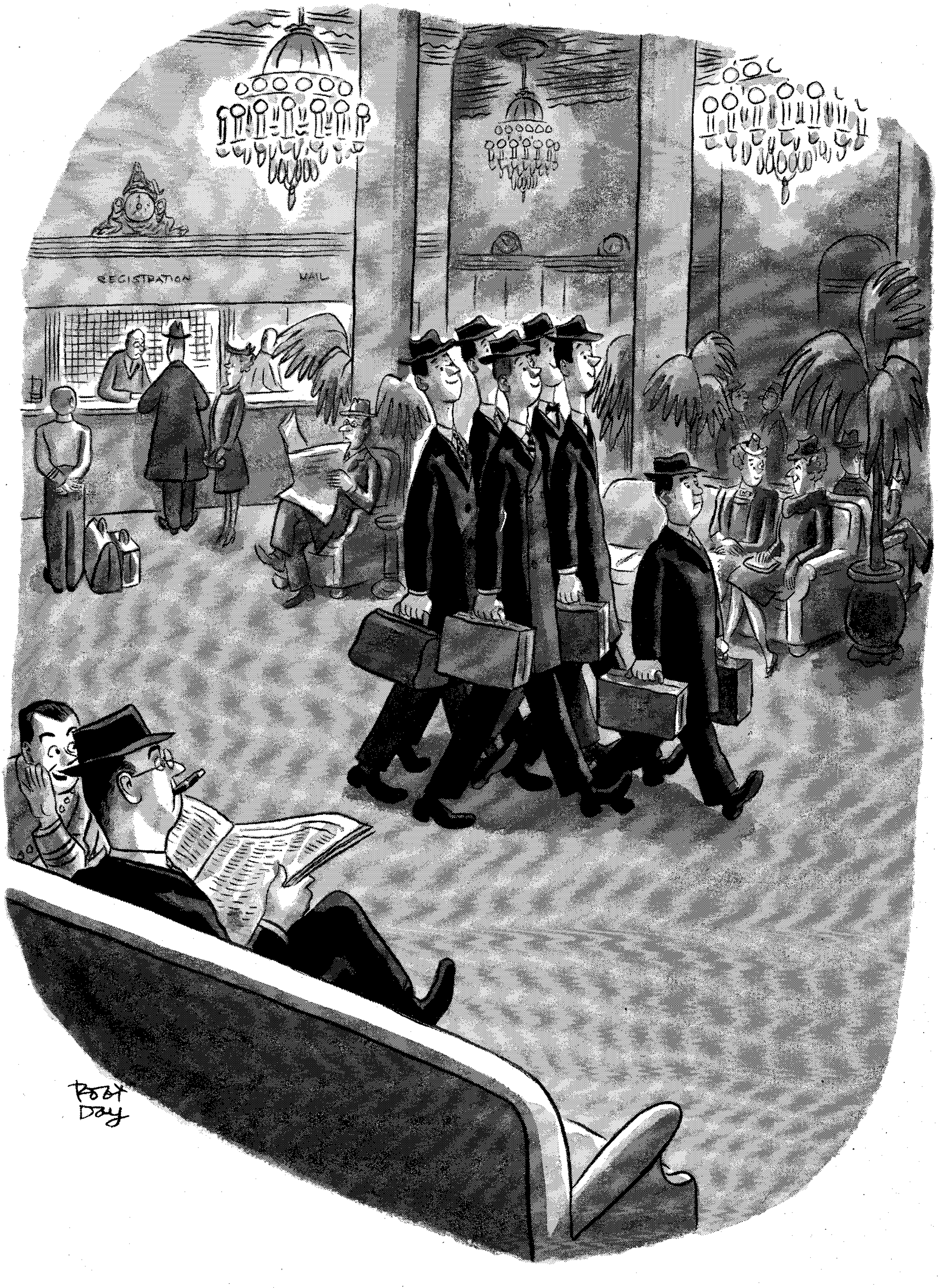
FOR RENT—To right people, 7 rooms of childhood homestead, unfurn.; new paint, elec., oil ht.; bus, train serv. to city; nr. churches; shade; ⅓ of rich garden; Garrett Park, Mont Co., Md. Mother's room closed and ⅔ garden for co-owner's use. By mo. only at first. Adults only. Must be refined, temp., nonsmokers, orthodox, evangelical, active church workers, respecting Lord's Day. No hunters, doctors, animal breeders or butchers need apply; only those true to God and kind to His creatures. $100 mo. Apply by letter, giving family status, age; church, bank, bus. refs., to Pres. Animal Protective Association, 3900 Wheeler rd. s.e., Wash. (20), D. C. No Sun. inspections.—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Darn our lack of refinement—it's always in our way!


REGISTRATION
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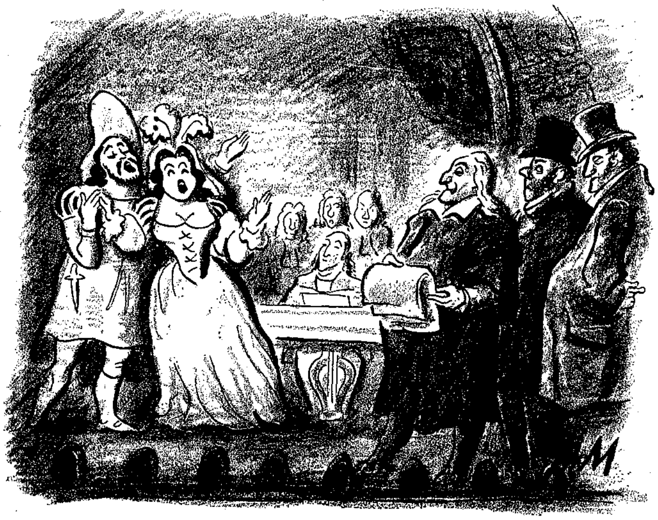
"The Golden Tornado basketball team and their manager."

THAT WAS NEW YORK

DA PONTE, THE BEARER OF CULTURE



THERE were only two paying passengers aboard the packet Columbia, which sailed for this country from Gravesend, England, on April 7, 1805, and they spent the waking hours of their fifty-seven-day crossing in a serialized game of two-handed poker. The consistent winner was an American merchant returning to his home in Philadelphia and the loser was a toothless, fifty-six-year-old Italian named Lorenzo Da Ponte, the librettist of four of Mozart's operas, who had nowhere to return and was quite accustomed to losing. By the time the Columbia docked in Philadelphia, Da Ponte was reduced to begging the American to pay the thirty-two-dollar duty on the ill-assorted belongings he had brought with him to the New World: one fiddle valued by customs at a hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents, one tea urn valued at eighteen dollars and ninety cents, and a carpet valued at fifty dollars. The American paid the tariff but kept the goods as security. However, a trunk of books, among them some volumes of Dante, Tasso, and Davila, and a valuable set of Virgil, as well as a box of fiddle strings and a box of suspenders, were admitted duty-free. These, together with a fine Italian sense of persecution, were all that Da Ponte now had to show for his long career of alternate success and failure, an erratic career which had taken him from Venice to Dresden to Vienna and then to London and which had brought him finally to America.

DA PONTE was born in 1749 in Venice, during the last baroque flourish of its decadence, and from it he derived all the extravagant characteristics of an era which danced, out of step with history and in a state of somnambulant longing for the Renaissance, into the arms of Napoleon and the inhospitable realities of the nineteenth century. The fiddle, which eventually was to fall into the hands of the Philadelphia merchant who paid its way into the country, was one that Da Ponte, then a celebrant abbé, played at the drunken parties in the house of his Venetian mistress. At twenty-two, he was the dean of a Catholic seminary. At twenty-seven, he was tried before the Venetian Senate and expelled from the Republic's educational system for addressing a graduating class of young clergymen on the somewhat unsuitable subject "Man, by Nature Free, Becomes a Slave through Laws." The argument was set forth in four Latin and eleven Italian poems, the composition of which had come easily enough to Da Ponte, who, when he was only fifteen, could improvise poetry in either language and recite the whole of Dante's "Inferno" from memory.

The trial brought Da Ponte an agreeable notoriety in Venice and he was taken up by a group of patrician dilettanti who were amused at the spectacle of a gambling, lady-chasing abbé, whose clerical frock gave his exploits a certain bravura advantage over those of his friend Casanova. In 1779, Da Ponte was banished from Venice on penalty of seven years' imprisonment if he returned. The court which imposed this sentence found him guilty of a series of conspicuous follies, not the least of which was his assistance, in the rôle of midwife, in the accouchement of one of his illegitimate children (by another man's wife) in a busy Venetian thoroughfare. Several decades and several dozen debacles later, Da Ponte preferred to think that his exile had had a more polite origin. He had been banished, he would explain, for eating meat on Friday. There had also been, he insisted, conspiracies against him. There were always, it seems, conspiracies against Da Ponte.

When Da Ponte was expelled from Venice, he went to the Austrian province of Gorizia. After a while he moved on to Dresden, where he wrote his first libretto in collaboration with the poet Caterino Mazzolà, an experience which later helped him to write thirty-six works of his own. In 1782, he moved to Vienna, a city that was then, in a sense, a music colony of Italy. It had acquired a taste for Italian opera by way of Naples (at that time a part of the Austrian Empire) and its musical affairs were largely in the hands of two Italians—the composer Antonio Salieri, to whom Da Ponte had a letter of introduction, and the poetic dramatist Pietro Metastasio. Through the efforts of Salieri and Metastasio, Da Ponte was appointed Poet to the Italian Theatre at the Hapsburg Court of Joseph II.

In Vienna, too, Da Ponte soon found himself the victim of conspiracies. One of them cost him his teeth. This disaster occurred while he was living at a pension, where his landlady's daughter fell in love with him. He had the misfortune to acquire an infection in his mouth and went for help to an Italian physician who happened to be in love with the same girl. The doctor, a man who believed in the forthright approach to any problem, gave Da Ponte a bottle of nitric acid and told him to use it as a mouth rinse. When he did, his teeth fell out. Later portraits of him—including one, by Samuel F. B. Morse, now hanging here in the Union Club—all reveal hollow, toothless cheeks and prominent cheekbones. These, together with his sharp, glistening eyes, gave him a resemblance to Voltaire. Despite his dental embarrassment, Da Ponte lost no time in improving his position at court, where he continued to acquire a rather unusual insight into the hazards and rewards of love which proved to be quite useful when he came to write the libretto of Mozart's "Figaro."

DA PONTE'S collaboration with Mozart was the result of meeting the composer at the home of the Baron Raimund Wetzlar. The Baron was a patron of the arts, a Jew new to wealth and title, who was not too welcome in court circles and had a fervent, and perhaps compensatory, interest in the arts, particularly music. Mozart lived for a time in his house and received financial assistance from him, and in return named his son, Raimund, after him. Da Ponte's association with the Baron was on a quite different basis. He merely visited the Baron's house from time to time, bringing with him the cachet of his position at court and of his intimacy —which he exaggerated—with powerful personages.

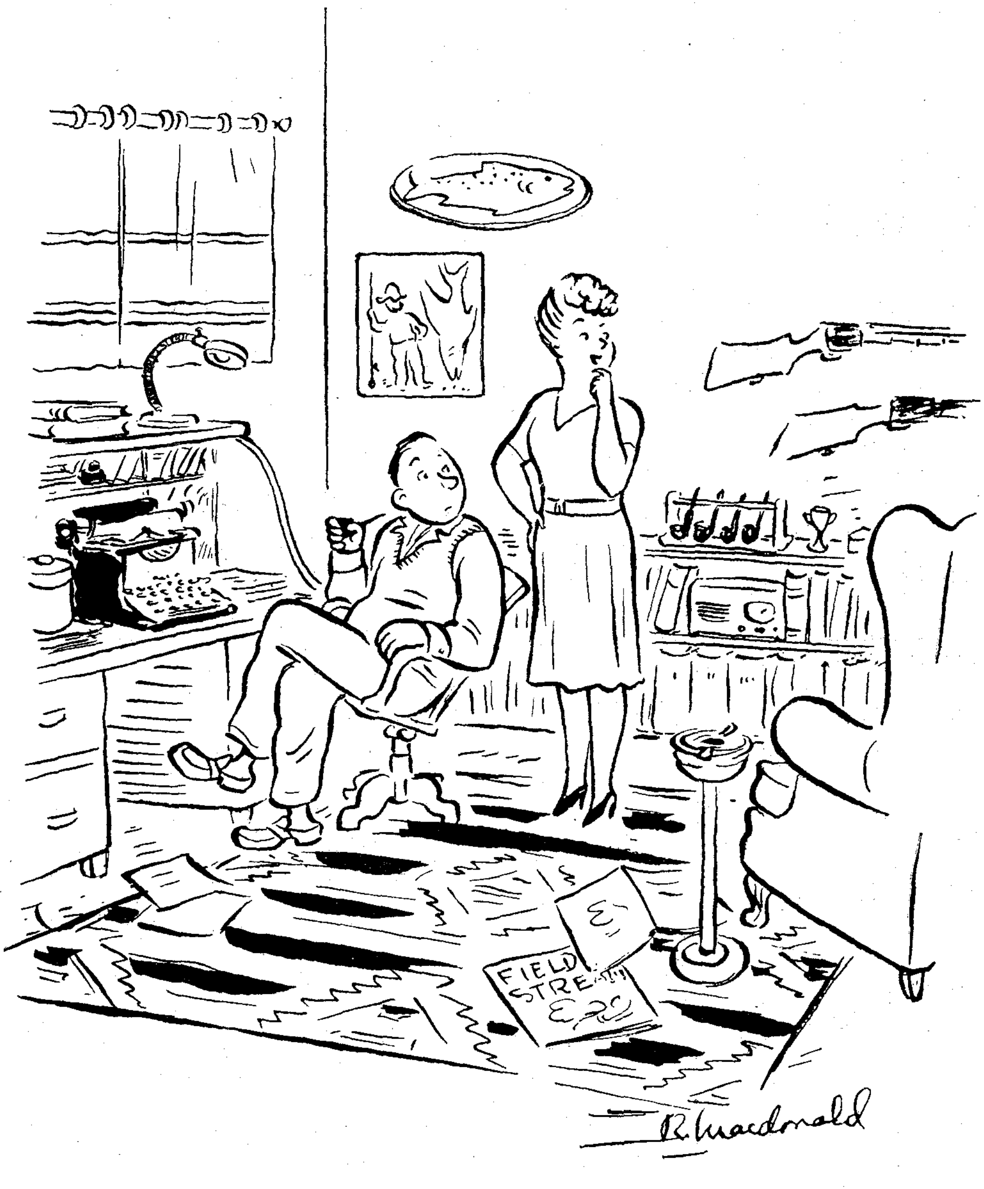
Before Mozart had met Da Ponte, he had had little popular success with opera and he was eager to try his hand at an "Italian" opera. He approached Da Ponte with this notion in mind. Mozart apparently had doubts about the venture, for in a letter to his father he wrote:

> Abbé Da Ponte is our poet here; he has at present a great deal to do in theatrical revision and has been charged *per obligo* to write a new libretto for Salieri . . . after which he has promised to write one for me. But who can tell whether he can or will keep his word? You understand these Italian gentlemen; they are very charming on the surface, but—well, you know what I mean!

The misgivings Mozart had about the Italian gentleman were unjustified. Da Ponte, who was aware of Mozart's mature greatness when Mozart was still trying to live down a reputation as a prodigy, was prepared to keep his promise. Mozart suggested Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro" as the basis for a libretto, and the idea appealed to Da Ponte. They got to work on it at Baron Wetzlar's. Da Ponte turned the prose text into verse and Mozart composed the music as fast as the words were handed to him. The two men spent days at the Baron's piano, humming, arguing, writing, and revising. Da Ponte did an excellent job of transforming the pamphleteering comedy into an *opera-buffa* libretto. The opera was looked upon with suspicion at court because of its connection with the radical Beaumarchais, but, thanks to Da Ponte's influence with Joseph II, it was soon produced, despite the Emperor's own political prejudices and the jealous opposition of Salieri and Count Orsini di Rosemberg, the court chamberlain.

The partnership of Da Ponte and Mozart was, artistically, one of the most successful collaborations in opera history, for besides "Le Nozze di Figaro," they wrote "Don Giovanni" and "Così Fan Tutte," as well as the little-known "Lo Sposo Deluso." The partnership was broken up in 1790 by Joseph II's death. The Abbé had been arrogant and indiscreet in his enjoyment of both his success and of Joseph's favor. Now, with his protector dead, Da Ponte, using his customary bad judgment, blew up a routine quarrel over an untalented singer's contract with the court—the singer happened to be his mistress—into a *cause célèbre*. Rosemberg had been waiting for such an opportunity ever since the days of "Figaro." Adding embellishments of his own to the story, no doubt, he put the matter before Joseph's successor, Leopold II, a typical underprivileged younger brother, who had few fond recollections of Joseph's authority. Da Ponte was dismissed from the court without even having an audience with Leopold.

The Abbé now resorted to precisely the sort of device an opera librettist would be expected to think up in order to get himself reinstated. He sent poems and letters to Leopold, to the chamberlain, and to other members of the court, interviewed influential people, pleaded and threatened, and even considered bringing his seven sisters and three brothers from Venice to beg for mercy on their knees. Leopold ignored all his efforts. It finally occurred to Da Ponte that he might be able, back in Venice, to trade on the literary reputation he had made in Vienna, and he appealed to the Venetian Republic for a pardon. He was rebuffed. At last, he set out for the French Court by way of Trieste, where he had friends and hoped to borrow some funds. Marie Antoinette, her brother Joseph had once told him, was an admirer of his opera "Una Cosa Rara," which he had written in collaboration with the Spanish composer Martini. The opera had been a great success in Vienna and created a vogue for "Cosa Rara" hats, gowns, and flirtations. En route from Trieste, Da Ponte



"Do you know what I think I'll do if you're drafted, darling? I think I'll throw that old desk out and put all this other junk in the cellar, and then I'll paint the walls an off pink and put some chintz . . ."

stopped off at Dux, near Prague, to collect a debt from his friend Casanova, who characteristically refused to pay it. Before Da Ponte got much further, the French Revolution broke out.

London, which had a weakness for Italian music, seemed to be the most logical alternative to Versailles. Da Ponte, who about this time quietly gave up his clerical status, went there, arriving with six *louis* in his wallet, a watch with a gold chain, a ring which he subsequently sold for six guineas, and a putative heiress whom he had married in Trieste and whose father had turned out to be a bankrupt. Logical or not, London was a poor choice. In his thirteen years there, Da Ponte was in every kind of trouble a Latin temperament could bring upon itself in an unsympathetic climate. At last his wife, no doubt discouraged by the repetitious disasters which her husband attracted, left him and, taking their four children with her, came to America, where her father and sister were by then living and thriving. Before Da Ponte finally boarded the Columbia, he had become involved in a series of naïve financial speculations and legal feuds, and, as the result of endorsing friends' notes with a free hand, had been in jail some thirty times for debts that were not his own.

As soon as Da Ponte had gone through the customs inspection in Philadelphia, he gathered up his fiddle strings and books, borrowed an extra four dollars from his poker-playing companion, and took the stagecoach to New York. The ocean voyage had been a difficult one. He later described it, his eyes damp and his voice quavering, as having lasted anywhere from seventy to ninety days. He had not had the foresight to bring a mattress aboard ship and had consequently slept the fifty-six nights of the crossing on a litter of shirts and old clothes, and his discomfort had no doubt been aggravated by a diet, as consistent as his gambling losses, of dried meat and salt pork. Once he had reached New York, his prospects must have seemed brighter. He went to see his wife and found her prepared for a reconciliation. This was a happy situation, for, quite aside from any consideration of domestic felicity, she represented the sum of six thousand dollars, her own money, which she had taken with her when she had left him in London. The reunion was heartening and the nest egg reassuring.

Whatever the Old World had meant to Da Ponte, whether it was Mozart or the Hapsburg Court, whether it was Casanova or the once riotous city of Venice, whether it was the theatre, the Church, or his own Cellini-like adventures, it must have seemed as dead now as the eighteenth century itself. Da Ponte resolved to meet the New World, which obviously had little use for opera and none for a librettist, on its own practical terms. His first move was to invest his wife's capital, somewhat arbitrarily, in a grocery shop. For the next few months, he gave himself over wholeheartedly to the routine of shopkeeping. The nature of the grocery business being what it was in that period, he devoted his days to measuring out "pigtails" of chewing tobacco and pouring three-cent "morning drams" for the cobblers and teamsters who made up his clientele. Business, though on a small scale, prospered.

New York was an expanding village recovering from the Revolutionary War and making money hand over fist. Culturally and socially, it was still new enough to democracy and political independence to shy away from anything that might smack of "republican monarchy," and even the formality of "waiting on the President" had been severely criticized in the press because of its monarchial implications. The city's one theatre, the Park, which had been built in 1798 and stood at what is now 21 to 25 Park Row, offered plays which were accompanied by incidental songs and were called "melo-dramas," and abbreviated English operas such as Gay's "Beggar's Opera" and Dr. Thomas Arne's "Love in a Village." Often an evening's entertainment would be made up of three short dramatic or musical items forming the equivalent of one three-act play; there was a curtain-raiser, then perhaps a butchered collection of speeches from "Henry IV," then a condensed dramatic version of Bernardin de St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie." The theatrical highlight of the summer of Da Ponte's arrival in New York was a season of Italian theatre, consisting of Manfredi and his Company of Rope Dancers, "lately arrived from Paris," according to the handbills. They presented harlequin pantomimes and tight-rope dances and formed "Egyptian Pyramids," and they concluded their season with a "Venetian Masquerade" involving the services of "thirteen per-

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NIGHT PIECE

Her horns hung like a trophy on the night,
The moon gleamed dead as bone,
Paler than the clear light above her, where
The lamp of Venus shone.

Below, the waters flowed down to the sea
Softly, and bright as tar.
Like colored stars offshore the lanterns moved
On floating men-o'-war.

Searchlights, like rainbows' ghosts grown bold and tall,
Haunted the great gray sky,
And joined and crossed and caught a plane that danced,
A tiny jewelled fly.

A star fell, leaving in its wake a hush
The river could not close.
The moon slipped down, then in a rush was gone.
Darkly, without repose,

The ships moved toward the perils of the sea.
The planes, the beams, throbbed on,
Nor touched her, where, above the men-o'-war,
Still Venus shone.

—Babette Deutsch

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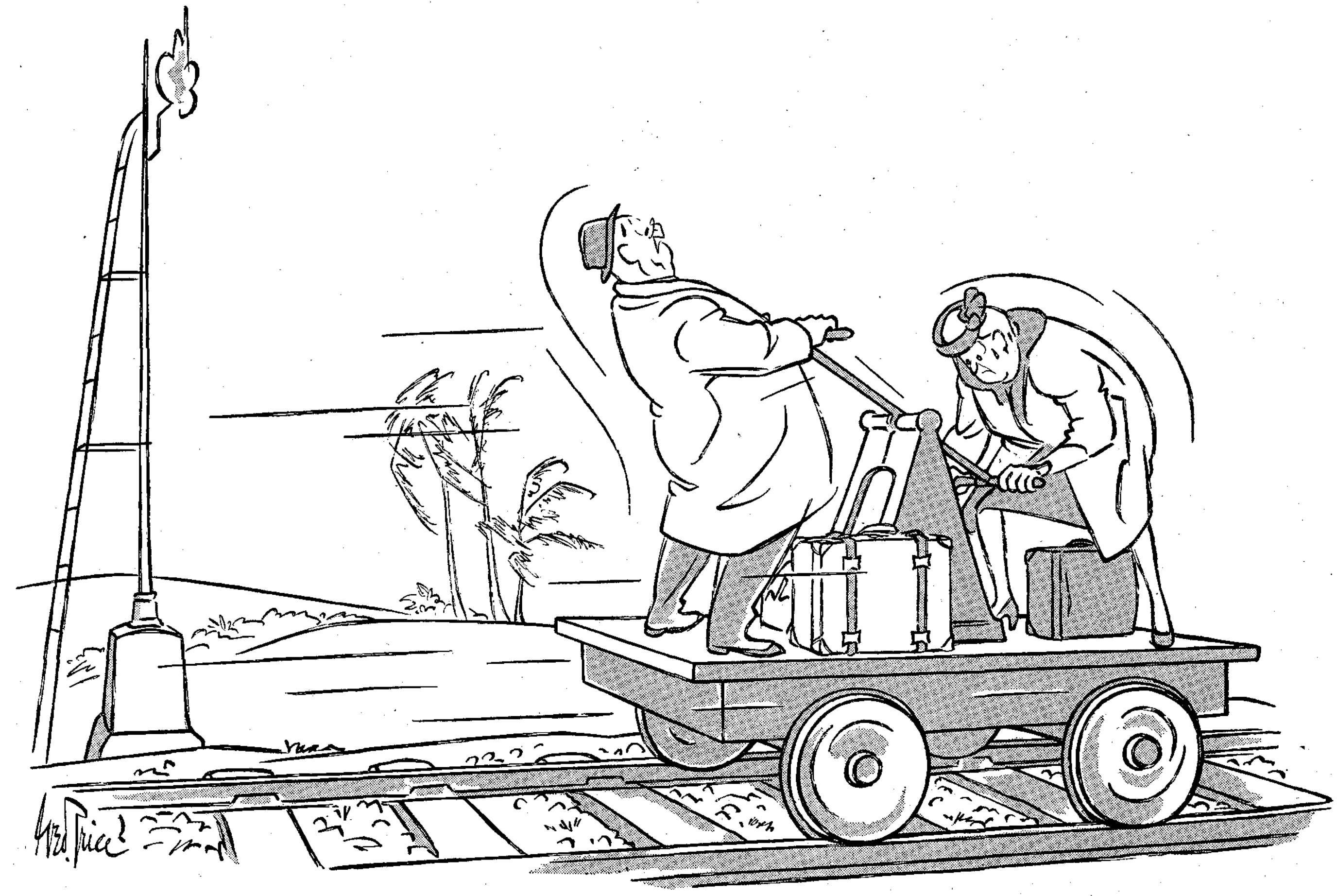


sons who" would "place themselves in several surprising attitudes in the Roman Style." It is not definitely known that Da Ponte witnessed this spectacle, but if he did, it might explain his decision to go into the grocery business.

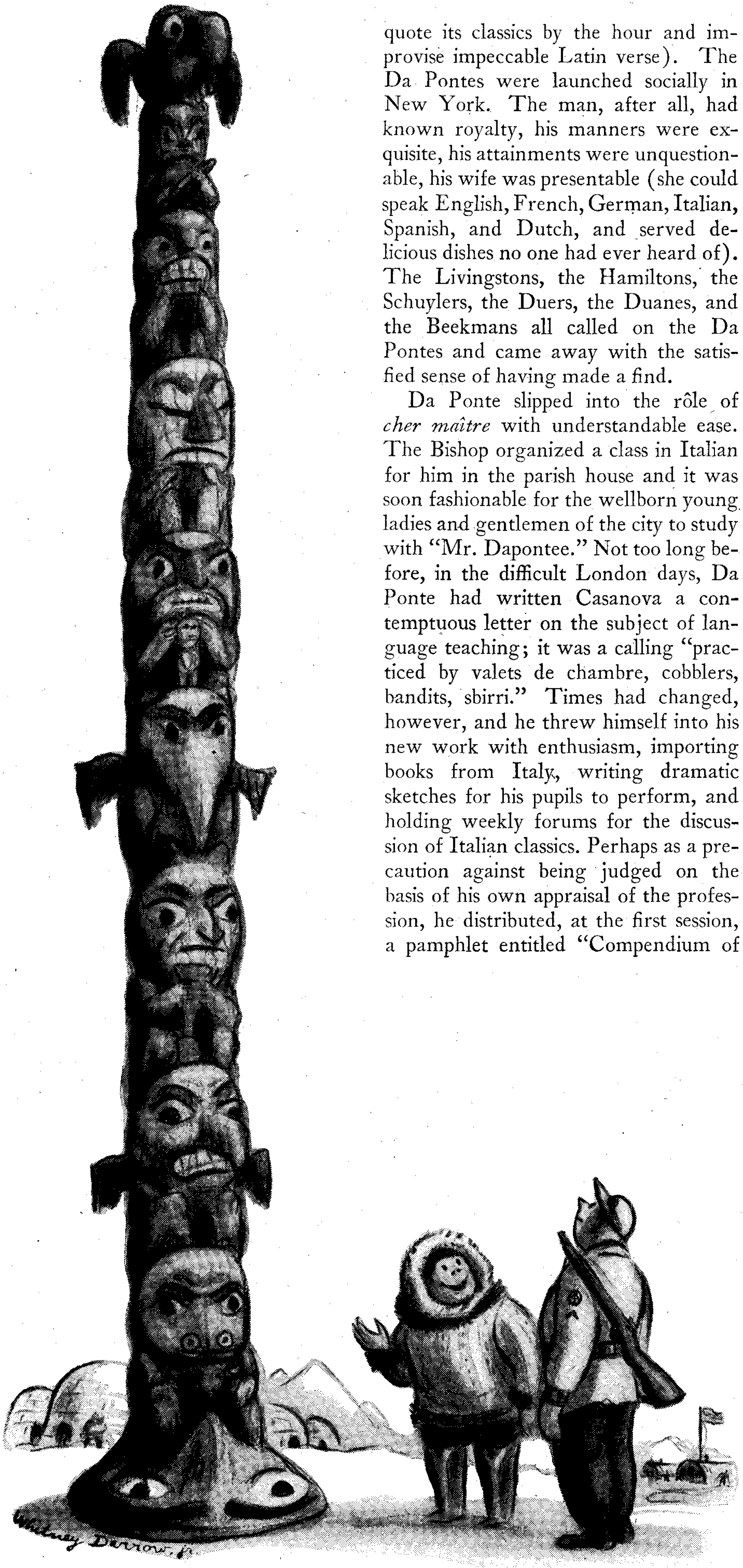
Mozart and the "new" Italian opera had scarcely been heard of in New York, and the most important musical events were the occasional appearances of such performers as Madame de Seze and her seven-year-old daughter, who played the pianoforte to her mother's harp accompaniment, or the infrequent musicales, at the City Tavern, of the Philharmonic Society, a private club whose members performed programs of anonymous instrumental music for one another's pleasure. The literary and intellectual life of the city, which was to come into its own in the next twenty years, was then practically dormant.

BY September, 1805, Da Ponte had become sufficiently bored with his attempt to make a fortune in New York to take advantage of the rumor of a yellow-fever plague and sell his grocery store and remove himself and his family to Elizabethtown, New Jersey. No doubt thinking contentedly of a quiet old age, he bought a house and land there and opened another grocery shop. Within a year, the talent he had for ruining his position, whether at the Hapsburg Court or elsewhere, prevailed over his more practical instincts as a shopkeeper and he went bankrupt. His description of what happend to him in New Jersey, which he wrote some years later, is worth quoting:

> Sometimes deceived by feigned distress, sometimes by false promises, I sold my goods to those who were never prepared when their payments came due. I lent my money, my credit, my effects to persons who studied at night how they might overreach me in the day.... I was sometimes obliged, rather than lose all, to take, for notes long due before, lame horses, broken carts, disjointed chairs, old shoes, rancid butter, watery cider, rotten eggs, apples, brooms, turnips, potatoes.

The house, shop, and land were sold to settle his debts and in 1807 he and his family returned to New York.

Very much at loose ends and discouraged over both his professional and commercial prospects, Da Ponte had the good luck to meet one of the first of the new race of New York intellectuals, a scholarly young man whose repugnance for the prosaic, profiteering ways of the city made him responsive to Da Ponte's particular charm. He was Clement Moore, later the author of " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas," professor of Oriental and Greek Literature, founder of the General Theological Seminary, and compiler of the first Hebrew and Greek lexicon in America. They met by chance at Riley's Bookshop, on lower Broadway, where Moore was shopping for some foreign-language books and struck up a conversation with Da Ponte. Moore, who hoped someday to read Dante in the original, was amazed at Da Ponte's erudition. Da Ponte talked brilliantly (at last he had found a sympathetic audience), his manner was courtly, his appearance distinguished. When he began to reminisce about Europe, Moore was completely fascinated. Exalted names sprinkled Da Ponte's conversation—Mozart, Joseph of Hapsburg, the Count of Waldstein, the Cobenzls, Metastasio, Venice, Prague, London. Moore insisted that Da Ponte come with him to meet his father, who was the second Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, rector of Trinity Church, and president of Columbia College. The Bishop was greatly impressed by Da Ponte's facility with Hebrew and his unbelievable knowledge of Latin (Da Ponte could


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

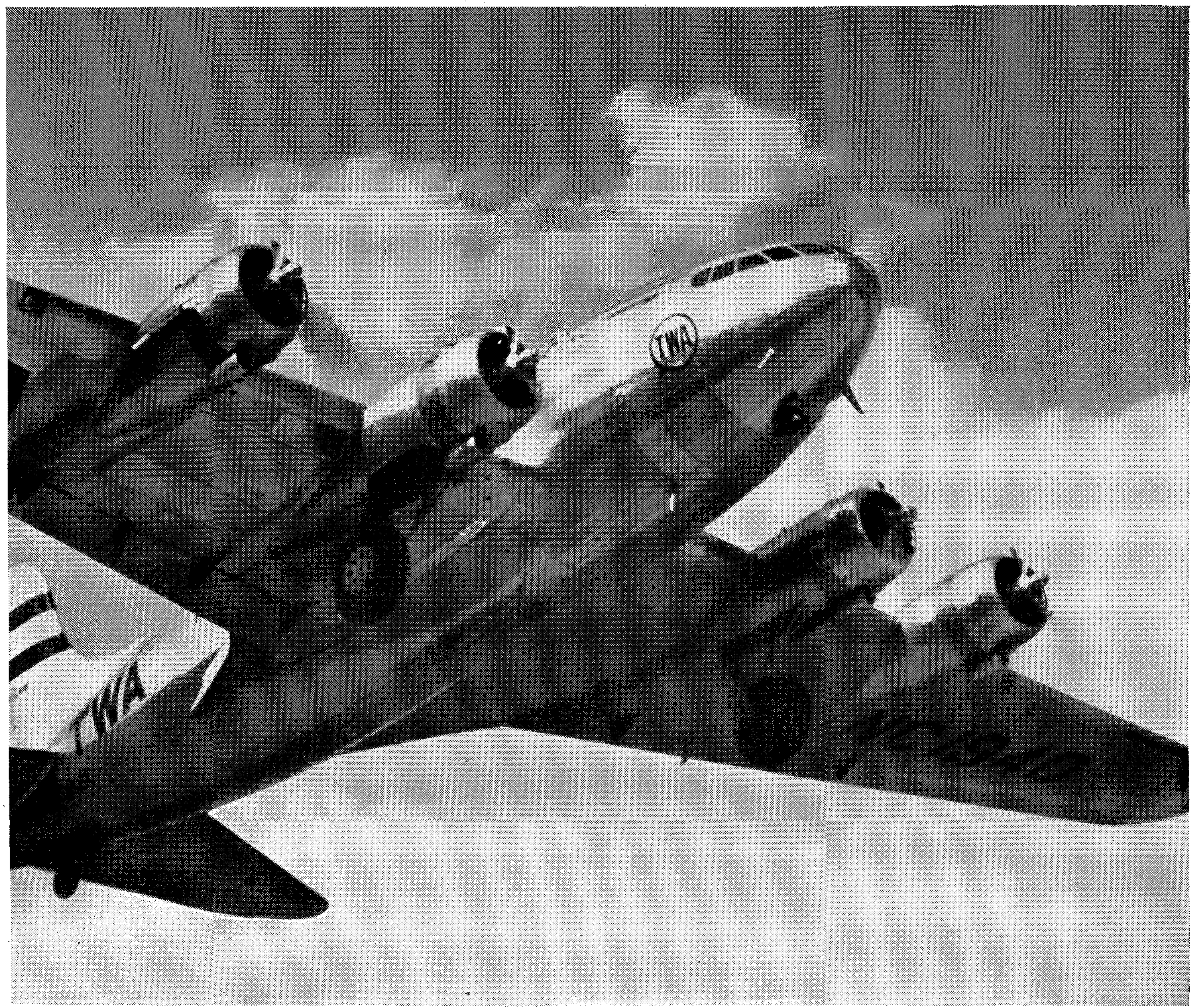
"Or am I boring you?"

quote its classics by the hour and improvise impeccable Latin verse). The Da Pontes were launched socially in New York. The man, after all, had known royalty, his manners were exquisite, his attainments were unquestionable, his wife was presentable (she could speak English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch, and served delicious dishes no one had ever heard of). The Livingstons, the Hamiltons, the Schuylers, the Duers, the Duanes, and the Beekmans all called on the Da Pontes and came away with the satisfied sense of having made a find.

Da Ponte slipped into the rôle of *cher maître* with understandable ease. The Bishop organized a class in Italian for him in the parish house and it was soon fashionable for the wellborn young ladies and gentlemen of the city to study with "Mr. Dapontee." Not too long before, in the difficult London days, Da Ponte had written Casanova a contemptuous letter on the subject of language teaching; it was a calling "practiced by valets de chambre, cobblers, bandits, sbirri." Times had changed, however, and he threw himself into his new work with enthusiasm, importing books from Italy, writing dramatic sketches for his pupils to perform, and holding weekly forums for the discussion of Italian classics. Perhaps as a precaution against being judged on the basis of his own appraisal of the profession, he distributed, at the first session, a pamphlet entitled "Compendium of the Life of Lorenzo Da Ponte, written by himself," in which the less racy events of his past were described. It was an unnecessary advertisement. The rumor of his celebrity had already circulated thoroughly and his classes were crowded.

THERE was something too static for Da Ponte about the sort of success he was enjoying, for he still nourished the typical immigrant dream of quickly making a fortune in America. After four years, the opportunity seemed to present itself, in the form of a partnership in a distillery. He optimistically invested the money he had made from teaching and in a fairly short time he was wiped out again. His wife's family, which had been a bitter financial disappointment to him from the first days of his marriage, was now prosperously entrenched in Sunbury, Pennsylvania. Her family wrote him and his wife, urging them to come out to Sunbury and giving them a rosy account of the local business prospects. Apparently the family considered his newborn interest in making money a healthy sign. Da Ponte and his wife and children moved to Sunbury in June, 1811, where they lived until April, 1819, by which time he was seventy. The intervening period was filled with what could probably have been predictable experiences: he dealt variously in groceries, wheat, distilled liquors, and medicinals; he bartered, borrowed, and lent; and inevitably he was betrayed, duped, and cheated. The poet, though he had the desire to make money, simply had no head for business.

By the time the Da Pontes left Sunbury and returned to New York, his get-rich-quick dream was over and he was able to go back to teaching with a certain peace of mind. Clement Moore could be depended upon to set him up. In fact, he had already sent him the money to come back. The Italian class was started again, with even greater success. Da Ponte's social reputation was still unimpaired, despite the unpleasant rumors of his past which kept leaking out, or his insolvencies, his having participated in trade, and his disconcerting habit of making small touches. New York had lost a good deal of its self-consciousness and provincialism. It was growing into a city and looking, frankly and acquisitively, to European "culture" with a shrewd notion of what it could absorb and put to its own use. The sons of the new American fortunes were beginning to make the *grand tour* abroad,



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DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

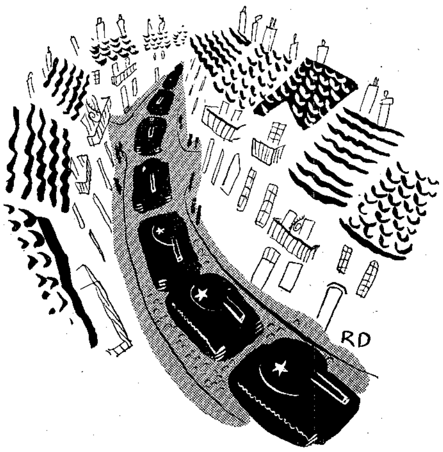
and although they wrote home defensively and unpleasantly about European manners and traditions, they stayed away long enough to broaden many of their definitions and opinions, and when they returned thev were inclined to protest violently in the press against some such local practice as the "shaking and dusting of carpets in the neighborhood of the Battery," thereby contributing a touch of worldly refinement to the city.

The fashionable promenade in those days was Broadway from the Battery to Bleecker Street. Black was the color for gentlemen of taste, and "out of keeping" was the snob term of disapproval for anything from a bonnet to a marriage. Contoit's Garden, on Broadway between Leonard and Franklin Streets, was the *only* place a lady and gentleman could go for refreshment. Ice cream, pound cake, and lemonade were served, and although liquor was forbidden, enterprising young blades could usually arrange to have a shot of cognac poured over their lemon ice by slipping a quarter into the right palm. The warning "Don't Blow out the Light" was beginning to appear on the bedroom walls of a few adventurous hotels that were experimenting with gas illumination.

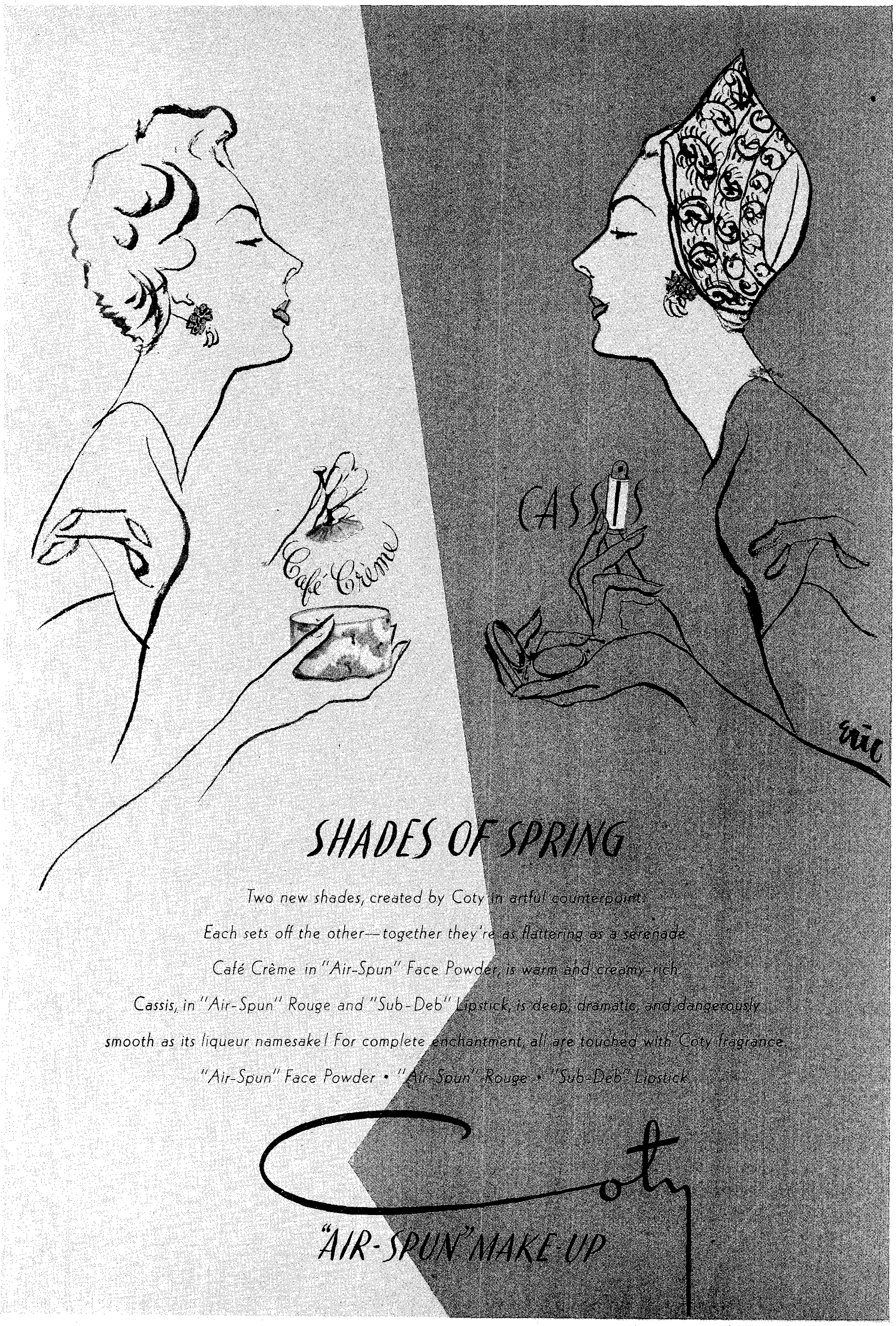
An urbane literary movement was developing around the personalities and talents of Gulian Verplanck, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Joseph Rodman Drake. Verplanck was a well-intentioned essayist who had a generally misplaced enthusiasm for anything European. One of his unfortunate discoveries was a dwarf called Billy the Fiddler, who passed himself off as a protégé of Mozart in Vienna and as the actual author of one of Mozart's violin sonatas (the opus varied with the telling). Verplanck took up Da Ponte with all the relief and gratitude of a man who has at last found the real article. Da Ponte responded to the admiration by installing Verplanck as a paying guest in his household at 343 Greenwich Street.

It was probably through Verplanck that Fitz-Greene Halleck became one of Da Ponte's pupils. Fashionable society was small; all the literary and artistic lights—Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Samuel F. B. Morse, Richard Henry Dana, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel Parker Willis—passed through the same drawing rooms and gathered at the same tables in Windust's basement café on Park Row. Halleck's memory is kept alive today chiefly by an over-sized statue on the Central Park Mall—the first monument to be erected to a native poet in the New World. In 1819, Halleck and Drake were enjoying a busy collaboration and were known to their admirers as the New York Wits. Their friendship is said to have been the result of one of the most inane fragments of literary conversation ever recorded. The story is that Halleck and Drake, who had never met before, were taken rowing in the Bay by a friend. As the boat drifted along, Halleck had been silent and self-absorbed; suddenly he looked up at the sky and exclaimed, "It would be heaven to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell!" Drake, of course, felt the same way, and the two men became inseparable. Together they produced the purportedly witty "Croaker Papers," which were published in the *Evening Post* and later in book form. These were followed by a series of satires on New York life, the foibles of Society, the manners of coquettes, and the follies of fashion, all treated in a manner that would embarrass any serious reader of Byron or Alexander Pope. New York, for the most part, was loyally clinging to the past and was still reading the eighteenth-century romances like "The Castle of Otranto" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Neither Longfellow nor Bryant had "arrived" as yet, Irving was living as an expatriate in Europe, and Cooper's first literary attempt, "Precaution," was just about to be anonymously published.

THE year 1819 witnessed what has been inaccurately called the first Italian opera in New York—an English version of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," presented at the Park Theatre in a bastardized, truncated form, in which popular airs were substituted for the difficult arias, and accompanied by two comedies, before and after it, to round out the evening's entertainment. Da Ponte ignored the doings at the Park. His classes were an institution and the "master" was a legend. He gave himself over wholly to disseminating the Italian classics and to playing the rôle of intellectual godfather to the young literati. If he had any notions about opera in New York, he kept them to himself, possibly to save them for what he considered an appropriate moment. The theatre was still too rudimentary and audiences were still too naïve. Yet, whatever Mozart's collaborator thought, the Park's "Barber" was a symptom of the new taste and curiosity which were beginning to shape the city's character.



The Park Theatre was destroyed by fire a year after its performance of the "Barber." A new Park Theatre was built on its site in 1821 and before long adopted a far more ambitious policy. Unlike the old theatre, which had been at least half circus, the new one became a successful "European" opera house. This was accomplished through a series of seemingly unrelated incidents, all of them involving Da Ponte. By far the liveliest scandal of the year had been the divorce action brought by George IV against Caroline of Brunswick. The evidence against Caroline was unsavory, and Italians figured prominently in it, particularly an Italian courier said to have been her lover. After the trial, in which George lost his case, a New York City councilman named Charles Philipps rushed to Caroline's defense in the press with a violent attack on Italy, the Italian character, and everything he could think of even remotely relating to Italian accomplishment. Da Ponte felt himself personally concerned. In London, he had been commissioned to write a cantata in celebration of the wedding of George when he was the Prince of Wales, a marriage which Caroline was later to describe as her "adultery with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert" and the only transgression of its kind she had ever committed. Da Ponte also was the oldest and most distinguished Italian resident of New York and thus felt himself to be Italy's spokesman. Accordingly, he hired a public "lecture room" on Barclay Street and delivered an oration in refutation of Philipps before what the *Columbian*, a daily newspaper, described as "one of the most numerous assemblages of wit and fashion which ever graced a lecture room in this city." He spoke eloquently on the beauty and poetry of the Italian language, on the Italian contribution to art, and particularly on Italian music, so little of which was known in this country, and he came away with a host of converts and a Cause. Interest in Italy had up to then



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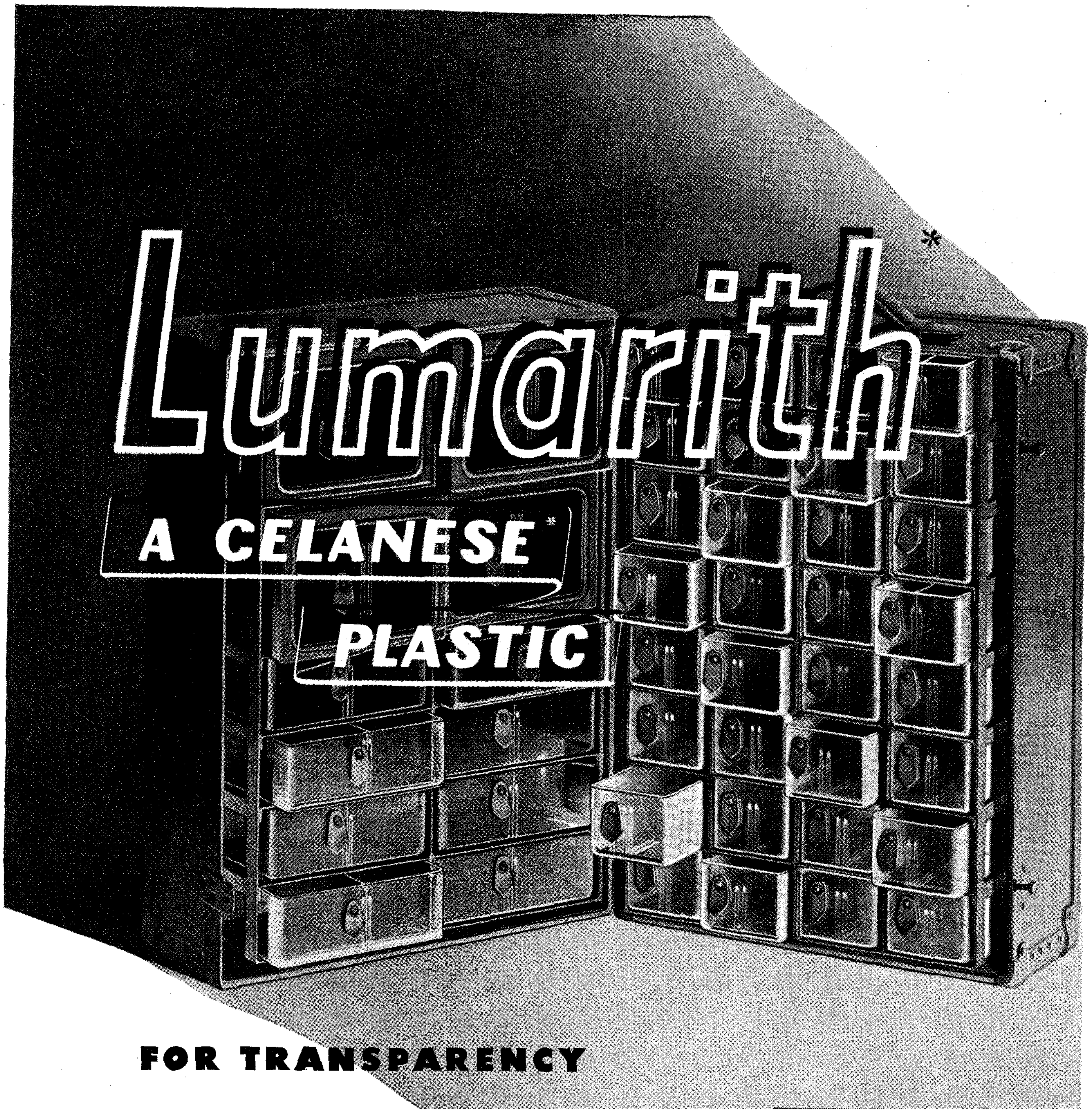

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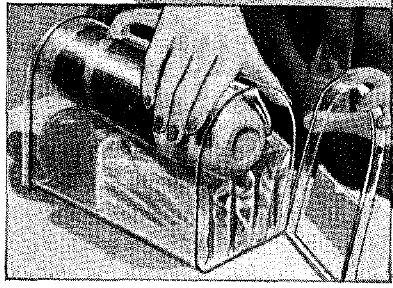

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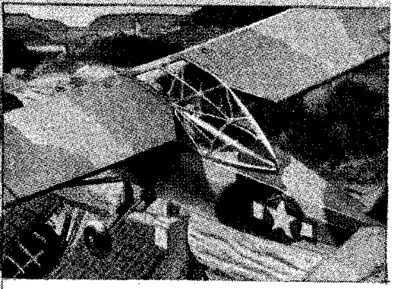

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been confined to a few drawing rooms and intellectuals; now the subject had drawn an audience almost large enough to fill a theatre. If there was an audience, there was no reason there shouldn't be a performance. Da Ponte began to talk up Italian opera to his friends, among them Dominick Lynch, a wealthy wine importer and an enthusiastic amateur of music.

It took time and persistence for Da Ponte to get something tangible accomplished. Finally, in 1824, Lynch brought Da Ponte's suggestions to the manager of the Park Theatre, a man named Stephen Price, and offered to meet some of the cost of such a venture. Things had been going extremely well for Price. "The Cataract of the Ganges," a spectacular melodrama that involved chariots, horses, crowds of extras, and an equestrienne heroine who at the climax leaped out of danger across the cataract and into the flies, had established itself as a solid hit, and the Park Theatre had begun to refer to itself, simply and egocentrically, as "The Theatre" in newspaper advertisements, although it now had both the Chatham Garden and the Lafayette as competitors. "The Theatre!" said the *Daily Mirror* in an irritable editorial note. "*What* Theatre?" Da Ponte's proposal lent itself admirably to the Park Theatre's mounting *folie de grandeur*. An imported opera company would establish The Theatre's prestige beyond dispute. Lynch, having come to an agreement with Price, sailed for England to recruit a company of singers. Da Ponte remained behind. He was seventy-five, and too old for an ocean voyage.

While Da Ponte was awaiting Lynch's return, his services to the community were publicly recognized in a characteristically unremunerative fashion. He was appointed Professor of Italian at Columbia College, the first professor of that language in America. The position was created for him and it sounded like an important post, but since the course was optional (neither Italian, French, German, nor Spanish was included in the Columbia required curriculum until 1880), his salary was to be paid out of the registration fees. No pupils ever registered. Da Ponte, who held his purely honorary post until he died, took to signing his letters *Professor sine exemplo*, and every now and then he tendered his resignation to the College, which never accepted it. In the meantime, he continued to teach his private classes.

After six months, Lynch returned to New York with an "Italian" opera

LISTEN: MARCH 25, 1944

You wear the new type of military microphone over your mouth. It weighs less than 2 ounces and excludes all noises more than ¼ inch away. The mike is strapped across the cheekbones, over the ears, around the head, and fits under a gas mask. The "lip-mike" was used for the first time in a commercial broadcast over the "*Vox Pop*" program on Monday, March 13 (CBS, 8 to 8:30 p.m. EWT) by Parks Johnson interviewing workers in the submarine shipyards at Groton.

★

(Typical items from the daily routine of self-starting, civic-minded affiliated stations of CBS.)

San Antonio, Tex.—KTSA broadcasts a message to locate unknown 12-year-old boy known to have been bitten by mad dog. Mother hears message; boy gets rabies serum in time.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—WMT broadcasts from her stretcher, an 18-year-old girl, bedridden 5 years with osteomyelitis. She tells how she makes Christmas cards. Listeners buy enough cards to finance medical care which restores the use of her legs.

Waterbury, Conn.—At Army and Navy request, WBRY broadcasts appeal for musical instruments for the men overseas. 100 instruments come in.

Akron, O.—30,000 workers in the Goodyear Aircraft plants hear special broadcasts four times daily for their own diversion from WADC.

St. Augustine, Fla.—WFOY rouses 600 people to search for a 4-year-old boy lost in the swamplands. Posse finds boy, in swamp, no worse for wear.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—At 10:40 p.m. WPAR learns that an 11-months-old baby will die unless a donor with type #1 blood can be found. At 10:50 the appeal goes over the air. At 10:52 the first donor arrives at the hospital. Ten more follow. Life saved.

Richmond, Va.—A hitchhiking sailor reports to WRVA that he has left all his belongings in an unknown car. The friendly driver lives, he thinks, in Richmond. WRVA makes three announcements. Sailor, motorist, and essential dufflebag are reunited.

South Bend, Ind.—Officials of the Army Ferry Command ask WSBT to broadcast for (a) washing machine and electric iron; (b) 50 pairs of ice skates; (c) Christmas dinner invitations to servicemen. Response promptly swamps demand.

Quincy, Ill.—Four thugs rob a bank in Girard, escape in a black sedan. WTAD broadcasts description. Car located passing through Carthage. WTAD notifies airport. Plane takes off, spots sedan, relays information to WTAD, which broadcasts exact location of robbers. Sedan stopped; 3 robbers caught. Fourth grabs saddle horse and escapes. Plane takes off again, spots horse and rider, notifies WTAD. Fourth robber captured. (Tomorrow night, *East Lynne.*)

★

CBS World News correspondents abroad and at home look at their responsibility to the radio audience through self-reminders like these:

"...Keep an informative, unexcited demeanor at the microphone."

"...Give sources. Label every report not officially released."

"...Don't risk accuracy for the sake of a 'beat.'"

"...Use care in your choice of words. Don't say '*German defenses were pulverized.*' Say '*German defenses were hard hit.*'"

"...When you don't know, say so. Locutions like '*Allied troops were believed to be progressing, etc.*' are out. Rather say '*Nothing has been released during the past 24 hours, etc.*'"

"...Exaggeration and immoderate language breed dangerous optimism."

"...Respect the listener's trust. Remember that winning the war is a hell of a lot more important than reporting it."

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ON TOUR WEST COAST with Katherine ALEXANDER · Jack DAVIS · June DAYTON
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

MICHAEL TODD *presents* BOBBY CLARK *in*
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
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CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER · JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
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KATHARINE CORNELL
in
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
with HENRY DANIELL
Arthur MARGETSON, Carol GOODNER, Anne BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
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Eves. 8:40, Sun. 8:15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3
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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 46

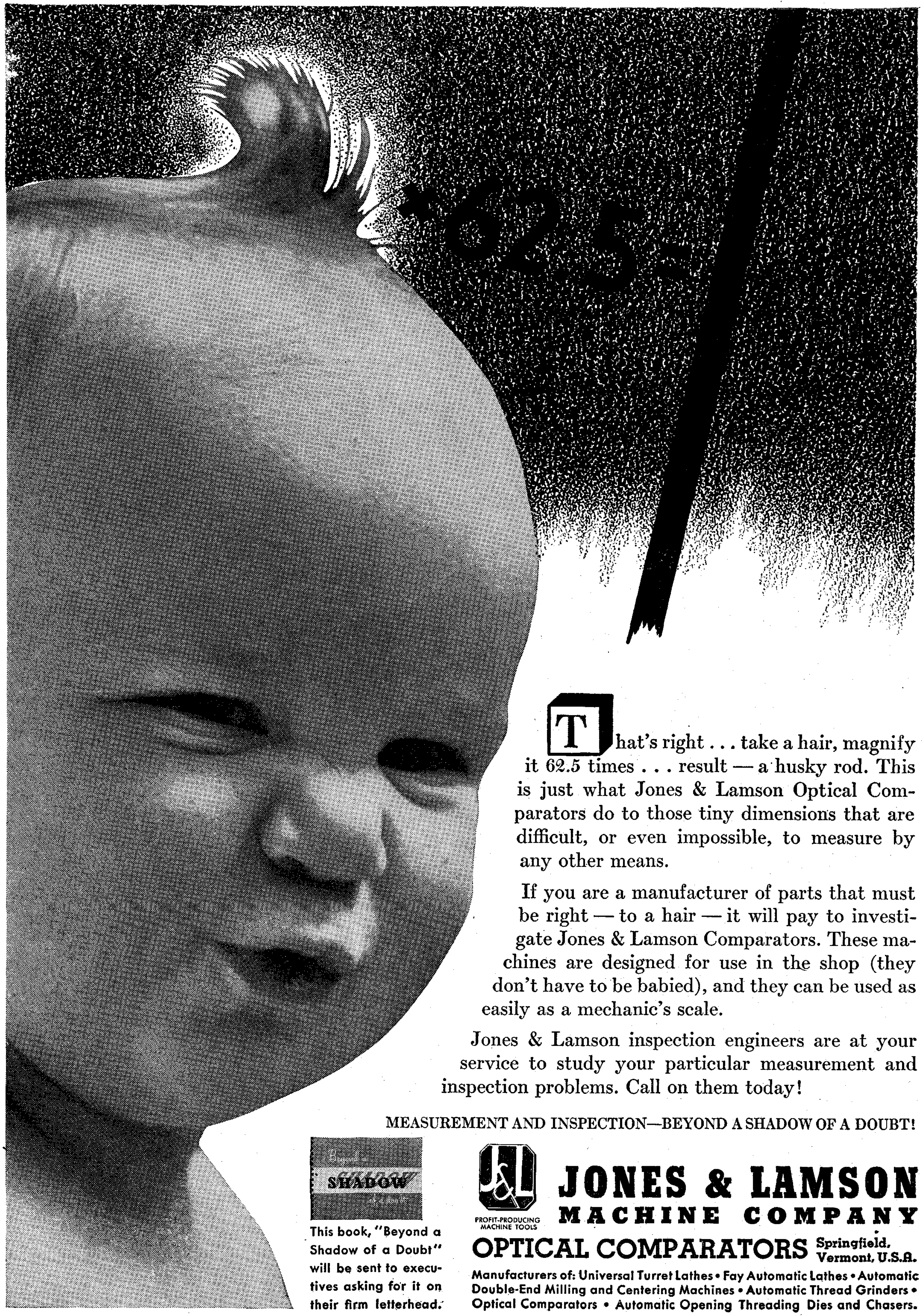
company which consisted almost entirely of members of the Spanish García family. Manuel García, the leading tenor of the troupe and the father of most of it, had created the rôle of Almaviva in "The Barber of Seville" in Rome and had been the first interpreter—and a brilliant one—of Rossini's music in Paris and London. Lynch had lured him away from the King's Theatre in London with offers which the London *Harmonicon* described as "past belief." The *Harmonicon* went on to say, "We have hitherto been the laughing stocks of Europe, for the preposterous manner in which we pay foreign singers, but the ridicule will now be transferred to the Western continent." In more ways than one, it was the beginning of a tradition in New York. The Garcías and their few confreres settled down to rehearsals, and, in November, announcements appeared in the press to the effect that "Signor García, with an Italian troupe (among whom are some of the first artists of Europe), has made arrangements with the managers of the New-York Theatre [the "New-York" was a nice concession on the part of The Theatre] to have the house on Tuesdays and Saturdays, on which nights the choicest Italian Operas will be performed, in a style which he flatters himself will give general satisfaction." Box tickets were two dollars, the pit was a dollar, and a "limited number of gallery tickets for the accommodation of the frequenters of that part of the Theatre" were on sale for twenty-five cents.

The opening production, "The Barber of Seville," took place on the evening of November 29th and was as gala as any opera opening has been to this day. The presence of Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, set the tone of the evening. "An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous, and so elegantly attired," the *Post* remarked the next day, "was probably never witnessed in our theatre." The public was obviously delighted with its first encounter with opera in Italian. Little attempt at serious musical criticism was made in the press. The *Albion*, a weekly newspaper, making the best of a dilemma, informed its readers of its disappointment in "not receiving a scientific critique promised from a professor"—no doubt Da Ponte—and hastened to add that "the experiment has proved completely successful." The *Post* was inspired to a missionary pitch: "Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in recitative or singing and yet appear nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. There were no less than six [singers] whom we would esteem, in the ordinary comedy, performers of the first order."

Among these six was Manuel García's seventeen-year-old daughter, María Felicia, who sang Rosina, and it must be said for this first New York audience that if it lacked background it nevertheless showed excellent judgment about the young lady. The response to the Signorina, as María García came to be called, was spontaneous and enthusiastic, and a few seasons later, after marrying an elderly French merchant named Malibran, she was rediscovered abroad as the "divine" Madame Malibran and became probably the greatest opera star of the nineteenth century. Her brother, Manuel the younger, the "Barber's" Figaro, later achieved almost equal distinction as a teacher; Jenny Lind, Johanna Wagner, Marchesi, Stockhausen, and Marie Tempest were among his pupils, and, through Marchesi and Stockhausen, his methods were taught to Melba and Eames, thus profoundly influencing the singing technique of the twentieth century.

Da Ponte's meeting with the elder García, which took place in García's dressing room on the opening night, falls into the best tradition of operatic behavior, onstage or off. García, his eyes brimming with tears, flung his arms about Da Ponte and danced around the room with him, singing "*Finch' han dal vino*," the drinking song from "Don Giovanni." The singer had been working with a chorus which parroted Italian phonetically and with a local orchestra which lacked both oboes and trumpets, he had been confronted by many difficulties in a land that knew nothing of the problems of his medium, and now at last he could unburden himself to understanding ears. That night the two men discussed prospects for the second season and decided upon Mozart and Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni" for the opening. "Don Giovanni" made its New York début on the evening of May 23, 1826, with García in the leading rôle and the Signorina as Zerlina. Da Ponte, surrounded by his pupils, looked on from a box and acknowledged the audience's applause, thinking whatever thoughts occur to a man of seventy-seven who hears his youth and his success singing to him across a lifetime of failure.

THE García troupe moved on to Mexico, but its success had struck an ambitious and speculative echo in Da Ponte's mind. His classes had begun to fall off, and he was shorter of money than usual. He decided to identify him-



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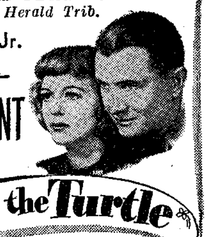

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in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
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Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

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JAN KIEPURA
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
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with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
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SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
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Conrad NAGEL • Shirley BOOTH
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"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS in
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —Rascoe, *World-Tele.*
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way
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"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
In The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
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self with Italian opera in New York in a less advisory and more lucrative capacity. In 1829, he sent to Italy for a niece, Guila Da Ponte, a mediocre singer who didn't like to sing, and the next year presented her to the audiences of this city in a version of his own *pasticcio*, "L'Ape Musicale," and in three subsequent concerts, to which the reaction of the press was favorable enough. Guila, however, couldn't keep her mind on opera and married the first man she met who would take her back to Italy. Da Ponte recovered from his surprise sufficiently to enter into partnership with a French tenor named Montrésor to import another Italian opera troupe. While the negotiations were going on, Da Ponte's wife died. She was survived not only by Da Ponte but by two of their sons and one of their daughters. A son and a daughter had died of consumption some years before. Of their five children, only one became well known in his own right—Lorenzo L., who was a Greek scholar, taught Italian at New York University, married a niece of President Monroe's wife, and died as a respectable Philadelphian in 1840.

In 1832, Da Ponte's and Montrésor's company, housed in the Richmond Hill Theatre, on the corner of Varick and Charlton Streets, opened for a season of opera. The season, chiefly Rossini and Bellini, ran only thirty-five performances. The most popular production was the now-forgotten "Elisa e Claudio," by Mercadante. The total receipts for this venture were $25,603, which represented a dismal loss.

Da Ponte was eighty-three, but he still had great energy, which he now devoted to establishing a permanent opera theatre in New York. His enthusiasm must have been obsessive. Within a year, and almost entirely as a result of his own efforts at finding backers, the Italian Opera House was built, at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, at a reported cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was at that time the most luxurious theatre in the United States and the only one which had a tier composed entirely of boxes. The subscription to a box was six thousand dollars a season. The house opened on November 18, 1833, under the combined management of Da Ponte and a Chevalier Riva-Finoli. There was also a board of financially interested directors. Its first season ended July 21, 1834. It was a success socially and artistically, but there was a deficit of nearly thirty thousand dollars. The Chevalier Riva-Finoli suddenly disappeared and

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—*Morehouse, Sun*
RUTH GORDON in
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
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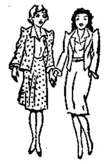

"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
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Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
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The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
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LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. Edward Bromberg
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MARTIN BECK THEATRE 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

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Da Ponte had to explain the failure to the directors by himself. He was eased out without too much courtesy and the management was given over to other hands. The next season was also a failure. Opera, then as now, could not support itself. The Italian Opera House was closed and later sold to James Wallack, who reopened it as a legitimate theatre in 1836. It burned down in 1837.

DA PONTE never recovered from this last fiasco. The remaining years before his death were filled with a sense of bitterness and outrage that seems no more than logical in a man who had successfully launched a new career at eighty-three and at eighty-five saw it turn into a humiliating failure. He died at the age of eighty-nine with a fairly typical gesture—demonstrating that he was still coherent by composing verse in Italian for the doctor who was attending him. His funeral was a curious combination of ceremony and carelessness; Allegri's "Miserere" was played, the New York literati delivered fitting tributes, the pallbearers were distinguished citizens, and the procession was long and not lacking in pageantry, but when the cortège reached the old Catholic Cemetery, on Eleventh Street between First Avenue and Avenue A, last-minute arrangements had to be made for a grave in which to deposit the coffin. Then the grave was left unmarked. It is probable that Da Ponte's friends intended to erect a monument to him later on, but the intention, if there had been one, was forgotten. In 1850 the cemetery was abandoned and in 1913 the contents of the marked graves were removed to the Calvary burial grounds on Long Island. Mozart's collaborator shared Mozart's own worldly destiny; there are no traces of either man's remains. —CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

•

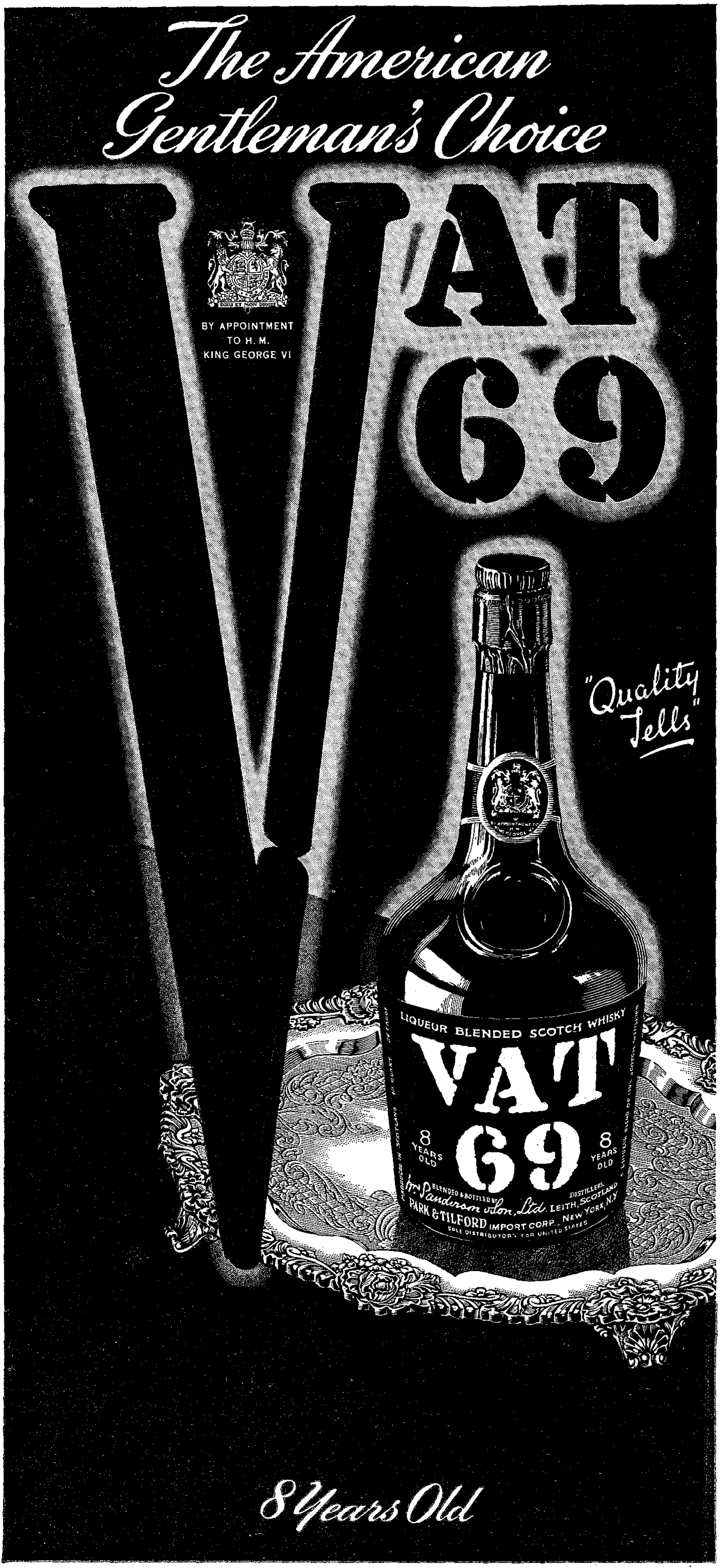
WHAT MAGAZINE D'YA READ?

For the job of running his company, Donald Douglas collects $120,000 salary a year, which he spends sparingly. —*Time*.

Today, Douglas owns 1 per cent of the company's stock and receives a salary of $75,000.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

He [Douglas] declared that he personally intends to remain in the aircraft industry and hopes to keep as many as possible of those employes who desire to remain with the company.—*Airview News*.

Douglas himself, at 51 president of the biggest aircraft company in the world, has a very simple postwar plan. Last week he stated it: "You shut the damn shop up." —*Time*.



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THE THEATRE

ALMOST GOOD

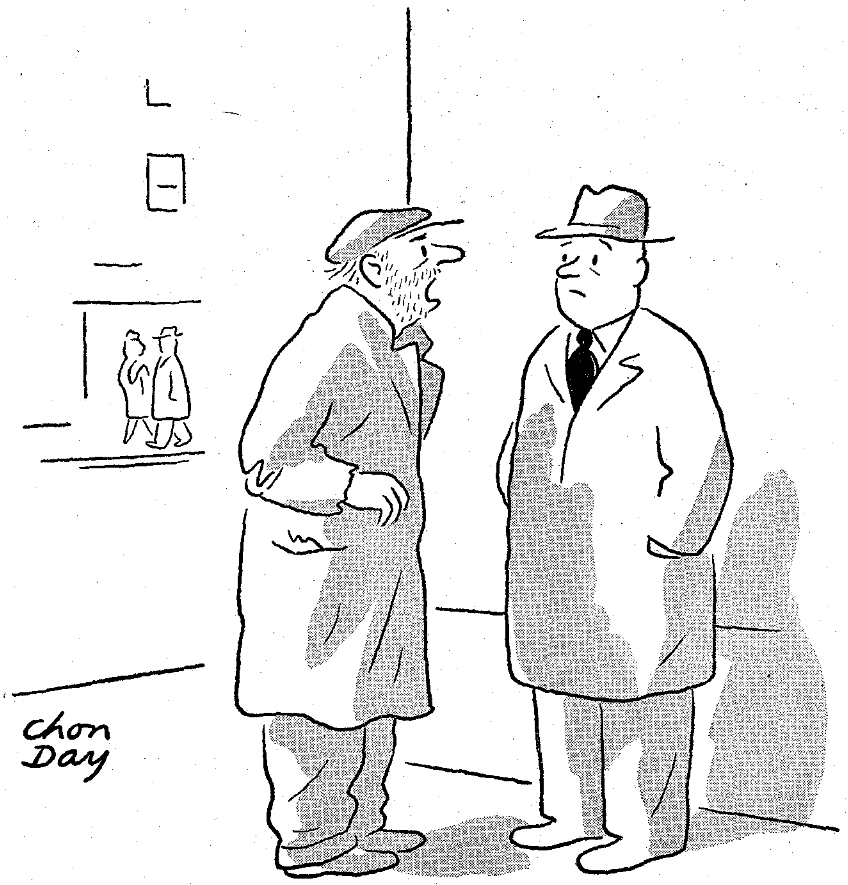
S. N. Behrman, as everyone knows, is a man of considerable style. His mind is filled with polite arrangements of words (this must be taken as high praise, since, as far as I know, there are not more than five other men who can arrange words so politely), with ideas amiably subordinated to form, and with a technical knowledge of the theatre here and now that often seems to preclude any speculation about the theatre when and if. He has feeling, eloquence, wit, a rigid sense of construction, and, perhaps above all, practically perfect taste. Curiously enough, the last two of these, while commonly regarded as virtues, have from time to time operated against Mr. Behrman's stature as a playwright. He is a disciplined craftsman and a man who has never written a line that could disturb even the most judicious ear, and I can't help wishing that he could somehow be amalgamated with William Saroyan, who is certainly neither, but merely a reckless and prodigal innovator whose lesson, if any, is that most of us have come to lean far too heavily on the pretty use of words and on the memory of the respectable past.

This brings us, in a roundabout way, to "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," an adaptation from a play by Franz Werfel by Mr. Behrman, at the Martin Beck. For two acts, it seemed very probable that style and wit and ingenuity were going to be enough. Mr. Behrman had Jacobowsky, a Jewish refugee and the repository of all the accumulated irony and ingenuity of the eternally fleeing Jew, he had the Colonel, a Polish aristocrat and a romantic anachronism, and he had a girl who wasn't much more than a telephone link between these two widely disparate men. Whatever of urbanity and delicacy and charm could be extracted from this relationship, Mr. Behrman has extracted, with his special, intricate talent. As long as that was all there was—the meeting between the season's most triumphant character invention and a man happily described as "one of the best minds of the fifteenth century"—Mr. Werfel and Mr. Behrman had a lovely play. When, at the end, there was clearly nothing further to be extracted from this idea, and the authors were driven to a series of rapid, melodramatic expedients—I mention here only the hypothetical Gestapo agent who turns out to be a British Secret Service operative and somehow gets the refugees off to England on a corvette—"Jacobowsky and the Colonel" began to look a little like one of those characteristic Hollywood attempts to make everything seem rather bigger and more interesting and much more picturesque than life.

I say all this very reluctantly because the play at the Martin Beck is so very nearly a good and thoughtful play (the only other good one that occurs to me, running over the field, is "The Voice of the Turtle," and I doubt that even Mr. van Druten would be likely to claim that he had a thought in his head at the time he wrote it) that it seems a pity I can't speak more kindly of it. The fact, however, seems to be that Mr. Behrman (and Mr. Werfel) had by no means enough invention to fill an evening in the theatre, and there we were all over again, with two very interesting talents operating in what a certain kind of criticism has decided to call a vacuum.

With one exception, the Theatre Guild production seemed to me very sound and sensible. Annabella, in a part which can scarcely have depressed Mr. Behrman more than it did me, did, I suppose, as well as anybody can reasonably expect, but it was a fairly discouraging piece of work just the same. Oscar Karlweis has been so profusely and properly praised as Jacobowsky that there seems to be nothing I can add here, and I would like only to say that Louis Calhern, as the Colonel, came up with a style and an accurate definition of character that I hope isn't going to be overlooked in all the excitement. J. Edward Bromberg was very fine, too. Reliable may be the word for what Mr. Bromberg does on the stage, though I would be the first to admit that that is a very dirty thing to say about any man.

—Wolcott Gibbs



"Of course I need twenty dollars for a cup of coffee. You can't expect me to go into a decent restaurant looking this way, can you?"

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From the Saturday Evening Post*]
Andy let out a long, drawn-in breath.

A *father* *looks at his son*

"GOODBYE JOHNNY . . . when you wake up, I'll be gone . . .

"And all the things I've planned for you will have to wait . . . the games we were going to go to . . . the books we were going to read . . . the music we were going to discover together . . .

"I'll make up for them some day, Son . . . They're my *unfinished* business . . ."

* * *

SOME DAY when families are together again, you'll want to give your children advantages they're missing today.

You may consider buying a fine radio to bring great music into your home.

If you do, may we suggest that you listen to a Stromberg-Carlson.

For into this instrument will go the skill of half a century . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson famous in the world of music.

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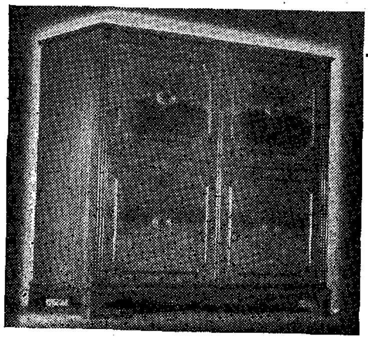
If you want your children to know the inspiration of great music in all its greatness, plan to have them hear it through the postwar Stromberg-Carlson. Until then, buy War Bonds to speed that happy day.

IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E" . . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . the reason for all postwar planning.



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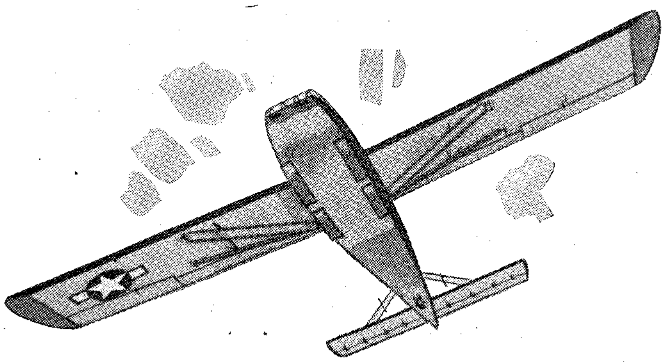

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OF ALL THINGS

NOBODY can ever accuse Stalin of being nearsighted. He was able to recognize Badoglio from way off in Moscow.

•

The Red Army is now recovering Russian territory which Hitler promised to give Rumania as a reward for her services in the war. This seems to bear out the German claim that the Russians have no respect for international obligations.

•

A German High Command communiqué reports that the Russians "attempted unsuccessfully to pierce German disengagement movements." You have to get up early if you expect to catch the master racers.

•

Wendell Willkie has started a three-week campaign tour of Wisconsin and Nebraska. The April primaries will show how well the Republican Old Guard stands up under a one-man saturation attack.

•

A new occupational disease has made its appearance. The members of many draft boards have been scraping the bottom of the barrel so hard that they are suffering from splinters in the fingers.

•

Railway executives are beginning to worry about the state of their business after the war. They appear to be afraid that a grateful public will grant the railroads a well-deserved rest.

•

The report of the birth of quintuplets in Argentina has been confirmed. We are now waiting to see if Canada will send a note of protest.

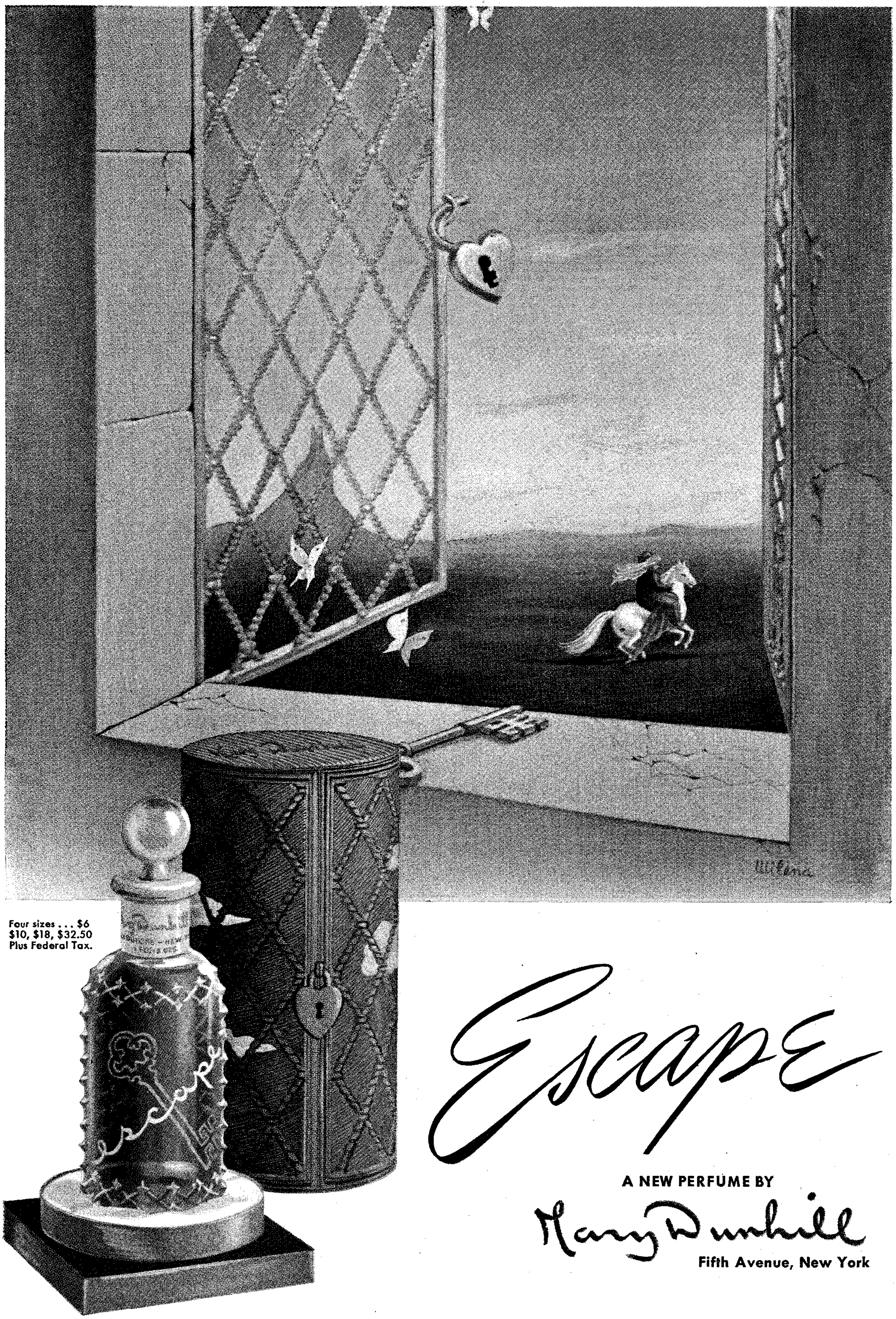
•

The House Ways and Means Committee has decided upon a simplified tax plan. If their bill becomes a law, our payments will be extracted practically without pain.

•

Last week we had our usual celebration in honor of St. Patrick, who drove the snakes out of Ireland. There were some who wished that the Saint could come back and work the same magic on the Axis spies.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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Use either Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale as a mixer. See and hear—sparkle and liveliness that add enjoyment to any drink.

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Sparkling
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PIN-POINT CARBONATION
CANADA DRY
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CANADA DRY WATER and GINGER ALE

A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

SCRUTINEER AT DARWEN—II

[Editors' Note: This is the second part of a three-part article on a by-election in Darwen, England.]

Darwen, the Lancashire cotton-mill town which I went to a short while ago to witness an English election, had been so blacked out the Sunday night I arrived that I had seen nothing of it except a railroad platform and the interior of the hotel where I was stopping. I had breakfast at the hotel next morning with Pollard, the bearded reporter from the London *News Chronicle*, who was covering the election for his paper, and he gave me some notion of the geography of Darwen. "It's all in a straight line," he said. "One long main street—this house fronts on it—which is also the main road between the towns of Bolton and Blackburn. Before the war, motorists used to drive straight through. Almost nobody ever stopped in Darwen. That's one of the reasons there are so few places where you can get a bed for the night. You go out of the door, turn left, and wait in front of the first pub for a tram to the centre of town. It's about a mile. You'll know it's the centre because the tram line ends there. Miss Balfour's headquarters is in an untenanted shop, and the Tory bloke lives at the Millstone, the leading pub, which is just across from it." Miss Balfour was Honor Balfour, a journalist and a member of the Liberal Party, who was running as an Independent candidate in a by-election that was being held to fill the vacancy in Parliament left by the death of the Member from the Darwen Division, a Conservative. The Tory bloke was Captain Stanley Prescott, the Conservative candidate, who, under the electoral truce between the major parties making up the Coalition Government, was permitted to run unchallenged by either a Liberal or a Labourite and to call himself the Government candidate.

TAILOR
SHOP
TAILC
SH

I decided to ignore the trolley and walk to the centre of town. Darwen, that winter morning, looked as bleak a Parliamentary division as any candidate ever founded warm hopes upon. The street and the small houses lining it all looked as if they had been hewn out of the local gray stone, and the sun looked like a bloodspot in the yolk of an old egg. I walked downtown past dreary little shops marked "Drapers" and "Greengrocers" and "Tripesellers," all presenting identically empty windows. The street was deserted except for a road-mending gang. Almost everybody else in Darwen was at work in the mills or asleep inside one of the under-sized, cold-looking houses after coming home off the night shift. Darwen lies in a narrow valley, and the main street is intersected by lanes that run up and lose themselves on the mist-covered hills. On the walls of some of the houses there were election posters listing polling places or else saying, "Churchill's Choice—Captain Stanley Prescott" or "Vote by Conscience, Not by Coupon—Honor Balfour." I decided to call on the Tory candidate first, because he had his quarters at the Millstone, where I could get a whiskey and warm myself by a coal fire. Newspapermen's minds run in well-defined channels; I found that the portion of the bar known as the snug already had been selected by all my British colleagues as press headquarters. Pollard, who had gone by tram while I walked, was there already.

Captain Prescott, a thin, black-haired young man with pale skin and high cheekbones, whom I recognized from the picture on his campaign throwaways, was standing in the hall, in the midst of a number of determined-looking types whom in America I would have taken for Kansas City wardheelers. After I had sat around a while, a reporter for the extremely Tory Kemsley newspapers introduced me to the candidate, who had a pleasant public-school manner and seemed a trifle apologetic about the surroundings in which he found himself. He wore a large red, white, and blue cockade on his nicely tailored left lapel. Prescott's father, Sir William, a large, tweedy, ginger-colored man who had made money in some form of industry, had lived in Darwen as a boy. The Conservative election agent, or campaign manager, had widely advertised the fact that in those days old Prescott had walked barefoot and peddled newspapers, a story which was called apocryphal by local supporters of the Independent candidate. The Captain, a thirty-one-year-old barrister who had been mustered out of the Army because of his health, was now, after years of trying to live up to his public school and Cambridge, trying to live down to his father's bare feet, and did not seem quite happy about it. He told me that he had been in America before the war to study our courts and had friends in New York—this with the air of an elegant acquaintance encountered dining at the Automat.

Captain Prescott said he had to leave in two minutes to address the workers at a Darwen factory as they came out of the mill gate for their noon break, and he invited me to go with him. We went in a car equipped with a loudspeaker; as we rode along, the red-faced driver kept saying into the microphone, "Be rational, vote National! . . . England expects every man will do his duty! . . . Churchill endorses Prescott! . . . A vote against Prescott is a vote for Hitler!" When we got to the mill gate, the car stopped. Captain Prescott jumped out and then stepped back up on the running board. I alighted to watch. The workers were just beginning to come out. Prescott took the microphone and said, "Captain Prescott, Government candidate for Darwen, come to give you a look at me." A couple of women stopped, but they hung back about twenty yards from him. "Come on, ladies, don't be afraid of me," he said, and they edged forward. A grinning workman shoved one of the girls along, and soon the candidate had a mixed group of ten or twelve about him. "I don't want to take up too much of your time," he said, "but you are to enjoy a privilege on Wednesday that millions on the continent of Europe envy you: voting for a candidate of your own choice." This was a rather definite divergence from the official Coalition line that elections are superfluous, and I felt that Prescott meant it. "I'm not going to make a speech," he said, "but if you'd like to ask questions, I'll try to answer them."

Nobody said anything at first; then one man, whom I judged by his accent to be a transplanted Londoner, asked, "Why did the Government release Sir Oswald Mosley?"

"Ah, I thought somebody would ask that," Prescott said. "Troublemakers are always bringing that up. Now, I am no friend of Mosley's; in fact, if he died tomorrow I wouldn't send a wreath. But if there is no legal excuse for keeping him in jail, why, he has to be let out."

"Ah," said another workman, "why were he put in jail in first place?"

"There's entirely too much talk about Mosley, I sometimes think," Prescott said. "Are there any more questions?"

"Yes," said the man I'd assumed was a Londoner. "Does our policy in Italy mean we are going to have appeasement of Fascists all over again?"

"The appeasement policy was vile and lousy," Prescott said, with a warmth that surprised me, "but I had nothing to do with it. I wasn't in Parliament then, you know."

"If you think it was all that," the man

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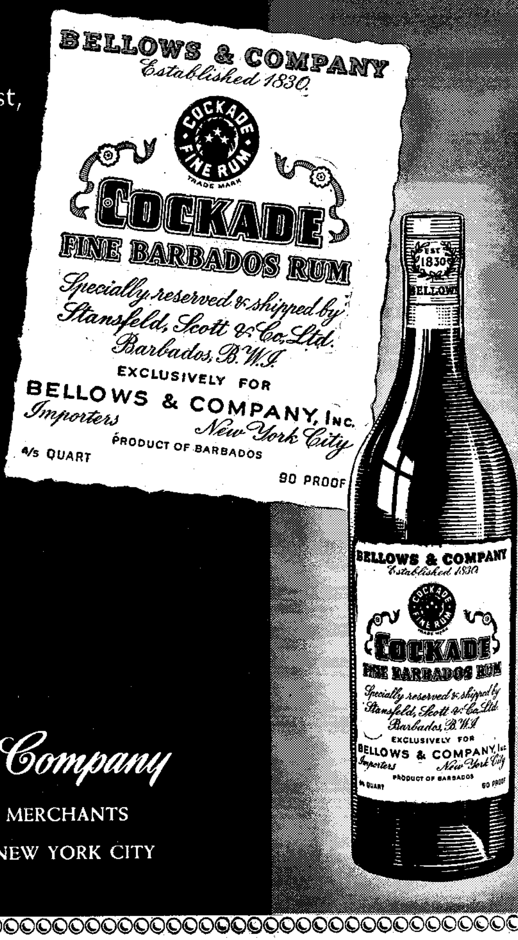

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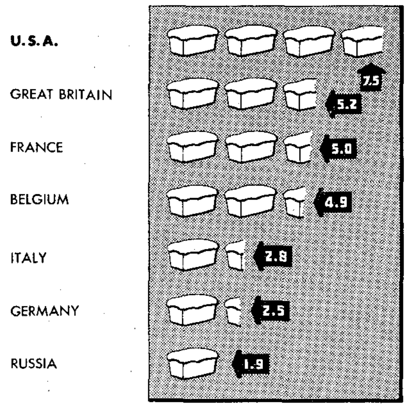
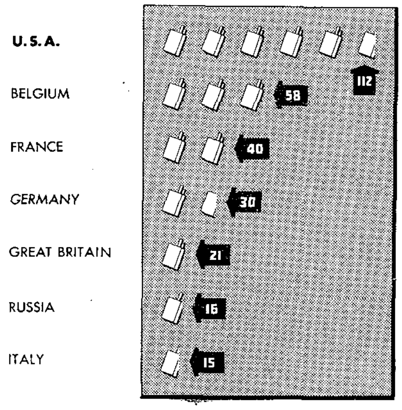
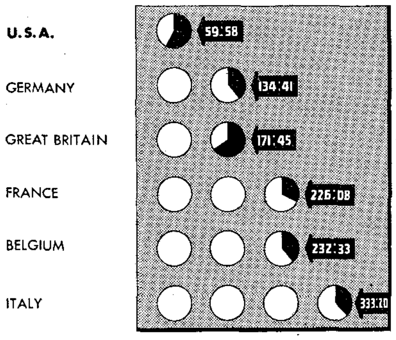
Which would a fighting man rather come home to?



1. Pounds of bread the average factory worker in each country can buy with one hour's wages. (Pre-war)

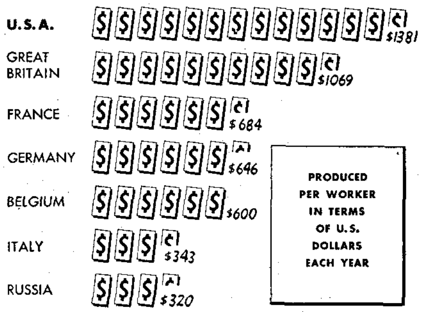


2. Number of cigarettes the average factory worker in each country can buy with one hour's wages. (Pre-war)



RUSSIA — No figures. 1 radio to every 45.2 persons in Russia. Compare 1 to every 3.2 in the U. S., 1 to 43.4 in Italy.

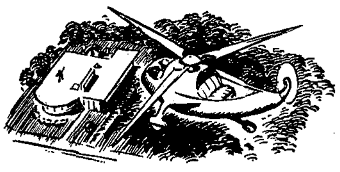
3. Number of hours the average factory worker has to work to buy a similar radio. (Pre-war)



MORE COMPARISONS: Sweden $653; Japan $353; Poland $352; Rumania $243; India $200; China $110.

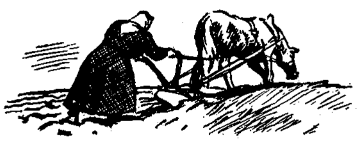
4. Comparison of real income produced annually per gainfully employed person expressed in U. S. dollars. Average for the decade 1925 to 1934—a typical period including both prosperity and depression.*

1. The U. S. figures above look good, but by the time our fighting men are in their forties, the average American *can* be producing *twice* as much real income. He can be buying *twice* as much bread and *twice* as many cigarettes with an hour's wages; working only *half* as long to earn a radio, a house, a hat, a vacation or anything else he needs.



2. Those are facts, not promises. Since 1900 our *production per man-hour* has been increasing at the rate of 2½% a year—far faster than any other nation's in the world. In the last 44 years we have *tripled* the amount of goods each gainfully employed person can produce—*tripled* our standard of living.

3. So if we just keep our *present* rate of progress, we can *double it again* in 25 to 30 years. But we've got to maintain our Free Competitive Enterprise System to do it. For that system is based on two fundamental principles: PROFIT and COMPETITION. *And whenever a nation has tampered too much with either principle its standard of living has suffered.*



4. Some have practically eliminated *competition* by allowing private monopolies of land and industry. Others have eliminated both *profit* and *competition* by government ownership. But in either case, the average man has taken the rap. Our system isn't perfect yet, but let's be sure that any "improvements" we consider don't hamstring the two principles that have made us great.

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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*Source: "*The Conditions of Economic Progress*" by Colin Clark. Macmillan Co., London.

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Gunther

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persisted, "why are you in the Conservative Party?"

"I do not say the Conservative Party is perfect," Prescott said. "I do not like politics of any description. But I believe the Conservative Party can get the coöperation of those interests in this country without which no program can be carried out. Of the three evils—Labour, Liberalism, and the Conservative Party—the Conservatives are the least."

Soon afterward Prescott and I got into the car and drove back to the centre of town, the red-faced man again saying into the microphone, "A vote against Prescott is a vote for Hitler!" and "Churchill endorses Prescott! Be rational, vote National!"

LEAVING the Conservative candidate in front of the Millstone, I walked across to the Criterion Café (locally pronounced "caffy"), the only place in Darwen that sells meals to the public. The caffy is owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Willie Baines, who are also proprietors of the "private hotel" where I was stopping. The Conservatives and the Independent Liberals each had a table in the caffy, while the everyday customers—shopkeepers, bank clerks, and municipal employees—gaped from surrounding tables at the political figures. Baines, a staunch Liberal in private but a professional neutral as a caffy proprietor, sat at the Conservative table to indicate his impartiality. Meanwhile, Mrs. Baines, fresh-looking and florid, bustled between the kitchen and dining room, seeing that the Liberals got the bigger portions of cow-heel pie, the meat special of the day.

Mrs. Davies, the Independent agent, who was also staying at the Baines hotel, called me over to meet Miss Balfour, who had been out of town Sunday. Miss Balfour is a short, chunky young woman with a clear, beautifully modulated voice and a nice grin, both too well under control, like an actress's. A long experience of political meetings has much the same effect on a woman's manner as the battle up from a summer theatre to a star part; Miss Balfour, as I was to discover, is not only a talented performer but a dogged trouper. She told me that, like her opponent, she was thirty-one, and that she was on the staff of *Picture Post*, an English weekly that looks like *Life* printed on *PM* paper. A number of youngish men and women interested in politics were taking turns these days contesting vacant seats against Tory candidates, she added. (Her word for the Tories was "stooges.") These candidates, she said, fell into two or three

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Paul Draper
Arthur Ferrante at the piano
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Dinner and Supper
Leo Reisman
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MISCHA BORR & his Orchestra alternating
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra (No Cover)
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groups, each of which tried not to get in the others' way, even though they did not always agree about some of their aims. Independent Liberals like Miss Balfour believe, for example, that big business and monopolies must be controlled by the state. Members of the group known as Common Wealth are sure that such a partial program of socialization will never succeed. They want state ownership of the means of production. Despite this major difference in viewpoint, two young Common Wealth leaders, a former RAF warrant officer named Loverseed and a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers named Lawson, had come to Darwen to speak for Miss Balfour and were eating cow-heel pie at her table. Loverseed, a lanky man with a sandy mustache and a careless, attractive manner, was already an M.P., having won a by-election at Eddisbury, an agricultural division in Cheshire. Lawson, a big-headed, wide-mouthed, desperately earnest fellow, told me he was soon going to contest the vacancy at Skipton, in Yorkshire.

"We all agree that the electoral truce is doing the country more harm than good," Miss Balfour said. "The chief thing that distinguishes Britain from Germany, after all, is the right to vote freely and in secret. Why suppress the thing you're fighting for? Also, we're all agreed that the power to run the country must be taken from the relatively few people who own most of it. And we're all agreed on the desirability of the Beveridge plan. But the Common Wealth people say that it could never succeed unless we took over the means of production, because big business would make it fail. We're all for government acquisition of the land needed for reconstruction, beginning now. And we're against a repetition of appeasement, whether of Darlans or puppet kings. The Government won't answer but just keeps on talking about unity and waving the Union Jack."

Another man at the table, who Miss Balfour said was an Independent Liberal, was Dr. Norman Johnson, an extremely tall, loose-jointed individual in heavy tweeds. Dr. Johnson said that he was a captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps and was spending his leave campaigning for Miss Balfour. He had spent his previous leave contesting a division called Chippenham, in Wiltshire, as an Independent and had lost by only a hundred and ninety-five votes. He had been driving Miss Balfour's car in the morning, he said, and he would be starting off with her on another street-to-street speaking tour as soon as

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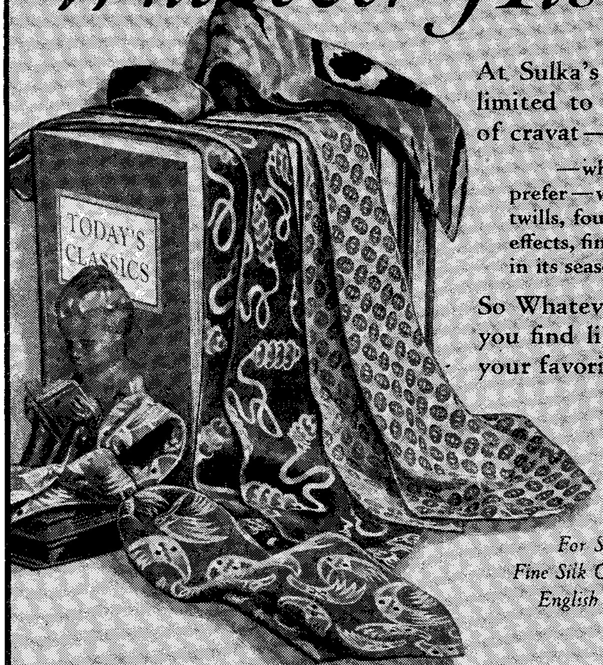

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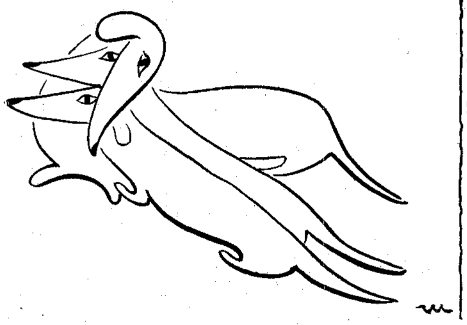
she had finished dinner. (Dinner in Darwen is the midday meal.) I said I would like to go along, and he said he and Miss Balfour would be glad to have me.

Miss Balfour, Dr. Johnson, and I left the caffy a few minutes later and got into a small sedan in front of Independent headquarters. Followed by an even smaller car, which was equipped with a loudspeaker, we started up one of the lanes leading off the main street. The loudspeaker car was driven by a snub-nosed, undersized man who spent most of his life worrying whether the batteries which furnished the power for the public-address system were going to run down, which they were always on the point of doing.

The houses along the main street of Darwen are small enough to an American eye, but those along the steeply graded lanes are minuscular, door next to door like an unending row of cold-sweating, two-story kennels. When we came to where our lane crossed another, Dr. Johnson stopped his car and the little man stopped behind us. The Doctor walked back to the second car, took the microphone, and said, "I am introducing Honor Balfour, Independent Liberal candidate supporting Churchill, who has come to talk to you." At the first notes of the unwonted sound in our narrow lane, house doors began to open, and almost by the time Johnson had stopped there was an old woman in nearly every doorway. Old men, less willing to show their curiosity, peered over the women's shoulders. These were the people who are trying to live on the old-age pension of ten shillings a week, plus whatever their children or other relatives give them. Darwen's wartime prosperity had not come soon enough for these industrial veterans, now too old to work, who had spent ten or fifteen potentially useful years on the dole because there had been no jobs for them then. Most of the women wore shawls over their heads and all of them wore clogs on their feet.

Miss Balfour, gauging her audience, worked quickly through the preamble



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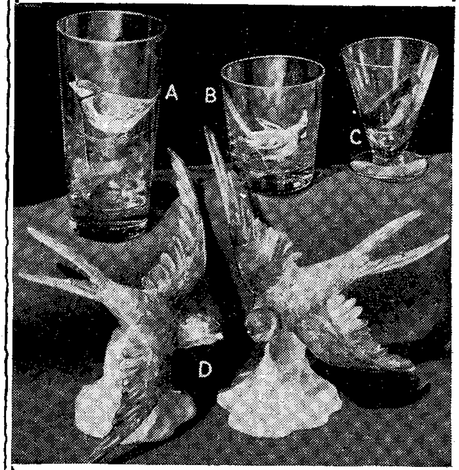

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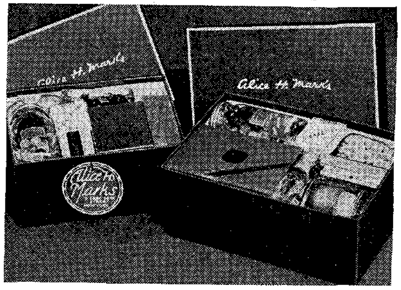

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of her speech. This consisted of saying, "I support Churchill's foreign policy as much as any Tory does. In fact, I supported him when the *Tories* who claim him now wouldn't have anything to do with him." This avowal of faith is a rite with British politicians, just like a Catholic boxer's making the sign of the cross at the beginning of a bout. Afterward, anything goes. "*But*," Miss Balfour said, "I believe in an old-age pension of thirty shillings a week, *without the Means Test, now*. I believe in clean, modern, warm houses for everybody, as soon as we can build them."

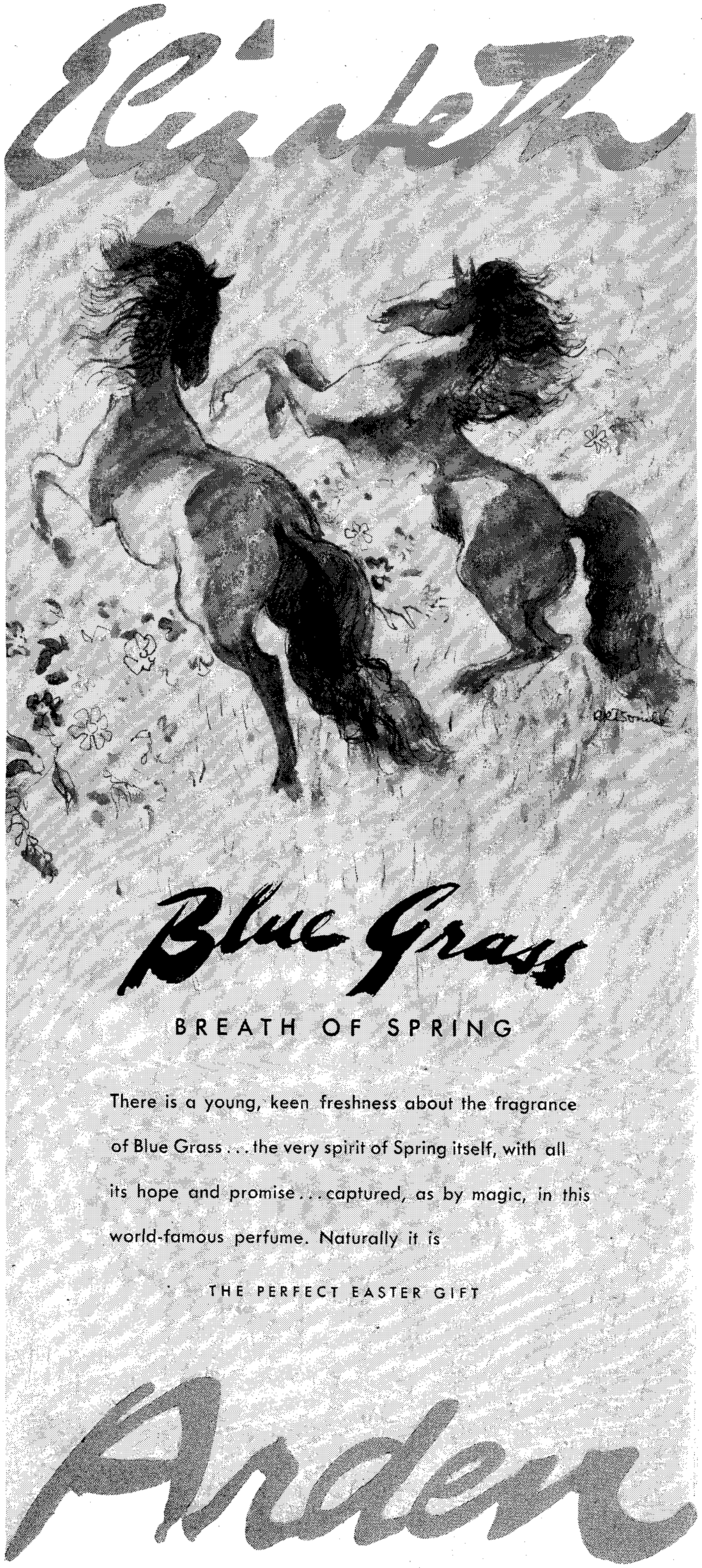
The microphone carried her voice the length of our lane, the sound seeming to bounce from housefront to housefront. A large black dog came out of a doorway, probably attracted by the noise, and began to bark in competition. This did not faze Miss Balfour, who went right on talking, knowing that the dog had no microphone. Her nose had begun to run, for the air was bitter cold, but she kept the ingratiating note in her voice. "You know what life was like here before the war, when you lived on the Means Test for years," she said, as she wound up her speech, "and you know that Lord Woolton has said that we will have even less *after* the war. That is what you have to expect if you return *Tory* yes-men and rubber stamps to Parliament just because the *Tory* organization says so. Now, I'm not going to speak very long, because I don't want you to catch cold standing out here to listen to me. But I should like to visit with some of you." She quickly let go of the microphone and got to the nearest house just as a woman in a black-and-green plaid shawl was beginning to close the door. The woman held the door ajar and said bashfully, "I 'opes yer luck, Miss." Two women from the next couple of houses, seeing the candidate talking to their neighbor, apparently felt less timid and came over.

One said, "Are you going to get us summat off Government?"

The other said, "You'll never get nowt off Tory government, you fool. You vote for Miss Balfour here."

"That's what I'm saying," the first woman said, a little indignant at being misunderstood. "Trust me to know what way to vote. Working folk can't afford to be Tories."

The woman of the house said, "I 'ave son in Army. Eighteen years it took to raise 'im, seven of 'em on dole. And then, just as 'is money was beginning to come in good, 'e was called up. All I get for 'im is shilling a day, but Govern-



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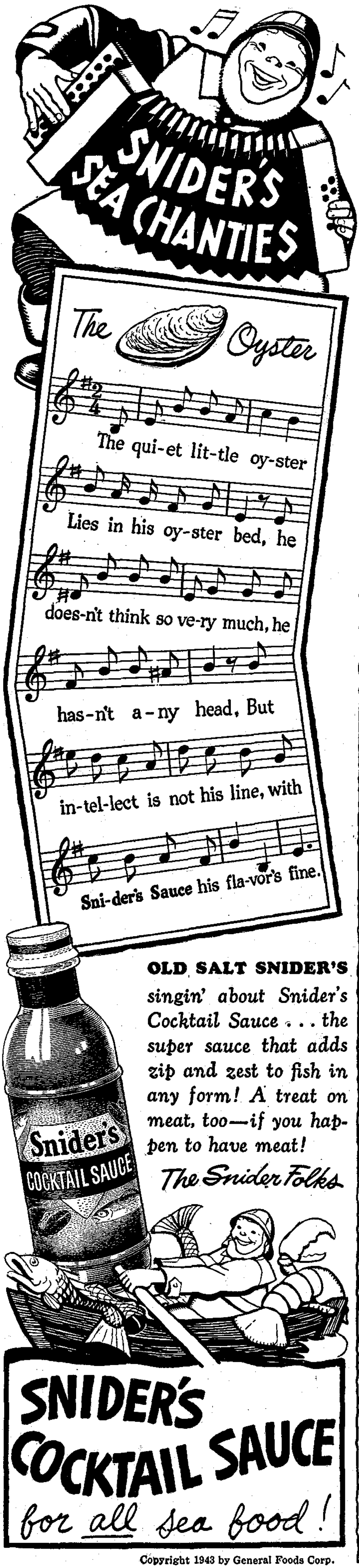
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ment doesn't give that—it's out of 'is own pay."

"The nation should certainly take care of dependent mothers of serving men," Miss Balfour said. She had a quick tactical mind. I noticed that at the next stop, in a similar neighborhood, she devoted part of her talk to the need of fair treatment for soldiers' parents.

After this speech, a woman in a doorway said to her, "I 'opes yer goes, Miss. They needs more women in Government. Women knows 'ow far as money do go." Her gaffer, who had only two visible teeth, grinned conciliatingly in the background.

A white-suited plasterer, in another house, said to Miss Balfour, "You don't have to worry about this house. We're Roman Catholics. Our priest told us to vote for you." This was because one of Miss Balfour's avowed tenets was full state support for denominational schools.

On a somewhat more prosperous lane, where there were detached two-family houses, Miss Balfour promised that if elected she would come back to Darwen once a month and report to her constituents at a public meeting. When she left the car for her front-door period, two women told her that it was too bad that the Darwen *News*, the town's weekly, had declined to print anything about her campaign. "It's dreadful thing," one of them said, in the tone of a person discussing sacrilege. With a certain portion of the Lancashire public, fair play has the force of a religion.

Miss Balfour made more than ten stops in all. Between speeches, she complained that her feet were freezing, even in galoshes, but when she spoke she maintained the good humor in her voice and smiled at all the old men.

We went back to the caffy in the dusk. Two Prescott cars with loudspeakers were circling about the centre of town. The Government candidate was in one of them, repeating, "This is Captain Prescott, Lancashire man, Lancashire man. This is Captain Prescott, ex-serviceman, ex-serviceman." He sounded anxious. Things were warming up.

IT was now time for high tea, which meant that further street campaigning that day was useless. Once people had settled down to their first evening meal, they could not be lured out into the darkening streets to listen to any candidate. High tea is the chief evening meal in Lancashire; supper is eaten in front of the fire just before going to bed. I had fried fish and chips and jam roll in

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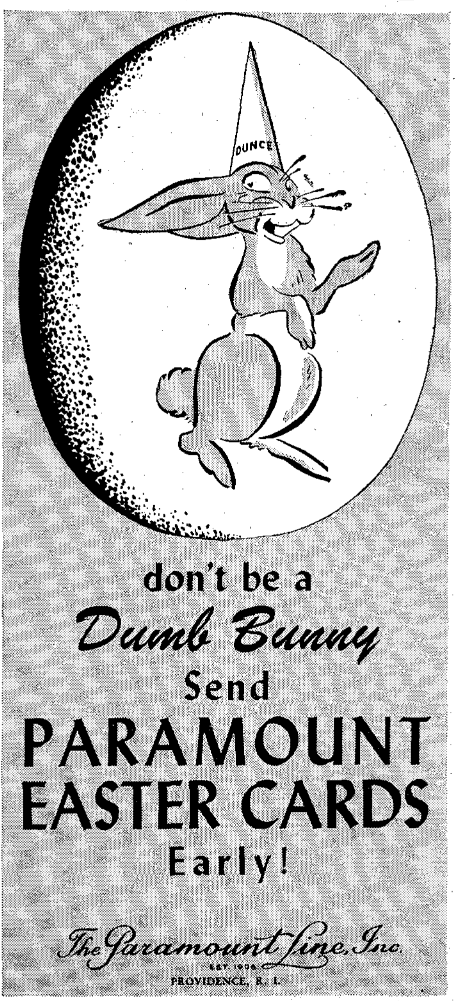

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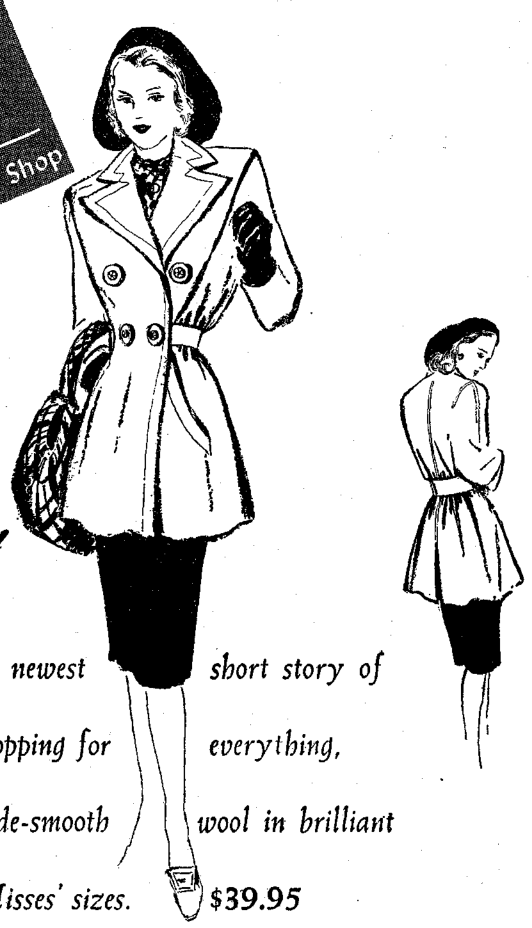
the caffy, and talked with a couple of women from Bolton, wives of a doctor and a chartered accountant, respectively, who were working in Miss Balfour's headquarters as volunteers. They talked of the years of unemployment in the region, when more than half of Darwen had been on the dole. The doctor's wife said that children who fell off bicycles invariably broke their arms or legs because their bones were brittle from malnutrition. "You lose a great deal of pleasure by living among working people in an industrial region," the accountant's wife said. "For one thing, you don't have the social life you get in the Home Counties. But you learn a great deal the people there die without knowing." After high tea I went across to the Millstone, to my fire and whiskey. Jack, the proprietor and bartender of the Millstone, said to me as soon as I came in, "I think Prescott has taken it too easy. If I was the Conservative agent, I'd have filled this town with red, white, and blue paper and given them plenty of King and Country before this. Looks a near thing now." A precise man swinging a heavy watch chain was introduced to me; he was the secretary of the local branch of one of the textile unions. I asked him what the men and women in his union were doing about the election and he said, "Officially, the union is doing nothing. The national leaders of the Labour Party have endorsed the Government candidate, but that has nothing to do with us. Unofficially, most I've talked to are going to vote for the lass." I asked him what he thought the reason was and he said, "No one thing by itself. The Government taking up for Victor Emmanuel and the other Fascists in Italy wouldn't change any votes by itself. And people here don't hate Mosley personally, as they do in some parts of London. And the shilly-shallying about the Beveridge report, which every workman considers just a minimum of social security—well, there isn't much indignation about that yet. Everybody that can work is working. And when the brass is coming in, people don't get real angry about the future. The need of rebuilding bombed houses isn't felt here as in some places. Darwen hasn't had any bombing. But people put all the things together, and they think to themselves that the old crowd is still in, and they're uneasy, they're mistrustful."

"No lady candidate has ever done well in Darwen," Jack said, by way of keeping the talk going. "Women won't vote for women. And then there's those farmers in the outlying parts, in the



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northern end of the division. They always vote Tory."

"Aye, and the Tories have the organization," said the union secretary. "If she were permitted to use the regular Liberal organization here, it would be a fair present for her. But Sir Arthur Sinclair, in the name of the National Liberal Party, has observed the truce and endorsed Prescott as the candidate for the party that held the division."

A fat old man with protuberant eyes, a Prussian haircut, and wide, flapping jowls was sitting at one side of the fire, nursing a pint of a local beer called Old Ben. I had met him a while before. He had a long, drooping mustache, and his wide, light-blue necktie, mottled with stains, was drawn through a gold-plated ring at the front of his winged collar. He wore a swelling waistcoat, a frock coat, and striped trousers, all as greasy as the tie. He was the town photograph enlarger, Darwen's nearest approach to an artist. For at least fifty years, I had been told, he had kept himself and his wife and a feeble-minded son, now adult, by producing highly tinted portraits of the just-marrieds and the recently deceased. These were usually paid for in installments of a shilling a week by brides and widows. "Eh, lad," he said to me. "Sir Arthur 'as good job wi' Government, maybe twenty quid a week. So 'e says, 'Ah'm wi' thee!' But me, lad, even though Ah seem sport wi' lads here, and sometimes moodled wi' drink, one week wi' no money coming in and Ah'm straight on public assistance! It makes difference, does that."

—A. J. LIEBLING

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a Carnegie Hall program*]

Mishel Piastro reports this story of his discovery of the violin concerto of Sir Hamilton Harty which he will perform for the first time in New York in his Carnegie Hall recital Saturday Aft., January 15.

In 1935, Mr. Piastro was in London and visited his friend Sir Hamilton Harty, the distinguished Irish composer and conductor. During one of their meanders through London, Sir Harty escorted him to a shop in a dark musty basement which turned out to be the London branch of Sir Harty's Dublin Music publishers. Out of the dark confusion of this basement room Sir Harty produced a violin and a music manuscript. Presenting it to Piastro he said, "Read this"—It was Hamilton Harty's violin concerto and after playing it through Mr. Piastro was so impressed with it that he spent the rest of the day discussing the work with Sir Harty. Out of this discussion came the decision to shorten the concerto, this revised edition being the one that Mr. Piastro will play at his concert in January.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Chapter Two

THE British Army documentary, "Desert Victory," now has a sequel called "Tunisian Victory," in the making of which American photographic units have had a share. "Desert Victory" showed the rout of Rommel by the Eighth Army from El Alamein to Tunisia, and you can probably make a pretty close guess as to the general content of "Tunisian Victory." Like its antecedent, it is an extremely polished job, filled with examples of the most advanced methods of putting facts on the screen, but it has weaknesses, many of which can be laid to the very fact that another, earlier documentary has been made along the same lines. For instance, in "Desert Victory" you were given a sample of the barrage that started the British counterattack at El Alamein, and the spectacle, accompanied by an uproar that almost split the sound track, filled you with a shocked sense of what the real thing must be like. In "Tunisian Victory," the American drive on Hill 609 also starts with a heavy barrage, which is so much like the other one that you merely feel that the same old device is being pulled on you. Troops actually subjected to barrages like these are conceivably not concerned with the fact that the novelty has worn off after the first one, and if a soldier can be asked to go through two or more battles of the same kind, it isn't too much to ask of a moviegoer. Generally speaking, though, "Tunisian Victory," examined with detachment, has just a few too many Bofors guns in action, P-38's in flight, and bombs whistling out of bomb racks, all a bit too much like other guns and planes and bombs in the movies and not particularly indigenous to the Tunisian campaign.

However, there's no getting around the fact that this is a well-photographed record of Allied soldiers at a fighting front, and inevitably it's worth seeing. The shots of the boys in their leisure moments are especially good, maybe because they have a straightforward unselfconsciousness that human-interest stories by newspaper correspondents often lack. The troops eating their Christmas dinner are just there in front

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A sister is seeking a long lost brother. A working mother wants a home for her baby. An Army cook in the Aleutians needs an alarm clock. These and scores of others write to "Mr. Fixit" for help! Their letters reprinted in the Fixit column bring immediate and widespread response from Journal readers. That's how "Mr. Fixit" gets things done!

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Countless thousands of tales could be told about "Mr. Fixit", but the sentence in the letter illustrated above just about sums up the story.

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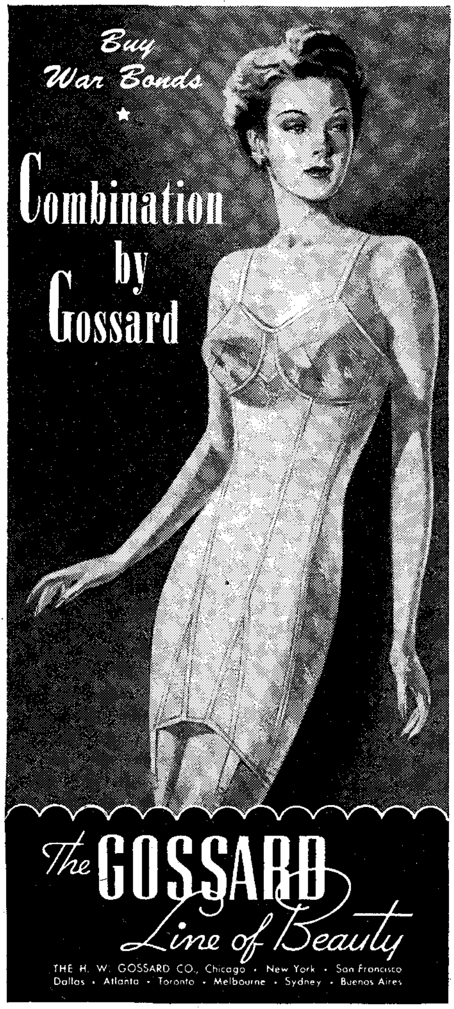

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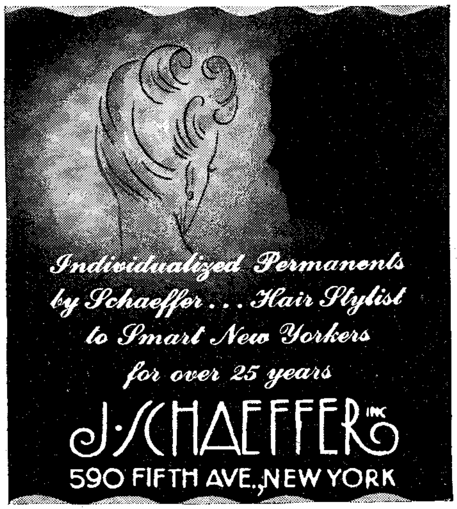

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of you eating their Christmas dinner, and, watching them, you are free to be affected by the spectacle in your own way. Perhaps all that this means is that the movies can take you somewhere and show you something first-hand, a point which may have been made before.

SPEAKING of documentaries, the latest "World in Action" short is "Russia's Foreign Policy," the strongest statement of the Russian point of view that has come from any place but the U.S.S.R. It maintains —and it will take no back chat—that the Comintern was a protective measure, as was the German-Soviet pact, and that Russia is a youthful, zestful, oppression-hating state with a spirit that should be shared by the rest of the world. The film is typical of the "World in Action" series in its smoothness and economy of expression. Every foot of film makes a point and the editing of the dozens of library shots—newsreels and Russian movies of all ages—has been canny. Russia's foreign policy toward the National Film Board of Canada, which makes this series, should be fairly amiable.

IT'S possible that basic training, which is thoroughly if lightly dealt with in "See Here, Private Hargrove," is a somewhat dated topic. If it is at all palatable, though, this adaptation of the not-so-recent best-seller is as good a way to take it as any. Somehow, the picture seems funnier than the limited portion of the book that I had the time, to put it politely, to read. The man mainly responsible for this improvement is Keenan Wynn, who plays a buddy of Hargrove's and uses a nice, cheerful, not too heavy-handed brand of comedy. The private himself is played by Robert Walker, who holds up his end all right, too. . . . "Ladies Courageous," with Loretta Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and others, is about the WAFS, but it doesn't do them much credit. They appear to be too busy squabbling with each other to get much ferry piloting done.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

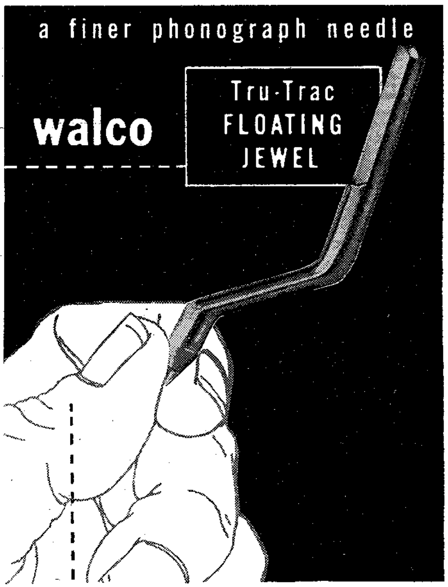
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, W. W. Edwards, this day, announce to the public that I am no longer a Republican due to the fact that I have turned to the Democratic party, and have been accepted.

Respectfully,
W. W. EDWARDS
Ferrum, Va.

—*Roanoke (Va.) Times*

Many are called, but few are chosen. You're a lucky man, Edwards.



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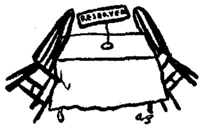
TABLES FOR TWO

Very Warm for March

SOMETHING, it is pleasant to discover, is at last being done about the state of disrepair into which quaint, storied old Fifty-second Street has been allowed to fall. It was not so many years ago that you could, in the course of a single week, count on hearing the trumpets of Marty Marsala, Bunny Berigan, Hot Lips Page, Max Kaminsky, and Dr. Sausage at work somewhere in the two blocks west of Fifth Avenue, along with contributions from Bud Freeman's saxophone and the pianos of Joe Bushkin and Putney Dandridge. Then one evening an enraptured young lady carelessly murmured, "It's all too good to be true," and God promptly took her at her word. I forget now just who decided what was to be done with Fifty-second Street next, but it was probably the man who gave the phrase "song stylist" to the American language. Anyway, along came such a spate of song stylists, masters of ceremonies, and comedians-in-the-rough that the district began to seem like one vast Leon & Eddie's. And, necessarily, along came the bands that play song-stylist music, all sounding as if they had been booked in direct from a long engagement at Barney's Imperial Room. Places opened and closed so fast that you got your coattails caught in the swinging doors if you didn't look sharp, but since it was all in an unworthy cause, no one bothered to count the cost.



NOW, as I have already said, there is a patch of sunshine on Fifty-second Street again, for within the tiny quadrangle just east of Sixth Avenue and bounded by the Three Deuces, the Yacht Club, the Onyx, and Jimmy Ryan's, you can listen to the best trap drummer and the finest pair of trombonists on tap in many months, along with two excellent saxophonists, a couple of neat guitarists, and a comical young man whose peculiar fancy it is to play piano with his gloves on.

The trap drummer is, as you might suspect, Sidney Catlett, who lately decided to give up playing in other fellows' bands and have a foursome of his own. Aside, naturally, from himself, the mainstay of the foursome, which is operating at the Three Deuces, is Ben Webster, a stately saxophonist who is apt to fool you by playing a solo chorus sedately all the way through before he takes a deep breath and gets fancy. Now and then the Leonard Ware Trio takes the stand; it's at its best when Ware plays sad blue chords on his guitar against a background of piano and bass. The young man with the gloves—his name is Harry Gibson—fills in the gaps with boogie-woogie solos and with songs which, in the dialect of Lenox Avenue, deal with a number of the more unusual social habits of that part of town. Viewed in the cold light of day, Mr. G. would probably seem merely startling, but in his setting he strikes me as very funny. He can also play piano just as well barehanded.

A couple of doors down the street, at the Yacht Club, the small band of Trummie Young, one of the aforesaid trombonists, has moved in for a visit. There's no point in being technical about Mr. Young's trombone playing; let's simply call it remarkable. Like Sidney Catlett's band, this one occasionally appears to be still feeling its way around, but, again like the Catlett band, it sounds fine just as it is. There is (or was the last time I looked in) a small floor show, of the sort that is sold by the yard at any booking agent's, and there is Billy Eckstine, a sweet singer of the Jimmy Daniels school. "Water Boy" is a number that has been beaten and left for dead so often that you may shudder when Eckstine starts in on it, but with the subdued yet decisive jungle background of Young's trombone and the rhythm section of his band, it is something else again.

A state of cheerful confusion exists in the Onyx Club, across the street. To begin with, there is the Al Casey Trio, which is occasionally made up of guitar, piano, traps, and bull fiddle (the arithmetic is Mr. Casey's, not mine). Then there is another small outfit, which sometimes seems to be called Oscar Pettiford's band and sometimes Dizzy Gillespie's. Since the piano of one group is apt to turn up as the drummer of the other and Mr. Casey is now a guitarist and now a bassist, you once in a while feel like Dizzy You. This casual sort of lend-lease, of course, improves the effect of impromptu instrumentation which is a characteristic of the particular art form in question. Another puzzle is Billie Holiday. Miss Holiday, streamlined, svelte, and very regal, is practically unrecognizable as the ample and lively young lady who used to sing in Café Society Downtown a few years ago. She still does some of the old songs, but she has in general substituted introspection for robustiousness. It's a trend among night-club girls, all right, and I guess the best thing for us all to do is to shut our eyes and hope that it will be gone when we open them again.

Another trend is the electric guitar, which is Al Casey's and Leonard Ware's pet instrument. Nowadays the only musicians who play it in its wild, native state seem to be Eddie Condon, who long ago deserted Fifty-second Street for the Village, and Andrés Segovia, who has never worked either beat.

Well, that leaves Jimmy Ryan's, where the very fine soft, slow, easy, and hot quintet collected by Wilbur de Paris, the second trombonist under discussion, is holding forth. De Paris is the musician who finally got tired of smoke in his eyes and went legitimate last season as a member of Alfred Lunt's troupe of hot-lick strolling minstrels in "The Pirate," but he is, happily, back at the old grind. Wilbur plays both the slide trombone and that museum piece the valve trombone, and he gets especially good assistance from his brother Sidney, who provides a quiet but warm trumpet, and Stafford Simon, who provides a smooth and intricate saxophone. Since this band also knocks out first-class sambas and rumbas, and since Sidney de Paris now and then sings a chorus or two in a wonderfully offhand manner, anyone should be content to just sit around and listen to the juke box the management uses to fill in while the boys are out for a beer.

THE revival of good music on Fifty-second Street is attended by one grave physical handicap. The Yacht Club and Jimmy Ryan's are dominated by mammoth air-conditioning systems which engulf cigarette smoke as fast as the patrons can produce it, and, what with current restrictions on structural alterations, the owners will probably have to wait until the war is over before they can have the machinery ripped out.

It has just occurred to me that we've got way down here without ever saying "swing," "jive," or "hepcat." Goodbye. —R. E. M. W.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[*The Sun ventures its opinion of the capitalistic scene*]

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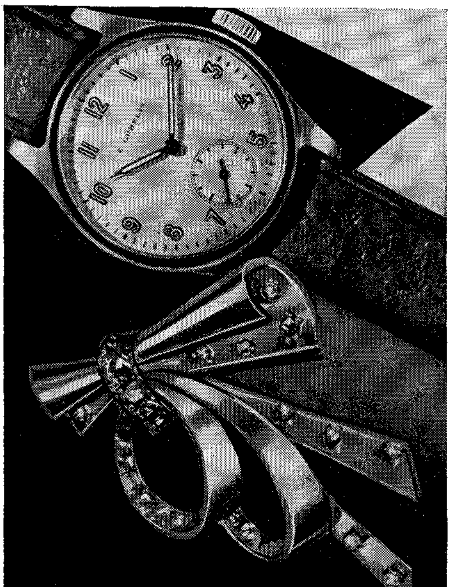

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HIGH WIND AT CONEY

"GOT a light, bud?"

"Sure," I answered. I was strolling along the beach and had noticed this fellow scrabbling in the sand ahead of me. I was just about to pass him when he asked me for the light.

The beachcomber took the packet of matches I held out to him, fished under his formless black coat, and drew out a stained butt. He cupped his grimy hands against the wind and lighted it. Handing back the match packet, he said between puffs, "Thought there might be a little change for me out here this morning."

"Well," I said, "the sun and wind do seem to be drying up the beach after yesterday's rain."

"But not fast enough," he said. "We need three days of steady wind. Three whole days. It's then you can rake in the dough." As if to contradict his theory, he scooped up a nickel that was turning brown.

"How's business?" I asked.

"Bound to be good," he said. "Look at all the people who come to Coney Island. Look at the money they drop in the sand. Halves, quarters, dimes, even the folding stuff. I've found two hundred dollars already this winter." His face, encircled by a black wool cap, glowed with professional pride. "Yessir, two hundred dollars." The thought spurred him to action, and he began to move on again, eyeing the sand, his head thrust forward. I began to search the sand too as I kept up with him.

"Do you ever find jewelry?" I asked.

"Now and then," he answered, without raising his eyes. "Had a ring I sold for forty dollars." He reached down and picked up a dime.

Impatiently I kicked aside some sand. The beachcomber frowned. Disturbing the sand was evidently not cricket. His method wasn't to work at any particular spot but rather to range broadly, covering as much territory as possible.

"High wind does it?" I asked.

"Yuh. March is my top month."

"How about summer?" I asked.

"No good. Ain't enough wind."

We zigzagged down the beach and approached what, judging by the several dark and shapeless bundles of clothes already prowling there, seemed to be the choicest hunting preserves. Occasionally one of the men stooped and picked up something.

"No luck, eh, bud?" my beachcomber asked me.

"Not yet," I said. "How about look-

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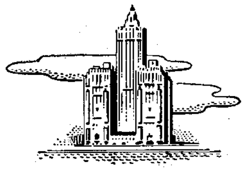

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ing along the pillars of the boardwalk?"

"Naw, not today." He leaned toward me and lowered his voice to pass on a trade secret. "Wind ain't right."

On we searched, avoiding wet patches and focussing our gaze on the abundant bottle caps, peach pits, shells, and deceptive bits of metal. He found two quarters and then resumed conversation. "Manhattan Beach is good, too. Got fourteen dollars there two weeks ago."

I asked him if he had lived in New York long.

"Since '29," he answered, rattling his newly gleaned silver. "I paint, too. Houses." On windless days, no doubt.

Suddenly I spied a half dollar. Snatching it from the sand, I called to my guide. He nodded in approval and I invited him to have a cup of coffee with me on the fifty-cent piece.

"Naw, bud, keep it," he said. "It'll bring you luck. Always keep the first one."

I insisted, and he finally gave in. As we left the beach, he turned to look back at it with the reproachful look that one might give a niggardly friend. "'Tain't good today," he said. "Too wet yet. Need three days of wind. Good strong wind."—ARNOLD R. VERDUIN

•

Mrs. Louise Atwill, divorced wife of the actor, Lionel Atwill, and formerly the wife of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, is scheduled to become the bride March 10 of Capt. Alf Heiberg, leader of the Army Air Forces Band, it was learned last night. —*Washington Post, Feb. 25.*

FLASH! One of Washington's most prominent women will walk down that well-known aisle with an Army officer on March 10. The marital venture will be her fourth. Her third husband was a film actor; her second a famous general. The "scoop" is being held for radio announcement next Sunday night.—*Society column in the same paper, same day.*

What's the matter—blinded by your own flash?

•

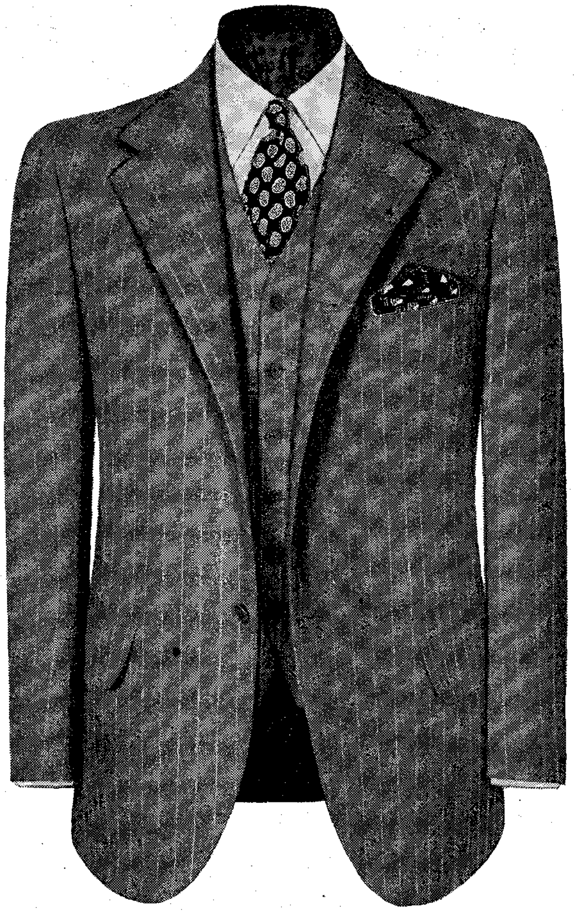
WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.
(MELANCHOLY LUTE DIVISION)

[*A resolution submitted in the House of Representatives, February 21, 1944*]

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That Horace C. Carlisle, whose poems have from time to time been printed in the Congressional Record, is hereby designated as poet laureate of the Congress, and the said Horace C. Carlisle shall have the privilege of having printed in the appendix of the Congressional Record poems of his own composition, but not to exceed one such poem of more than twenty-five lines in any issue of such Record.

IS BROOKS BROTHERS' SIXTH FLOOR SHOP THE ANSWER TO YOUR OWN PROBLEM?



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THE ART GALLERIES

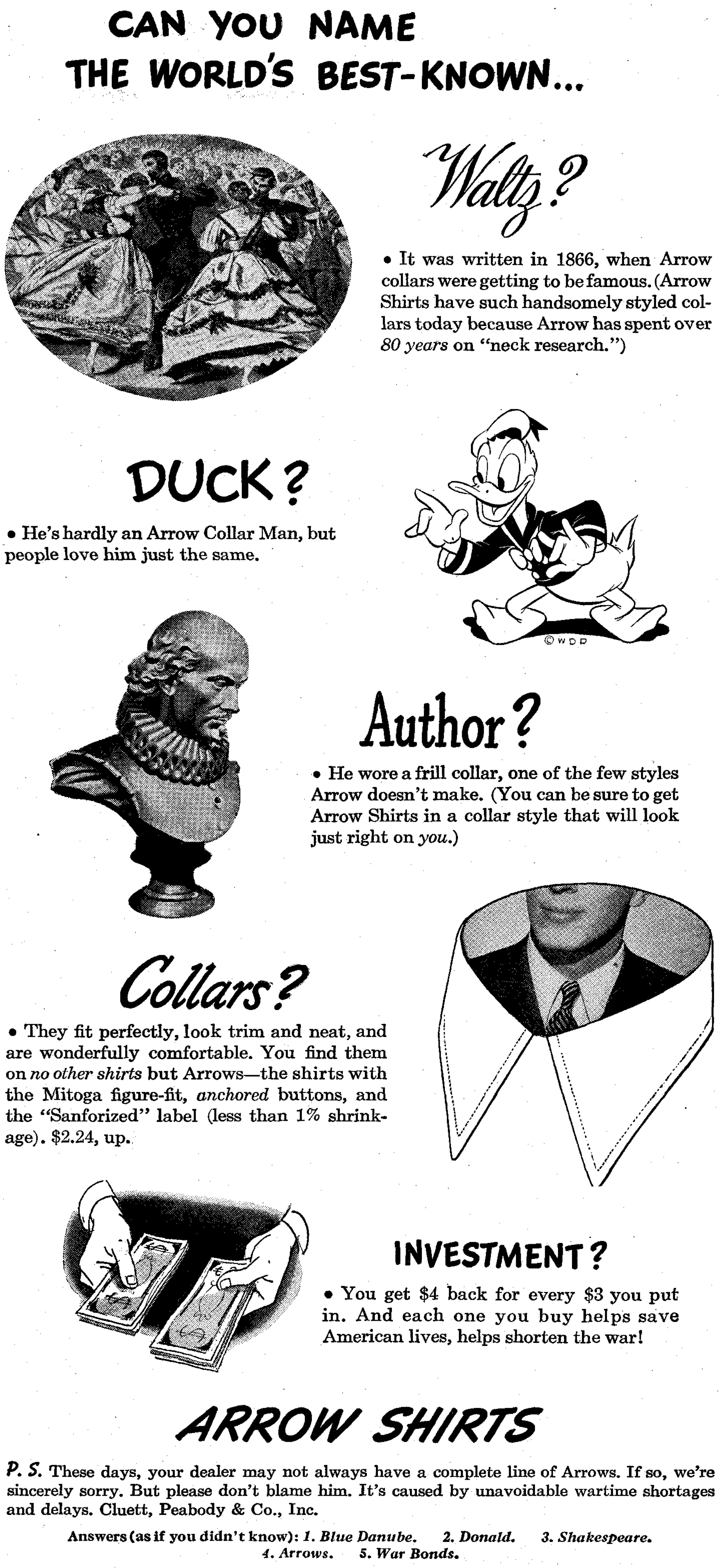
Some Abstractionists And Some Cubans

EXCEPT for the Modern Museum's exhibition of contemporary Cuban painting, the majority of our shows this week are by Abstractionists—an event that might be taken as a proof of the strength of the movement if it weren't for the fact that a couple of the men represented seem to be doing their best to break away from the method. In both cases, it's the war that is responsible for the change. There is George L. K. Morris, for instance, long a leader of the American Abstract school, whose new oils at the Downtown reveal that he is moving away from his "pure" style of other years in a deliberate attempt to encompass some sort of realistic statement about the war and its manifestations. His trouble is, I think, that he has failed really to come to grips with the artistic problems involved. What he's done, anyway, has been merely to *combine* the two styles, working in some elements of realistic portrayal—scattered segments of bodies, guns, bayonets, and so on, in "House to House Fighting," bits of naval paraphernalia in "Invasion Barge"—while retaining the over-all rigidity of pattern that goes with Abstract technique. The result is a hodge-podge, and the spectator is left wondering confusedly why the artist didn't stick to one style or the other and be done with it. I liked better such pieces as his "Munition Factory," in which the pictorial content is more fully subordinated to the design, and the even more Abstract "Indian Composition" numbered 20 in the catalogue.

JEAN HELION, at the Paul Rosenberg, goes even further, for in his new paintings he has abandoned the Abstract method entirely in favor of a bold, broadly patterned style that is almost posterlike in its simplifications. As he hints in a catalogue note, the two years he spent in a German prison camp may have something to do with the change. Certainly, to a man in such a position, even the ordinary sights and sounds of the world he is shut off from must seem overpoweringly significant, and the paintings shown reveal something of that almost hypnotized preoccupation with sheer contour and color that might well result. I'm afraid, though, that contour and color are about all I got out of them. They're figure paintings of the most casual subjects—a man reading a paper, a man holding an umbrella, a man leaning against a wall—but in spite of their casualness there is a curious suggestion of the portentous about them. In one, called "L'Homme à la Cravate Tordue," a necktie drawn awry is the focus of the composition, and the small detail somehow bulks so large in the design that one feels that Hélion must have seen such a man, through the wire of his prison camp, and then pondered that necktie and what it meant till it took on the importance of a clue in a detective story. In the paintings, however, such clues are never resolved, and despite the brilliance of the work there is an emotional aridity that I found disturbing. Whether these are but the expression of a single experience and whether Hélion will return to the Abstract style he has abandoned are beyond my knowing. All I can say is that there was a subtlety and range of feeling in his earlier work that is missing here.

LEST you think that all the old-time Abstractionists are deserting the camp, I give you Fernand Léger, now at the Valentine with, I think, the best set of paintings he has shown in years. Léger, in my book, has always been a slow and cautious thinker. He creeps up on new ideas instead of jumping at them, tests, discards, and then re-tests new symbols, and the process by which he has shifted from his mechanical symbols of the nineteen-twenties to the natural ones that engross him now has been almost as ponderous as the process of evolution itself. If he's slow, he's also thorough, and it must be said that in this exhibition his new method has reached full fruition. Trees and tree branches, garden trellises and bursting buds, these form the main elements of his canvases, and he has woven them into a series of compositions that are as exact and authoritative as heraldic designs. I can think of few other modern paintings that have so great a feeling of rightness, of intrinsic justness of line and color as his "L'Arbre dans l'Echelle" or the superb "Etude en Violet et Jaune."

THERE is only one Abstract artist, Amelia Peláez, in the Modern Museum's Cuban show, in a group that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DUCK?

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Author?

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Answers (as if you didn't know): *1. Blue Danube.* *2. Donald.* *3. Shakespeare.* *4. Arrows.* *5. War Bonds.*

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contains pretty much every modern style of painting. Thirteen artists are represented, two of them modern primitives, and the range of the others is from the chill, chalky color and attenuated forms of Fidelio Ponce de León to the extravagant color and exuberant designs of Mario Carreño, who is, incidentally, one of the very few men included whose work is at all well known in New York. I found the total effect of the show a little confusing, and the confusion was not lessened by a persistent impression I got that every artist in the group seemed to be able to paint in two or three manners, more or less at will. The selection may have been at the root of this trouble, for it requires the utmost care to boil a man's artistic expression down to eight or ten canvases (as in each case the show tries to do) and still retain an impression of unified effort. Perhaps because of this, too, one doesn't learn a great deal about the prevailing forces and influences in Cuban painting. Picasso, particularly in his "classic" period, is an undoubted factor, and there are traces of Rouault in a few of the paintings, notably in Cundo Bermúdez's "Head of a Woman." But in general the flow of influence seems to be from Mexico rather than from Paris, and the coloring has that hot tonality and high-keyed intensity which we take to be typical of modern Mexican art. I liked Bermúdez's elaborately patterned "Portrait of María Luisa Gómez Mena," as well as Mariano Rodríguez's almost explosively expressionistic "Cock-Fight" and the cooler, graver "Flowers" by Amelia Peláez.

At the Perls, as a kind of pendant to the Museum exhibition, they are showing another group of paintings by Mario Carreño. Carreño has vigor, but he sometimes tends to let it run away with him. He is in many ways the most fully developed artist in the group the Museum offers, and it's helpful to get a further look at his work here. Best of all, I think, are his "Afro-Cuban" paintings—studies of the native Negro dances and ceremonies—and if at times their color verges on the flamboyant, there is a strength of design about them that carries them through.

—Robert M. Coates

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Adolf Hitler, on a surprise visit to the Russian front, September 30, 1943:

After this, the Dnieper line will be the natural frontier between the two armies and this frontier shall be held. . . . Here I am and here I shall remain.

FLOWERS TO MR. PHILLIPS

[*A bulletin received by an insurance salesman from his regional director*]

NEW YORK 2/28/44

NEW YORK REGION
ENTIRE AUTOMOBILE SALES DIVISION
RE: JOHN W. PHILLIPS' WEEK

Many of you know that it has been our custom in the past and more or less a tradition in this Sales Division to honor the birthday of Mr. Phillips.

Bob Coan, Assistant to Mr. Phillips in the Home Office, has recommended that we resume honoring Mr. Phillips on his birthday which we have neglected to do in the past two or three years due to conditions over which we had no control.

Mr. Coan suggests that we designate the seven day period beginning March 2 through March 8 as "John W. Phillips' Week." At the end of this period and as soon as all offices can be heard from, it is proposed that I send greetings to Mr. Phillips on behalf of the Region and I will incorporate in this greeting by name those of us who have succeeded in writing 10 or more policies (Salesmen) or 5 or more policies (P.S.R.'s) during "John W. Phillips' Week."

Although 'tis true we are in a seller's market,—but even so 5 and 10 policies respectively for P.S.R.'s and Salesmen is no mere pushover and after all our Region's greeting should be no idle gesture either and what is more, this greeting should come from those who have it in them to rise to the occasion and give out with plenty of policies. I am sure there's none who would admit that this is impossible—there's only a few who haven't done it more than once within the recent months.

I understand that if the response is good and we do a job as we usually do we are going to get some space in "On the Selling Front" and as Bob Coan says, this would be pretty good evidence that the Automobile Sales Division still can "bring in the bacon" for which it has always been noted. Incidentally, it doesn't hurt us nor the Division to get our names in the paper once in a while.

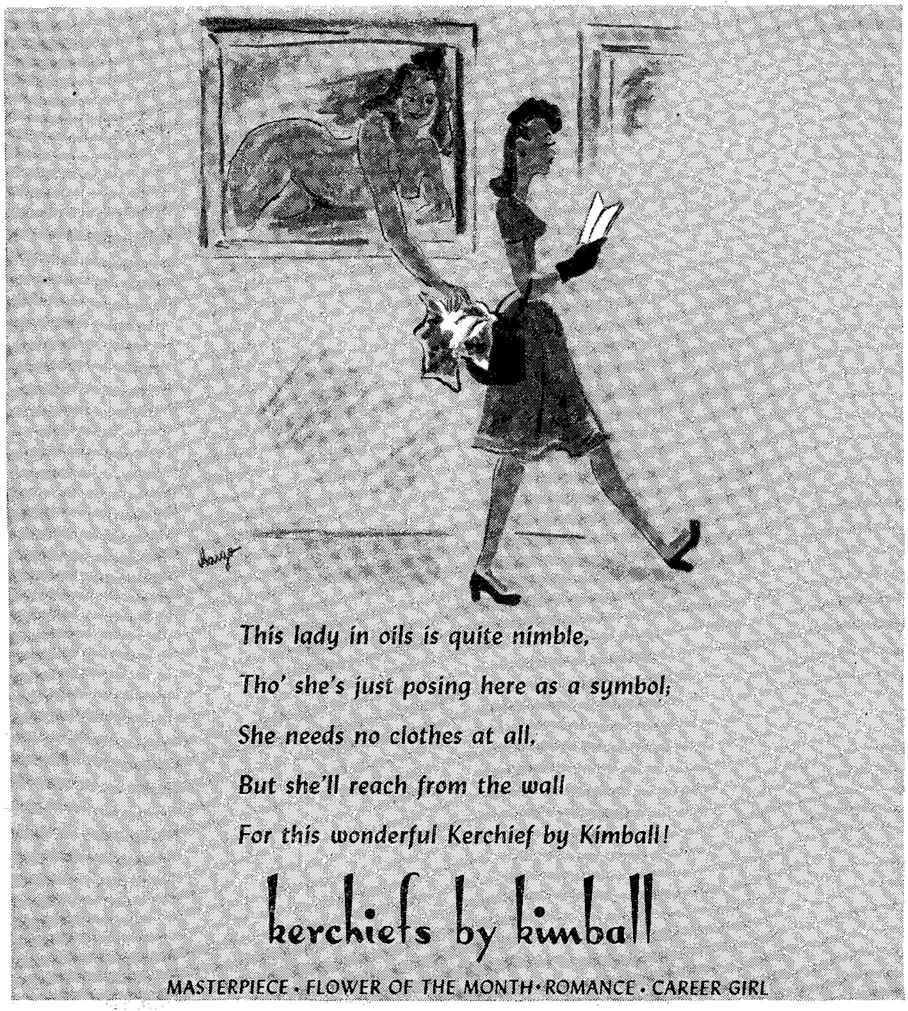
I'm sure I don't have to elaborate on what Mr. Phillips has done for our Division, what he means to it, and what it would mean to him to get such a sheaf of greetings from all Regions expressed in terms that are meat and drink and flowers and music to him.

In order that I may send a night-letter on Friday, March 10, be sure to mail to me on the attached form to be used for this purpose a report which lists the number of policies sold during the period March 2 through March 8. Please do not fail us; we want our list to be not only the longest in the country which it should be because we are the largest Region, but to include every member on the Auto Sales Division roster in the Region.

Saturday, March 11 is Mr. Phillips' birthday but the days selected to make up "John W. Phillips' Week" were chosen because of better mail facilities and sufficient time to secure all our reports from the Field.

Therefore let all hands "stir their stumps" and "put their shoulders to the wheel and row like hell."

JBL:GM J. B. LEWIS



This lady in oils is quite nimble,
Tho' she's just posing here as a symbol;
She needs no clothes at all,
But she'll reach from the wall
For this wonderful Kerchief by Kimball!
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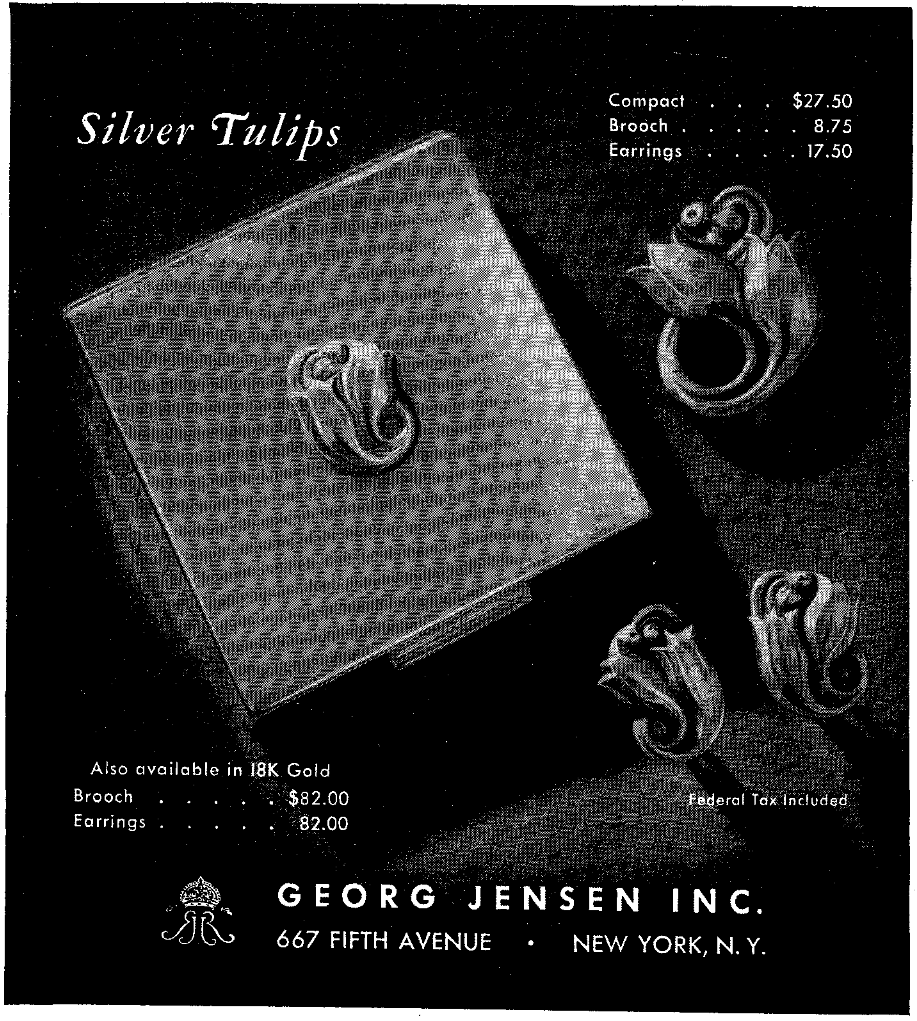

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THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169—V

ONE day early last summer, as we lay in San Francisco harbor, after a rough, cold voyage up the California coast—to say nothing of a passage down the Mississippi from Evansville, Indiana, to New Orleans and thence through the Panama Canal—the seventy-three members of the Coast Guard crew of LST 169, the Landing Ship, Tanks on which I am gunnery officer, finally learned the destination of our new fifty-five-hundred-ton naval vessel. So did the small Navy contingent we had taken on as passengers in New Orleans—an ensign and twelve men, whose job it would eventually be to operate the LCT (Landing Craft, Tanks) now incongruously perched on our main deck. Shortly after our arrival in San Francisco, our captain called together myself, the six other Coast Guard officers of the LST, and Peanuts, as the LCT skipper was known, in the wardroom and gave us the information, which we were to keep secret, that our ship was to be part of a big amphibious force that would attack Kiska, in the Aleutian Islands. Our mission was to try to throw the Japanese out of their last foothold in the Western Hemisphere. There was silence at the announcement. So it was not to be the jungles of a South Pacific island, as some romantics aboard had hoped. It was Kiska, where the williwaws blow and the sea is notoriously rough. Now that we were sure of our goal, we were a sober bunch. The captain pointed out that we had already come six thousand miles from our starting point, at Evansville, and that we still had four thousand miles to go. Our next stop, he said, would be Kodiak Island, south of Alaska, a base in our supply line to the fighting front in the Aleutians. We were to stay in San Francisco only long enough to take aboard supplies, fuel, food, cold-weather clothing, and soldiers. A number of other LST's which had arrived with us were under similar orders. We were all, it seemed, in a hurry. Within a few hours after the meeting in the wardroom, the main fact disclosed there was known to every man aboard the ship. Just how this happened, I couldn't find out. All I know is that news on a naval vessel travels by some special telepathy that is as dependable, without being half so loud, as a public-address system. At any rate, everyone on the ship was soon discussing Kiska.

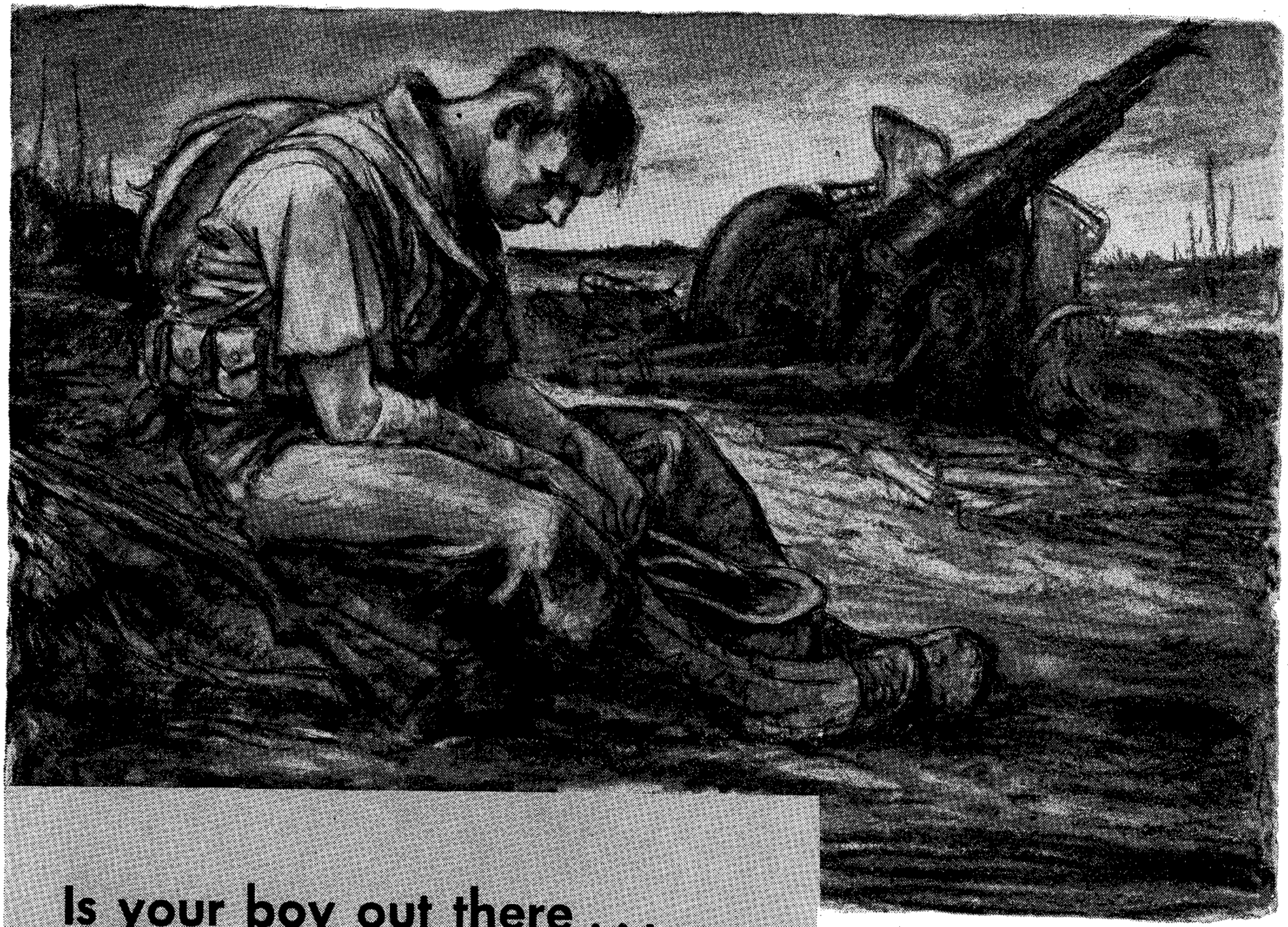
During the loading operation, I realized for the first time what an author I had once read meant when he spoke of "the odd and hasty improvisations of war." LST 169 was designed very scientifically to carry several score tanks and their crews, in addition, of course, to the Coast Guard personnel who operated it. The entire hold was a storeroom for tanks except for a little space fore and aft and a strip of cabins, running along both sides of the ship, for the tank men and members of the ship's crew. These quarters were, from an Army viewpoint, luxurious, with bunks arranged fifteen to a room in tiers of three, and with enamelled wash bowls and shower baths. However, when the time came to load LST 169, we did not fill the hold with tanks or the adjoining quarters with tank crews. In response to a word given by some wise and distant tactician, we stuffed our hold with an impressive cargo of food, blankets, drums of fuel, ammunition, and unarmored vehicles. No tanks. Then, the day before we sailed, some two hundred troops, carrying full packs, marched aboard and moved into the tank men's quarters. They were infantry, artillery, and Signal Corps. Their seven officers shared rooms in the officers' quarters. Our new passengers, accustomed to ordinary Army tent life, were astonished at the comparative comforts aboard ship and settled down snugly for a pleasant trip.

We sailed next morning, and just before we departed, our convoy commander (a Navy lieutenant) and his staff of four Navy junior-grade lieutenants came aboard LST 169 to make the trip to Kodiak with us. That led to overcrowding in the officers' quarters. There were ten staterooms for officers on the ship. The convoy commander and the captain each had one. The rest of us—Peanuts, the four Navy j.g.'s, the seven Army officers, and the seven Coast Guard officers—shared the others. Ensign Billings, who was my roommate, and I had one of the Navy j.g.'s in with us. Our room had a double-decker bunk and a leather daybed; we took turns sleeping on the latter. The convoy commander was a Naval Academy man who had been on submarine service but had recently been transferred to the amphibious forces. He was responsible for seeing that the LST's in the flotilla received and obeyed the instructions sent out by the commander of the escorting patrol craft. The four junior-grade lieutenants, who were trained in communications, were his assistants, and stood on the bridge for four-hour periods with our own watch officers, supervising the reception and transmission of signals from and to the patrol-craft commander. There were three hundred men aboard by the time LST 169 left San Francisco harbor and headed northward.

DURING the trip to Kodiak, the soldiers and the crew got along very well and even formed some close friendships, despite the fact that the Army had its own territory aboard ship and supposedly its own special way of life. The soldiers hung their rifles, helmets, and duffel on hooks in the bulkheads of their quarters, and stowed their toilet articles and other belongings in the metal lockers beside their bunks. Their cumbersome packs were crammed into the hold. Inevitably, it occurred to them to lay their down-filled arctic sleeping bags on their bunks, thus improving on their mattresses. The Army officer of the day held a daily inspection of their quarters, and officially the Navy invaded their territory only once a week, when an officer passed through it on the general Saturday ship inspection. Invariably he reported back to the other Navy officers that things there were spick and span, every article in its proper place.

The Army personnel maintained its own watch routine, too. A corporal of the guard was assigned to each four-hour tour of duty and was required to report every half hour, to the officer of the deck, on the state of affairs in the Army territory. The soldiers, too, helped our crew wash down decks, chip rust, paint, and do other shipboard chores. They also participated in ship drills. During the abandon-ship drill, each soldier went to his assigned life raft, which, of course, was manned by a Coast Guard crew. The soldiers, like everyone else aboard, were required to wear a carbon-dioxide life belt constantly. When we held gun drills, the infantrymen went through firing practice of their own. They fired small arms at targets cast overboard. Often the Signal Corpsmen had blinker-light exercise; two groups stood at opposite ends of the ship and winked at each other in code. During these performances by the infantry and Signal Corps, the artillerymen, who were even less in their element, simply stood by and watched. All of the soldiers ate in their own section of the ship, after standing in line with trays in the cafeteria our crew used. Their cooks and bakers, as well as their K.P., collaborated in preparing the meals.

The most uncomfortable part of the



Is your boy out there . . . in the land that God forgot?

IS he slogging along some muddy road . . . or huddled beneath a leaky tent? Do you see him now, thirsty beneath a broiling sun?

Or is your boy fighting a wintry blast in the land where winter never ends? . . . Yes, millions of people worry tonight for the men in the lands that God forgot.

But if your heart is sick with longing for some special boy . . . remember this and find comfort . . . wherever he may be, in the frozen wastes of Iceland or the jungles of New Guinea . . . you can reach out and give your boy some little comforts that speak of home.

He will get coffee, doughnuts and other American comforts when the long march is over . . . thanks to you.

He will sleep between sheets when he gets his furlough, in a town ten thousand miles from home . . . thanks to you. Even should he be a prisoner of war, he won't be condemned to live on alien bread. For every week the Red Cross will carry to him a carton of food. Yes, eleven full pounds of real American food, the kind you used to give him at your own table. And real American cigarettes and tobacco!

He will get all this . . . and more . . . straight from *your* heart through the Red Cross.

Because the Red Cross is *you*—the Greatest Mother in the World, because it represents all the mothers of America. The Red Cross is your blood and your bandages, the sweaters you knit and the gifts you pack.

And the Red Cross is your money too! This year when your Red Cross has a bigger job than ever before to do . . . this year when your Red Cross is serving your own sons in every corner of the globe . . . this year you will want to give more, more of your time, more of your work, the blood from your heart . . . and more of your money to help the work go on.

So dig deep and be glad. For wherever he is

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The cigarette of successful men . . . *and* of lovely women.

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

journey to Kodiak was along the Oregon and Washington coast, where it was foggy and cold. As we reached the coast of Canada, the long days of the northern summer became sunnier. The Pacific was fairly calm the entire way, and seasickness hit very few of the Army men, which was fortunate; two hundred seasick soldiers aboard an LST would have been no joke. During the soldiers' rest periods, which were usually in the afternoon, they sprawled around on the deck to soak up the sun or gathered in clumps to shoot craps.

Among the soldiers there were a dozen veterans of the conquest of Attu, the island to the west of Kiska. From time to time they reminisced about their experience. They told how they camouflaged their faces with broad, swirling lines of paint and how several times they had found, on fallen Jap officers, United States Army Colt .45 automatics, picked up, presumably, in the Philippines. On the whole, they had no great respect for the quality of the enemy's military equipment. For the fighting qualities of the Japs, however, they had high regard. One fellow had been at Chichagof Valley, on Attu, near the end of the battle, when the Japanese made a suicide charge and nearly broke our lines. "They came at us with bayonets, crouching down to the ground and yelling 'Banzai,' " he said. The green troops listened to the accounts of the veterans with more than courteous interest. For that matter, so did practically everybody else aboard. Heading toward Kiska, we couldn't think of any other topic as fascinating as the Japs.

—RICHARD J. THEOBALD

•

He saw her inhale the smoke deeply and felt utterly embarrassed. She moved her hands up towards her head, the cigarette dangling from her lip, and unfastened a little white cap.

"Excuse me," she said, bent forward, took one or two pins out and began to shake her head till her whole face was buried under the suddenly loosened long black curls. Then she threw her head back, smoothed the hair across her temples and said, "Oh, that feels good. I am so tired." —*From "Without Orders," by Martha Albrand.*

Watch that cigarette, Baby!

•

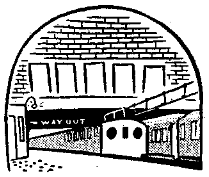
THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Felix Frankfurter in the American Bar Association Journal*]

A man's achievements are to be measured by subtracting from what now exists that which he has added to what preceded him.

LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 19 (BY CABLE)



LONDON can't quite decide whether it's in for a blitz again or not. When the fire-bombers came back on Tuesday night, people figured that this marked the end of the peaceful moonlight nights and the beginning of a week or two of noisy ones. Moreover, the Germans' new dislike of what, in the old blitz days, used to be glumly called "a nice bombers' moon" has resulted in a sharp swing back to popular favor for bright nights. After the baby blitz that hit the city toward the end of last month was abruptly cut short—just when everybody had decided that it would probably keep right on squalling—Londoners began regarding the full moon with the same affection that householders have for a trusty watchdog. Sure enough, as soon as it waned, the bombers came back to deliver what was officially called "a sharp attack." The knowing, however, who expected them to go on delivering more of the same until the next moon came round, were confounded by the fact that the nightly alerts have been short and that there has not really been much bombing. The citizens most let down were those who had checked up on their sand buckets and hastily memorized the instructions for dealing with the small anti-personnel bombs which are often thrown in with the incendiaries for good measure.

IN Tuesday's raid, by the way, the new plan for speeded-up fire-fighting came into operation. Under this system, pumps are sent to the scene of trouble as soon as fires are spotted by the National Fire Service observation posts. Previously, no fire was considered bona-fide until it had been reported through wardens and fire guards to officials with authority to decide which blaze had priority, by which time, indignant Londoners complained, their homes were in danger of being a bona-fide heap of ashes. On Tuesday the new system was said to work fine for subduing that unpleasant red glare which couples, homeward bound after dinner or a movie in town, used to watch light up the sky from wherever the sirens had happened to catch them. Another change in the local bombing situation, now that the raids are generally over by midnight, is that people, instead of going

A Pop-Gun for Private Pringle?

No. Private Pringle needs the real thing—the best we can give him. That's why popguns are scarce in Fred Harvey shops these days. So are many more of the clever metal toys and gifts that used to catch your eye. The materials that went into them . . . the men and machines that made them . . . are needed now to turn out *fighting* weapons.

But a mere temporary shortage of metal articles could never change the colorful, inviting atmosphere always found in Fred Harvey shops. Along the counters and shelves . . . and in the tempting display windows . . . you'll still find most of the things you'd like to buy. If the particular gift or toy you have in mind is missing, just remember it's helping Private Pringle wherever U. S. armed forces are attacking.

Remember, too, that in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels, and dining cars we're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women *every day*—in addition to our tremendously increased wartime civilian patronage. With food rationing so severe and help so scarce, we can't always offer you the kind of service you've come to expect.

Your good-humored acceptance of these things has helped us do a better wartime job. After victory our shops will be *completely* stocked . . . and in our restaurants and hotels the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again—to *stay*.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

1089

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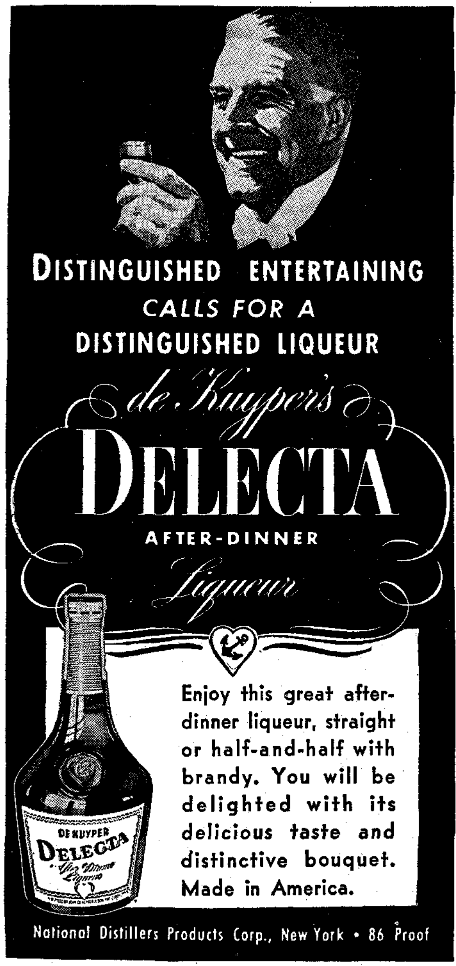
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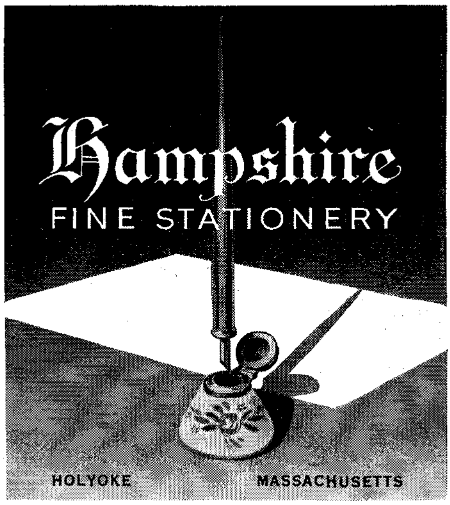
To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.

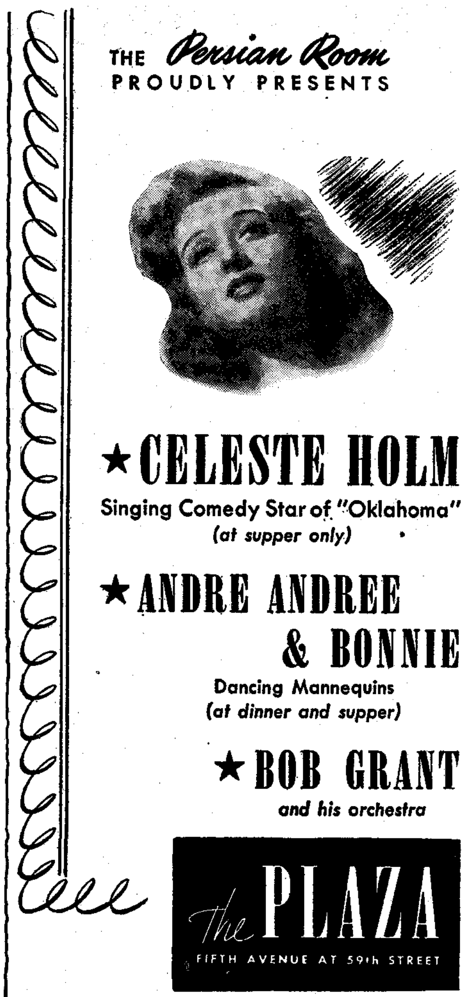

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
HOLYOKE MASSACHUSETTS

home to bed after a raid, now wander about looking for a good blaze to gape at. At one big incident the other night, the fire-fighters had to fight the crowd before they could tackle the blaze, which perhaps made some of the veterans think back longingly to the old 1941 days when the bombers came late and the citizenry was by then tucked out of the way in shelters.

THERE'S been no new government evacuation scheme, but children leave for the country in batches after every fairly hot night. The human memory being what it is, a couple of quiet nights cause parents to think that maybe things aren't going to be so bad, a conviction that persists until the next noisy barrage joggles them again.

According to wardens, there's considerable feeling, especially in working-class districts, over adult evacuees who had the money to take themselves out of bomb range in the big blitz but who moved back into London when things quieted down. The returning rusticators answer, quite legitimately, that they were officially requested not to hang around without good reason and possibly bother the civil-defense services by becoming casualties. This apparently doesn't stop their neighbors around the corner from regarding them with a good deal of coldness. Small shopkeepers and the like, who stayed behind and kept the neighborhood's flags flying when the bombs were dropping, don't precisely hope the returned wanderers will get a warm time now that the bombs are dropping again. Wardens say, though, with a chuckle, that a slight but unmistakable quiver of pleasure runs through the corner pub when the nice, freshly washed windows of householders who ducked back during the quiet period get broken.

On the whole, people seem to be meeting the raids with the same discipline and good humor they showed during the big blitz. Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., recently squashed a whispering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Dancing Mannequins
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★BOB GRANT
and his orchestra

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ICE-SKATE OUTDOORS

5 sessions daily: 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 p. m. Admission 88¢ including tax. Children under 12, weekdays, 65¢, Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, 75¢. Shoe-skates (figure or hockey) to rent. Music. Instruction. No racing skates, please! Phone Circle 6-5800

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campaign which said that East Enders weren't taking it so well as they used to. It's quite possible that the only important difference is that both East and West Enders are now three, tired years older and disinclined, by just that much, to be dead-pan over the current visitations. Anyway, it's a big consolation to highly strung civilians, who previously went through agonies trying to look as calm and collected as everybody else, to discover that when the racket starts now nobody minds saying candidly that he doesn't enjoy it.

THE more considered local opinion on Eire seems to be much what it is about the miners' coming out on strike at this highly inopportune eleventh hour—that both parties have lots of old wrongs on their side as well as a certain number of new rights. Intelligent Britons, while regretting both awkward decisions, don't seem to feel that the storm of abuse they raised in some sections was entirely justified. Those who wanted to wear the green on the seventeenth of March, however, may have had to hunt it down. Most of the cockney hawkers, who usually do a brisk trade in shamrocks, seemed to be getting into line with Mr. Churchill and isolating St. Patrick by selling "lovely Cornish daffodils" instead.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

[EDITORS' NOTE: The "Letter from London" which appeared in our issue of January 22nd contained the statement that Sir Richard Acland, the president of the Common Wealth Party, is an Army officer and a Common Wealth M. P. The facts are that Sir Richard is not an Army officer and is in Parliament as a Liberal. He was confused with Lieutenant Hugh Lawson, who won a recent by-election at Skipton as a Common Wealth candidate. These absurd errors were the result of mechanical difficulties and one thing and another. We apologize to all concerned, including the author of the letter.]

•

MY HOUSE

My house has no foundations;
It is built on rock and rubble.
It stands there by the grace of God
With very little trouble.

It's just as good as any house,
Although it's not so steady,
But, for the day it tumbles down,
My plans are made already.

—KAY SAGE

TONIGHT ...taste the difference!
TOMORROW ...feel the difference!
White Rock

The Big Difference!
1 WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT. Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.
2 WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity . . . help keep you feeling fit.
3 IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink . . . it points up flavor!
Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

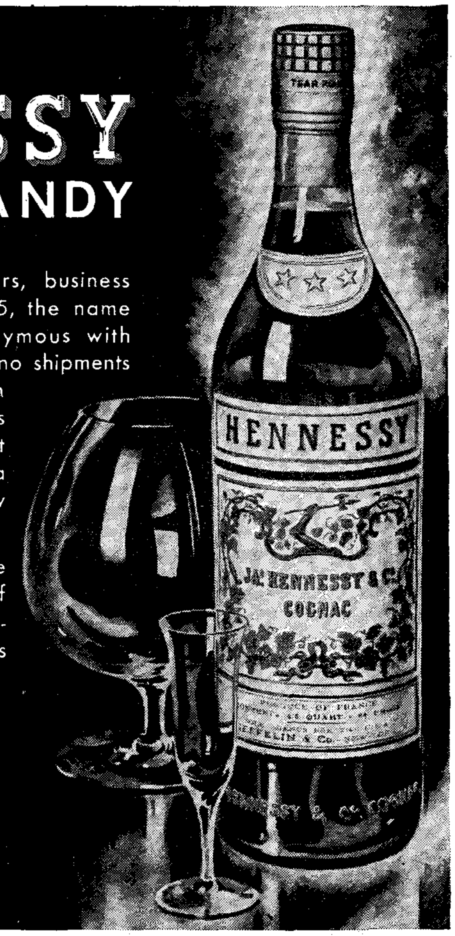
. . . says LUCILLE MANNERS, star of Cities Service Concert Hour

Miss Manners insists on serving White Rock in highballs . . . says it makes drinks taste better, helps keep one feeling fit next day.

She takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity . . . help keep you on the alkaline side.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

SERVE IN ALL HIGHBALLS, INCLUDING GIN, RUM, WINE



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It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★ Hennessy be reserved for special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

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★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

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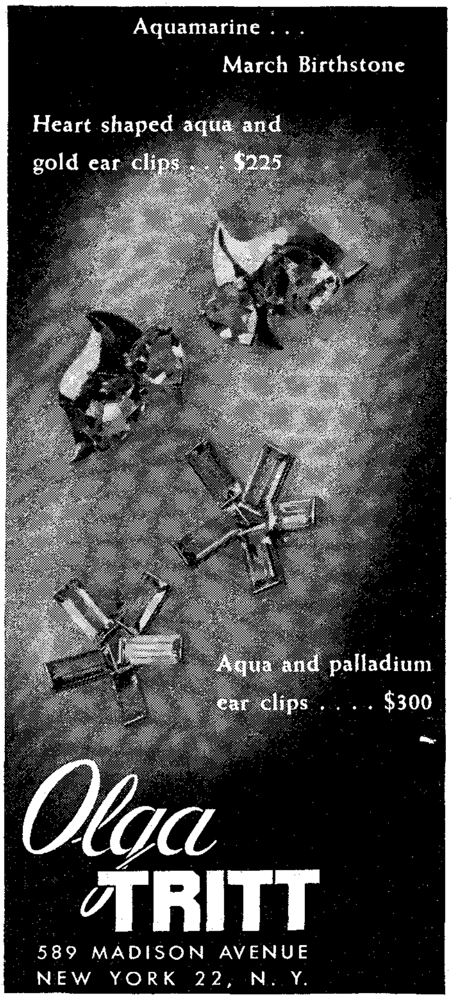

Aquamarine . . .
March Birthstone

Heart shaped aqua and
gold ear clips . . . $225

Aqua and palladium
ear clips $300

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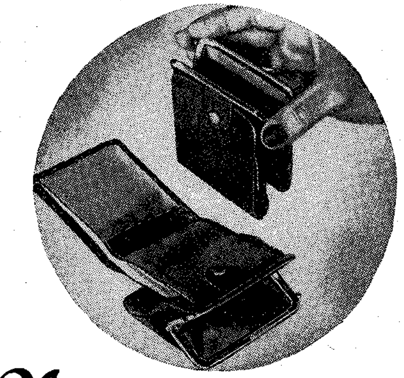

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- It's that rarity—the *leather-lined* change purse that outlasts the years—and it's exclusively ours! Ingenious attached billfold has two pockets for cards. Clever solid brass pinch-frame pops open by pressing knobs. Fine quality genuine leather, exquisitely made. Black, Blue or Brown with contrasting lining. **$4.95**

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lots of Orchestra

BRUNO WALTER observed the fiftieth anniversary of his début as a conductor last week by directing the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Westminster Choir, and four soloists in Bruckner's "Te Deum Laudamus" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Carnegie Hall. Naturally, the audience's enthusiasm had a personal touch because of the occasion, but there would have been an ovation in any case, because Mr. Walter offered performances that were masterful and inspiring. Mr. Walter has contributed a great deal to concerts and opera here in the years that he has made music for us. He's taking a vacation next season, but I'm sure that we'll be hearing from him again, and I'm just as sure that all of us are looking forward to his return.

Whenever Bruckner compositions are performed, there are likely to be debates between Bruckner fanciers and people who don't care so much for his works. Most of Mr. Walter's listeners, however, probably got together on the merits of the "Te Deum," which is fine, affirmative, and brilliant music. Beethoven, of course, is no such contentious matter as Bruckner still seems to be. Mr. Walter and the orchestra served both composers nobly; so did the Westminster Choir and the solo singers.

THE program for the Town Hall concert in which Sir Thomas Beecham conducted a chamber orchestra last week listed, among other items, a piano concerto by Handel, "edited and arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham." There were no official details about the exact origin of this concerto, but according to the best available information it seems to be a Beecham creation based on Handel themes and written in Handelian style. There's ample precedent for fashioning new works from old Handel music; even Handel did it. The Handel-Beecham concerto is both impressive and ingenious, and it got a rousing performance from Sir Thomas, his orchestral group, and Betty Humby-Beecham, who played the solo piano with crispness and charm.

Sir Thomas sandwiched this concert in between two performances at the Metropolitan. On Tuesday afternoon,

"Smoother Going in the Rough"
WITH

BASS SPORTOCASINS

We hope you'll always stay on the Fairway. But, whatever the going, you'll be happier in Bass Sportocasins. Surely you've heard of their famous, foot-cradling true Indian Moccasin construction. Surely you've noticed their fine design and sporty good looks in dealers' windows and on fellow-golfers' feet. If so, you'll want Sportocasins of your own.

Unfortunately, due to war conditions, dealers' stocks are very limited. (Some models may be seen at Rogers Peet in New York.) However, Sportocasins are worth looking for, or waiting for through the duration.

FREE booklet describes many models of famous Bass Outdoor Footwear.

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THE
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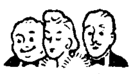


They ALL speak well of it
John J. Hyland, Manager
ALBANY, N.Y.

he led a stirring "Tristan und Isolde" at the Grenfell Association of America benefit. The Isolde was Marjorie Lawrence, making her first appearance in this rôle, and she scored instantly with her superb singing and telling characterization. As you know, Miss Lawrence's career had been interrupted by illness, and she has not yet resumed rôles that require her to move about the stage. The action was adroitly adjusted to fit this rather special circumstance, and the changes didn't seem important in view of Miss Lawrence's striking impersonation. Sir Thomas wound up three busy days by conducting "Mignon" on Thursday night.

THE Rochester Philharmonic, conducted by José Iturbi, made its New York début last week, and it didn't take long for everyone in Carnegie Hall to become aware that Rochester has an excellent ensemble. It's an alert, able, well-integrated unit, and it played with good tone and ample finesse under the firm yet vivacious direction of Mr. Iturbi. Mr. Iturbi doubled as piano soloist, playing the Mozart D-minor concerto (No. 466 in the Köchel catalogue of Mozart's works) and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." He conducted and played at the same time—an achievement that is something like taking a snapshot of yourself in a group picture. This procedure, either with orchestra or with camera, is not for everyone, but Mr. Iturbi and his players obviously are so used to each other that it worked out well. It was a pleasant visit, a cheerful program, and, I hope, only the first of the Rochester Philharmonic's trips to town.

Meanwhile, the National Orchestral Association and its conductor, Leon Barzin, were picking up additional honors for themselves with a delightful performance of Schubert's "Mass in G," which is full of good Schubert. The honors were shared with the accomplished Dessoff Choirs and the soloists. This concert was rounded out with an exhibit of old-line opera arias by four former members of the National Orchestral's opera group. They sang agreeably, tossed in encores that sometimes were as long as their listed numbers, and made quite an evening of it for the Carnegie Hall audience.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

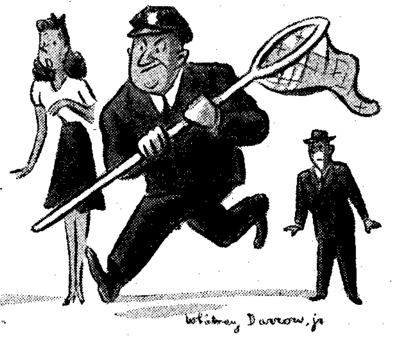
•

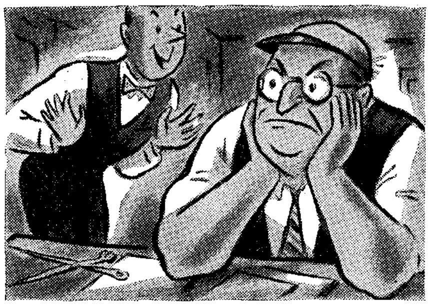
AN ADMIRAL NOW RECEIVES $8,000 PLUS $2,000 IN LOVING ALLOWANCES.
—*From a U.P. press dispatch.*

Chicken feed.

"I'm on my way to jail... Hooray! Hooray!"

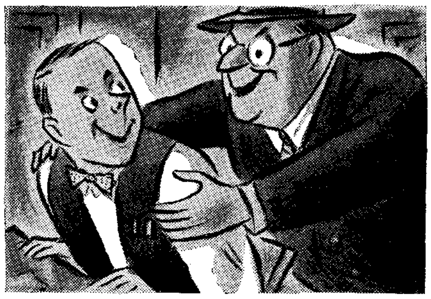
1. While I was copy boy on the *Daily Bugle,* I tried forty-seven times to get to be a reporter. But the City Editor would only shake his head and glare. Nothin' doin'. Then one night I get an idea. It's just ten minutes before the dead line.





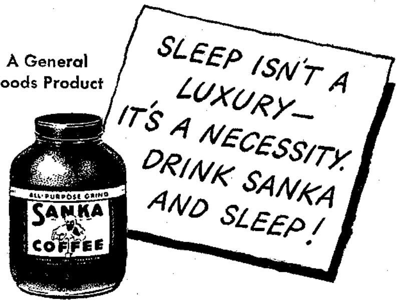
2. Big news is popping, and the boss looks fit to pop. So, I sneaks out of the office to get the old buzzard a container of coffee, thinking a real hot drink might be just what he needed. When I set it down in front of him—

3. "Coffee!" bellows sourpuss. "Take it away! I love it, but the caffein in it keeps me awake!" "Sure, sure," I breaks in, *"that's* why this is Sanka Coffee, swell coffee, 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake. Try it!" He hesitated, then...



4. He sipped. "Wonderful," he breathed. "But this better let me sleep, or..." Next morning he was beaming. "That Sanka Coffee's marvelous," he announced. "I slept like a log! Copy boy, you're a reporter. Hop to jail and get me a story on..." Wheee! Me! A reporter!

A General Foods Product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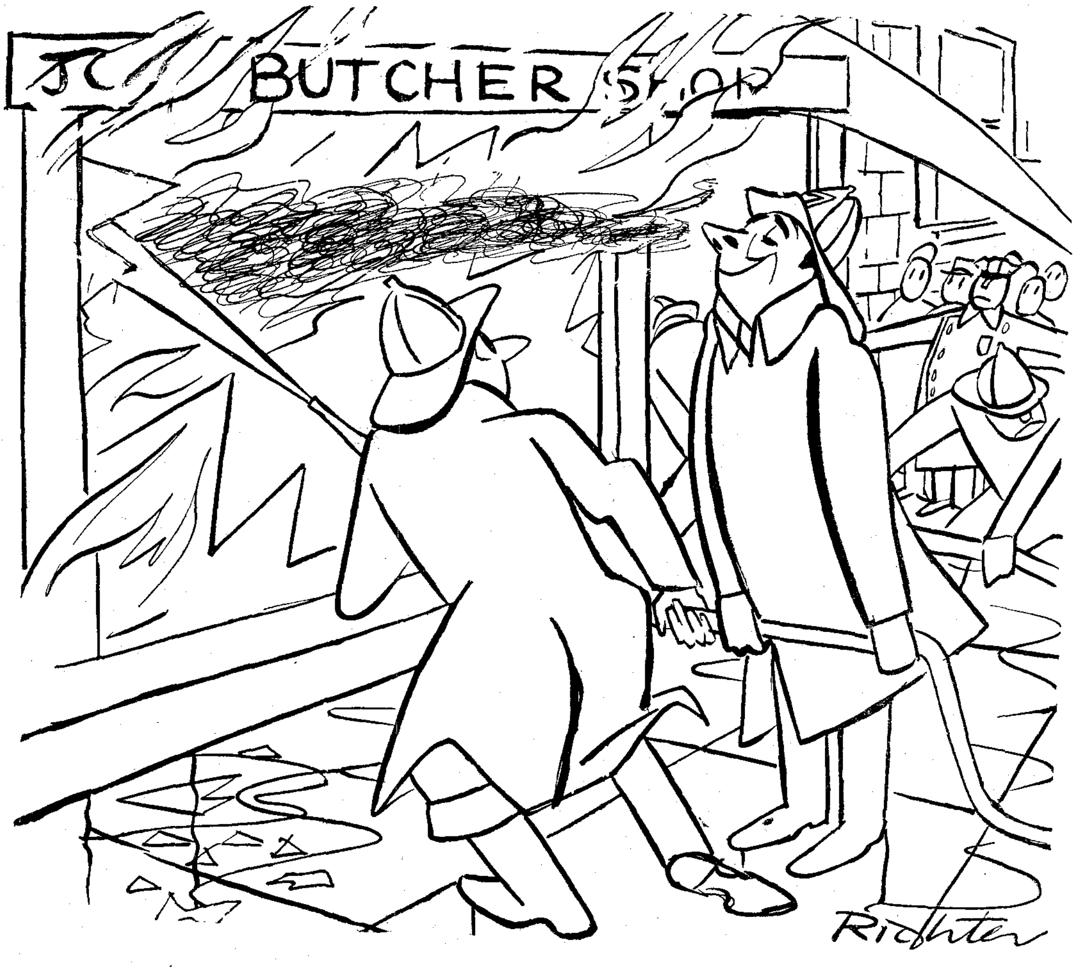
BOOKS

Documentaries: The Gilberts and the Philippines

"Tarawa: The Story of a Battle," by Robert Sherrod (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), is an altogether exceptional book to have been produced by a war correspondent. Mr. Sherrod makes no pretensions. He has no public personality to exploit. He does not even try to dramatize events; he is not even a "colorful" writer. He is, in fact, in a sense not a writer at all, for he has no literary formula or manner, and has even worked for *Time* nine years without picking up the *Time* style. When he wants to arouse his readers, he has no eloquence on tap for the purpose and merely talks like a man who has grown heated in conversation. He has hardly even organized his material with a view to an effective story. He might almost, from his account of Tarawa, have gone there not as a correspondent but as some kind of accidental civilian who kept a diary for his own satisfaction. But all these negatives, in the case of Mr. Sherrod, imply some positive merits. His book has none of the vices of journalism, and it provides perhaps the best first-hand description of action that has yet come out of the war.

Mr. Sherrod sailed to the Gilbert Islands in November, 1943, with the Second Division of Marines, landed at Tarawa in the fifth wave of invaders, and was present through the whole of the four-day battle, in which the Marines fought at terrible odds against Japs operating from pillboxes made of coconut logs, concrete, steel, and sand. These strongholds were half buried and had very thick walls, so that they were largely impervious to shellfire and not much affected by bombing, and the Americans, completely at the mercy of machine-gun fire and snipers, were obliged to take them one by one with hand grenades, flame-throwers, and rifles. This battle has been reported by Mr. Sherrod in all its misery, mischance, and confusion just as it was lived through by one man. Not, however, that Mr. Sherrod is particularly interested in himself; he differs from certain other reporters of wars in not being at all preoccupied with his own reactions to danger: he merely notes, along with other things, as details of the general picture, his frights or his forgetfulness of bullets. He sets down what people say, what they do, how they look. He puts in scraps of the pasts of soldiers that he has picked up in talking with them, and gives a striking biographical sketch of First Lieutenant William D. Hawkins, a Texas engineer, who led a crack Scout and Sniper platoon, cleared out many machine-gun nests, and died of shrapnel and bullet wounds. You see headquarters huddled in foxholes; a messenger or a sniper achieving for the moment a mood of exhilaration till a bullet puts an end to his security; officers picked off so fast that the survivors hardly know who is in command. In all this the spirit of the Marine Corps endured through its terrific losses. "The prisoners tell us," said an officer who was there, "that what broke their morale was not the bombing, not the naval gunfire, but the sight of the Marines who kept coming ashore in spite of their machine-gun fire. The Jap machine-gun fire killed many Marines in the water and on the beach. But other Marines came behind those who died. They landed on the beaches, they climbed the seawall, and they went into the enemy defenses."

After the battle, Mr. Sherrod made a tour of the island, which was covered with dead Japs and Marines. We had had more than a thousand men killed and twenty-six hundred wounded, and the Japs something like four times that number. It appeared that a good many of the enemy had committed suicide in their pillboxes, putting the barrels of the rifles to their foreheads and pulling the triggers with their toes or holding hand grenades against their chests. Mr. Sherrod makes some well-deserved criticisms of our radio and press communiqués. He contrasts a scene on the beach, the return from the battle of the mangled Marines "against the background of the dead on the coral flats," with the bulletins of the "silken-voiced pollyannas" of the air, and he quotes the remark of a Marine sergeant:



"Mmmmmmm."

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says JANE HOUSE,
Miss Rheingold 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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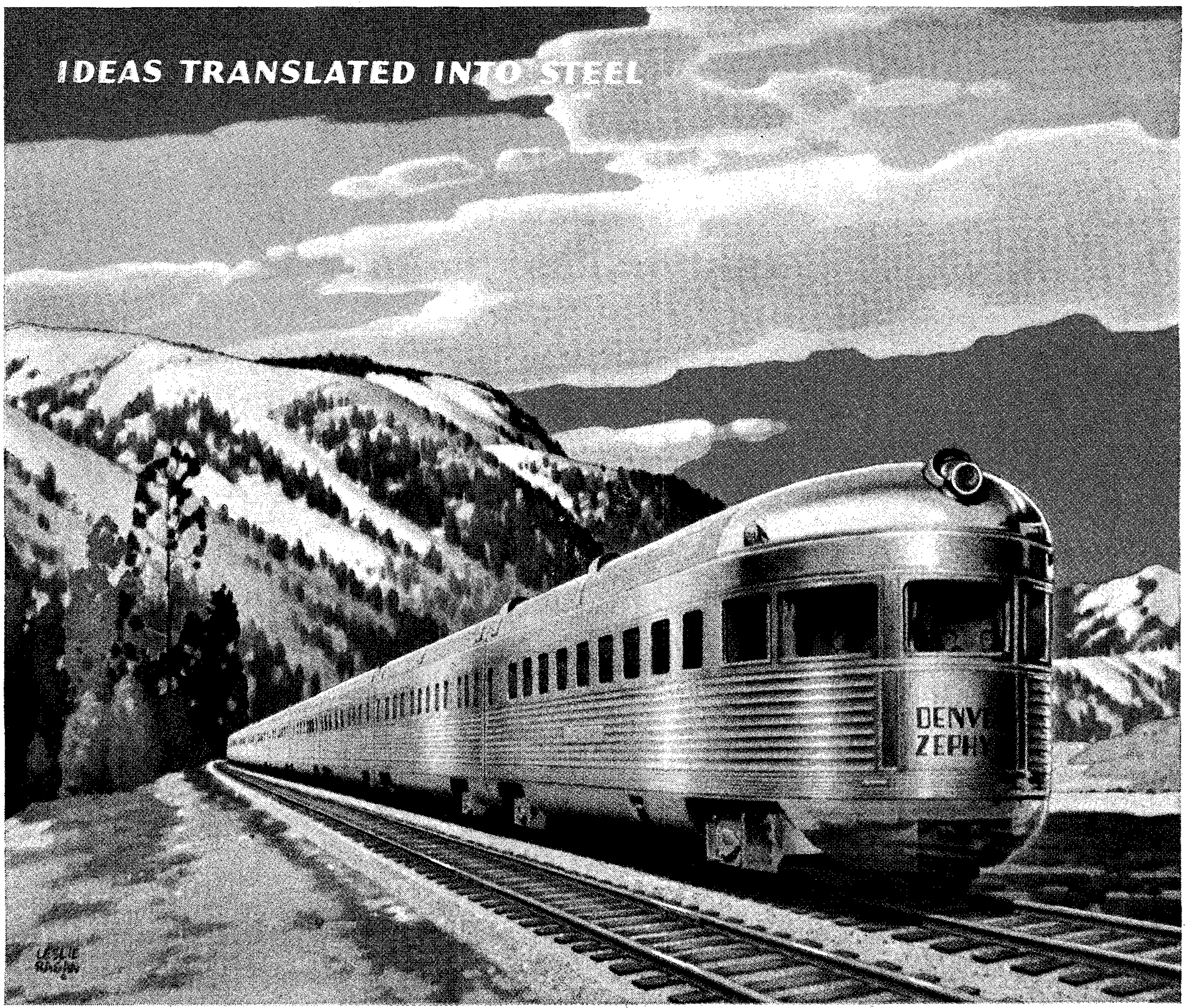
IDEAS TRANSLATED INTO STEEL



Proud Train of the West—the Burlington's "Denver Zephyr." For nearly eight years the two gleaming, stainless steel trains bearing this name have each traversed daily the 1034 miles between Denver and Chicago. They reduced the running time to 16 hours. They have given to travelers on this route a superlative quality of service. As of February 8th last, they had traveled 5,464,783 miles.

All told, there are 14 Zephyr trains, serving splendidly the rich empire covered by Burlington Lines. Together they have rolled up more than 21 million miles. The first, "The Pioneer Zephyr," was christened April 19, 1934. After nearly ten years and 1,652,265 miles, it is still strong and sturdy, still fine-looking and comfortable, a pleasure to its patrons and a continuing source of profit to its owners.

Every one of the Burlington fleet of stainless steel Zephyrs—as well as many others for America's foremost railroads—was built by the Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company. They were the outcome of a belief, shared by Burlington management and Budd, that modern ideas of passenger equipment could be translated best into stainless steel . . . Light in weight, strong and safe with the strength of this superior alloy steel, they have proved economical in operation. Beautifully designed, they attract the admiration of passengers.

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The war that is being written in the newspapers must be a different war from the one we see." "Sometimes I thought," writes Mr. Sherrod, "I could see a whole generation losing its faith in the press."

As if to make a contrast for the reviewer, Macmillan has brought out at the same time a book by an intelligence officer, Lieutenant Colonel Allison Ind, called "Bataan: The Judgment Seat." This "Saga of the Philippine Command of the United States Army Air Force" is, as that ominous word "saga" suggests, conceived in a romantic vein quite different from that of Mr. Sherrod's journal. Here is Lieutenant Colonel Ind's dramatization of his sailing for Manila:

> We would rendezvous in Manila, the three of us; one as commanding general of the Philippine Department Air Force, the other as executive officer, and I as intelligence officer. We had spoken little prior to our departure from Selfridge Field, Michigan, but the need for words really was not imperative.
>
> Yes, we would rendezvous in Manila—we three.
>
> Rendezvous . . . with what?
>
> This, then, was the beginning.
>
> Cobalt seas daintily trimmed the horizon with the vanishing white of old point lace. The Pacific. Calm, luxurious Pacific. In all this vast expanse, surely not one hint of the human foment that ringed us far beyond the sky line. How completely comfortable; thoughts of ease, relaxation, music—home.
>
> Something catches there . . . home.
>
> Why?
>
> Of course there will be home, when we turn around and start the other way. Of course . . . But . . . Queer, always a little catch there some place, when you thought of home. Put it out of mind. Yes, that's better. Let's see; you've got a bit of time to put in on Spanish. Be needing that in the Islands. Be very useful for a couple of years. Before we go—home . . .

Improbable though it may seem, the whole book is written in this mood. The author saw service in the Philippines from just after the attack on Pearl Harbor till a month before the fall of Bataan, in April, 1942, but he has succeeded in turning his experience into something which almost always sounds trashy. I have been unable to get through this book, and I don't see how anybody could. One wonders how it came to be so bad. One gets from it the same impression that the thing to be told has been overlaid by a non-conducting layer of language that one gets from ghost-written books. Even when Lieutenant Colonel Ind is telling how he nearly got shot, or crushed by a falling plane, his story sounds quite unreal. Yet the author is apparently a writer. "For

THIS SCOUTING MISSION—THAT BOMBING RUN—
TONIGHT'S GIRL—TOMORROW'S DRINKING

YOU can't mistake them — battlemarked, gaunt, tired, proud of their worn and faded khakis. They're Navy flyers, four of them, back from Pacific combat, back in San Francisco on medical survey. This is the story of their shore leave: ten crowded rushing days in a suite at the St. Mark, their party room high over the roof tops. None of the men are alike except that they're flyers, and life for them as flyers was this scouting mission, that bombing run, tonight's girl and tomorrow's drinking. Written by a man who has fought in this war, SHORE LEAVE is straight, fast, and without cheap sentiment. "Covers that bothersome phase of the warrior's homecoming when he slides up and down an emotional ladder and alternates between exultation and complete dejection." — CAPT. F. J. BELL, USN, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.50

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An artist reports the battle
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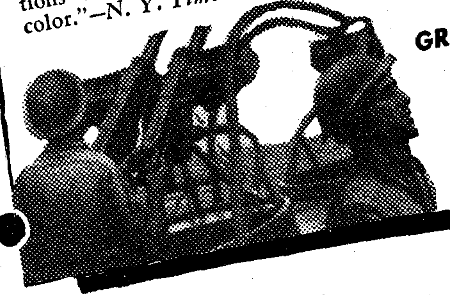
THIS exciting story of the U. S. naval war in the Pacific is a brilliant chronicle, illustrated with 17 beautiful full-page pictures of the Navy in action. ● "Mr. Coale has an eye for colors, an ear for sounds, and the ability to put them into words that carry the atmosphere he wishes to create . . . All the illustrations are in color and beautiful color."—N. Y. *Times Book Review.*

By Lt. Comdr.
GRIFFITH BAILY COALE,
USNR
author-artist of
NORTH ATLANTIC
PATROL
$3.00



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a time," we are told on the jacket, "he taught Bacteriology in the Medical School [at the University of Michigan], but he could not stay away from the College of Literature, where . . . he began to write. During the next eight years he wrote and sold more than eighty short stories and launched upon a newspaper career that brought him into contact with important persons in the fields of science, music, and the theatre." In this journal of his experiences, however, he seems to have provided an example of the effect that the pulp magazines are capable of having on an American in one of the bitterest disasters of our history.

THIS criticism does not apply to "Ten Escape from Tojo" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Commander Melvyn H. McCoy and Lieutenant Colonel S. M. Mellnik, which is a sober, straightforward report of the kind one has a right to expect from officers in the Army and the Navy (and happily unaccompanied by the hysterical baying of the announcer who presided in the newsreel that dealt with their story). Commander McCoy and Lieutenant Colonel Mellnik were captured by the Japs on Bataan and confined for a year in prisons which were second in horror only to Nazi concentration camps. Thousands of men were allowed to die of starvation, brutal treatment, and disease; many were executed or tortured to death. Those who fell by the road on long marches were sometimes buried alive, and on one occasion an American soldier was coerced by the bayonets of the Japs into clubbing one of these with a shovel in order to make him lie down. The two officers who tell this story succeeded at last in escaping with six other commissioned officers and two sergeants. There is nothing more to

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rich, tumultuous story of the life and times of his great friend, John Barrymore, is the outstanding best-seller of the season. Within its first few weeks, it went into its 128th thousand (without any book club), as critics' hats filled the air and the public welcomed the chance to meet the Great Profile face-to-face. *With generous excerpts from Barrymore's own diaries, sketches from his own pen and sixteen unusual photographs.* $3.50

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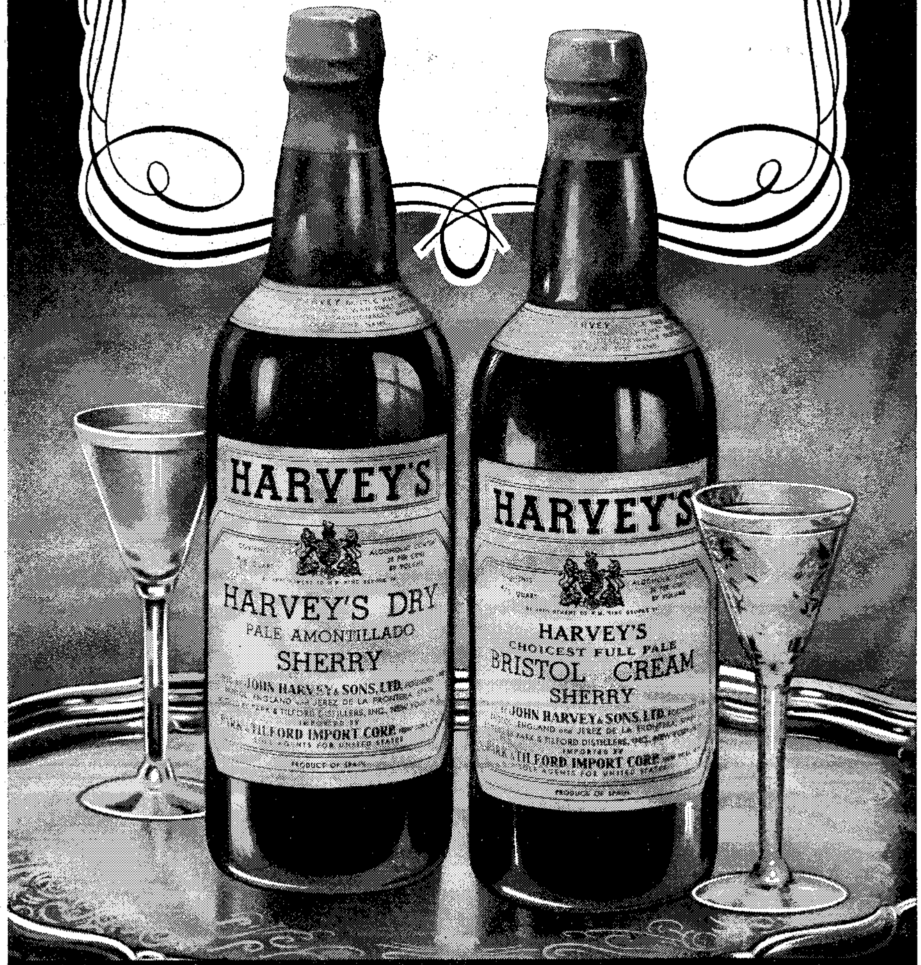

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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

say about this book except that, like "Tarawa," it ought to be read by everybody who wants to find out what the war in the Pacific has been like.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BEDFORD VILLAGE, by Hervey Allen (Farrar & Rinehart). The second installment ("The Forest and the Fort" was the first) of an ambitious historical work which will eventually be published as a six-panel novel called "The Disinherited." Salathiel Albine, the strong, handsome hero who was brought up by Indians, moves a hundred miles or so east from the scene of his last exploits, in western Pennsylvania. Here he helps organize relief for refugees from the Indian wars, falls in love with a nice girl, has several fights with rowdies in the town, engages in a massacre of Indians, and finally (having been jilted by the nice girl) takes up with an Irish serving maid whom we met briefly in the first volume. The novel has the admirable documentation for which Mr. Allen can be counted on and the action rolls along smoothly and cheerfully, but people who are looking for anything comparable to the excitement of "Anthony Adverse" will be awfully let down.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, by Zofia Kossak, translated by Rulka Langer (Roy). There aren't many important personages or major events of the early decades of the thirteenth century that Madame Kossak hasn't managed, in one way or another, to bring into this novel about St. Francis of Assisi. Careening from Rome through France to Egypt, where Francis attempts to convert the Sultan, the story concerns itself with the political intrigues of the fifth Crusade and with a love affair between the king of Jerusalem and Blanche de Champagne, and follows the infants of the Children's Crusade to their unhappy end. The author is so lacking in self-consciousness and so earnest about her mammoth panorama that it's a pity she never succeeds in bringing it to life.

THE SEAS STAND WATCH, by Helen Parker Mudgett (Knopf). As a novel, this is no better and no worse than run-of-the-mill historical fiction, but as an account of life along our eastern seaboard from the last part of the eighteenth century through the War of 1812, it has con-

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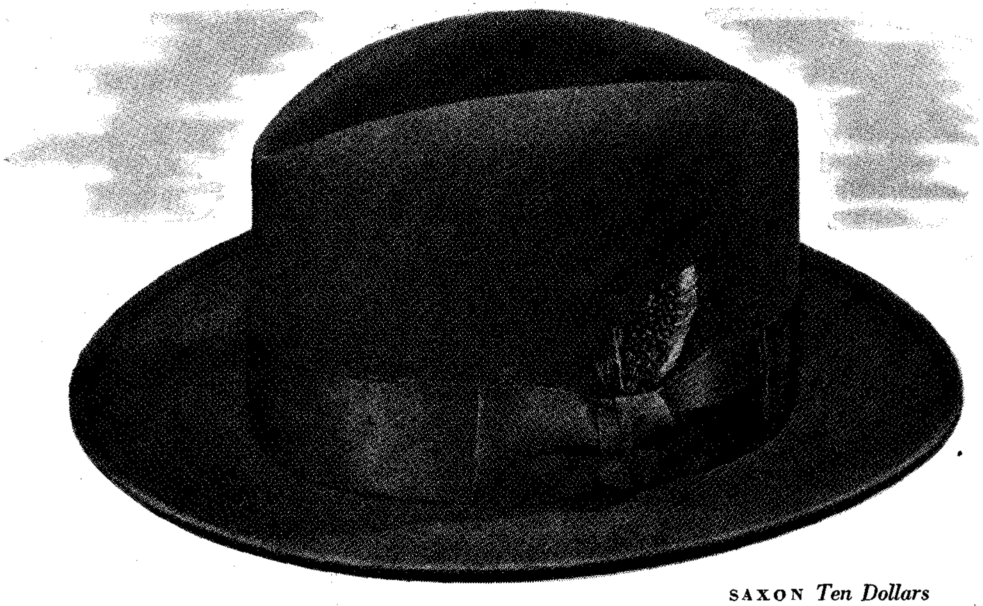

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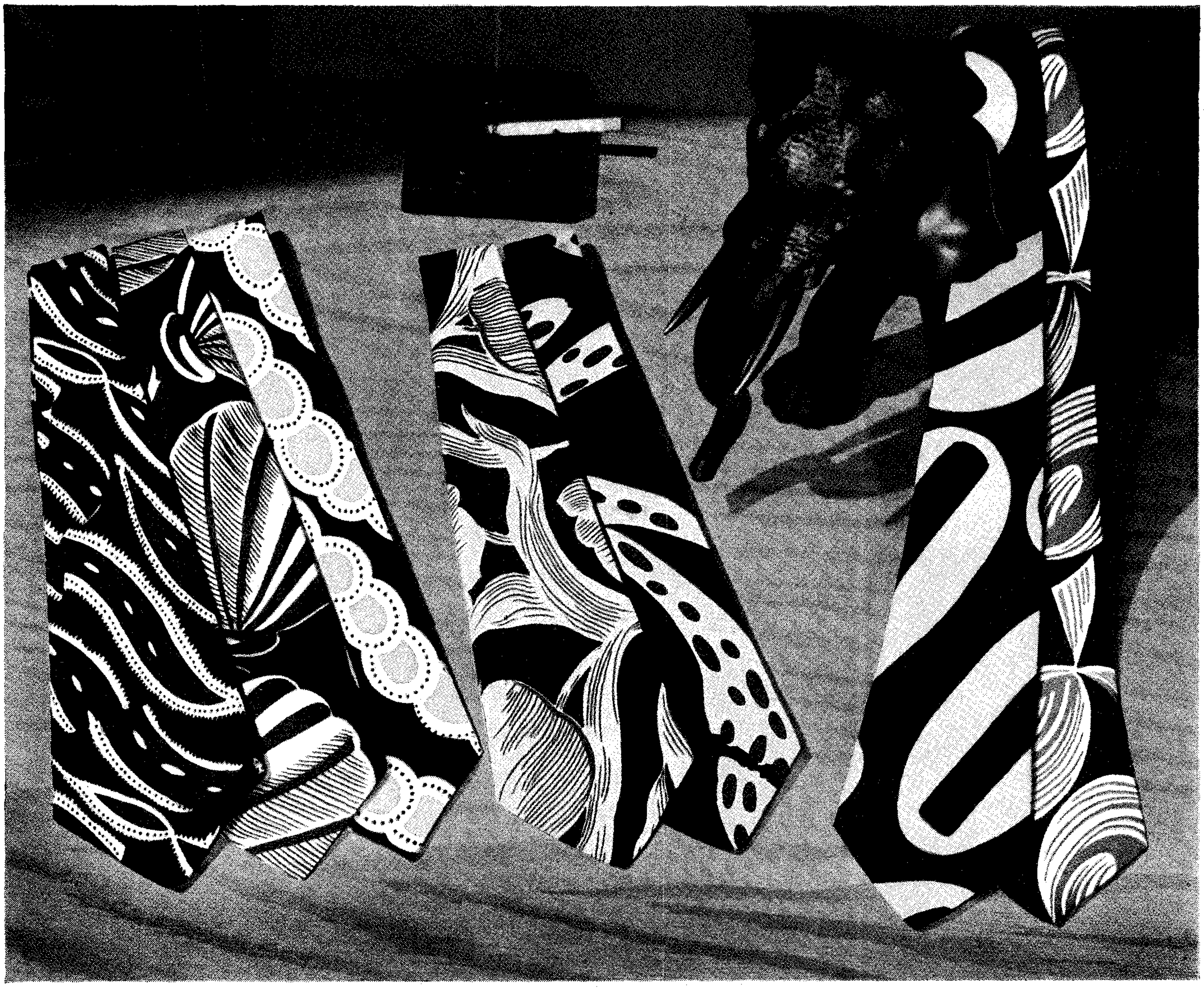

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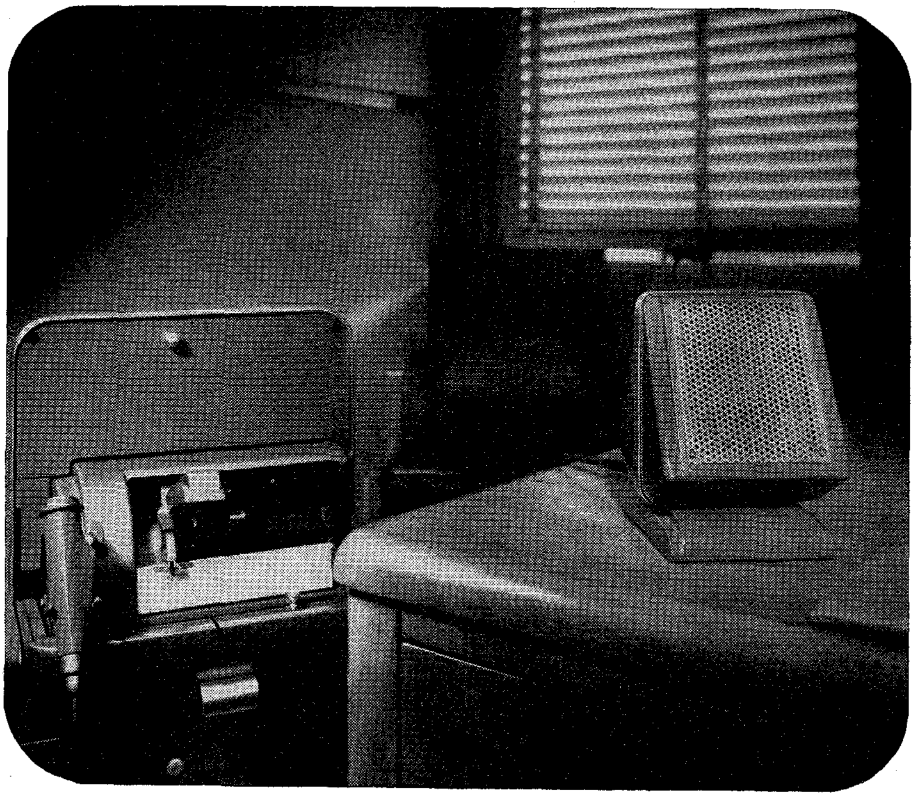
McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • DEPT. D • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK siderable value. Against the tremendous odds which the uncertain period presented, the hero, a New Bedford captain, along with his seafaring contemporaries, opens up new routes to China and develops a trade that is vital to the country's prosperity. The love interest of the novel is rather aimless and pallid and the author's style is undistinguished, but she is interesting when she pictures the effect of the precarious economic situation of the young republic on the lives of resourceful Yankees.

Wait for Mrs. Willard, by Dorothy Langley (Simon & Schuster). A skittishly gentle little story about a much put-upon lady who, after eighteen years of matrimony, takes a holiday from her odious spouse and likes it so much that she never goes back. Of course, there is another man—a fine, upstanding doctor—who makes the desertion a cheerful affair. Much as you may be against whimsy, you will probably wish that the author had succeeded in creating in her heroine the whimsical character she is meant to be.

The Magic Circle, by Gladys Meyer (Knopf). This book gets off to an original and effective start at a ceremony in a Roman Catholic convent, in which one of the heroines is received into a religious order. The rest of the novel is a flashback to the early lives of the two women around whom the story is built—a chronicle of adolescence in New York, student days in Germany, and social work in North Carolina, in which there is not very much that is original and effective. On the whole, a creditable first try, which is marred by the author's weakness for telling all.

The Rainbow, by Wanda Wasilewska, translated from the Russian by Edith Bone (Simon & Schuster). A German-occupied Ukrainian village serves as a background for a story of Nazi sadism and the superhuman courage and endurance of Russian peasants. Both the brutality of the Germans and the unbreakable fortitude of the women and children of the village appear grounded in horrible reality, but the record does not



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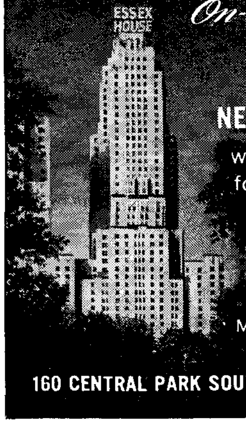

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add up to anything like a first-rate novel. The book has been awarded the Stalin Prize for literature.

TRADITIONAL CHINESE TALES, translated by Chi-Chen Wang (Columbia University Press). Twenty stories, drawn from Chinese literature between 500 and 1500 A.D., that represent nearly all the themes of traditional Chinese fiction. The supernatural predominates, rather charmingly, and there is one tale, "The Flower Lover and the Fairies," that comes close to being a masterpiece of its kind. A few of the selections have appeared in other anthologies, but since most of these are not readily available, the collection assembled by Mr. Wang is one that any reader interested in Chinese literature will want to own.

CONTEMPORARY CHINESE STORIES, translated by Chi-Chen Wang (Columbia University Press). A companion volume to "Traditional Chinese Tales," and equally valuable, that contains twenty-one stories representative of what the translator calls the "literary revolution" in China. The supernatural gives way, in these stories, to the starkly realistic —guerrilla fighters, machine guns, rebellious students—and the writing in general has a decidedly Western quality which, perhaps more than anything else, indicates how completely the writers of present-day China have broken with the past.

GENERAL

CONTEMPORARY ITALY, by Count Carlo Sforza (Dutton). An inquiry into the intellectual, moral, and political origins of modern Italy. Count Sforza begins with a study of Machiavelli, then examines the influence of such early Italians as Vico, Metastasio, and Dante, the part played by such later ones as Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi, and finally, following a survey of Italian history during and after the first World War, traces the rise of Italian Fascism. An interesting and important book.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS, by Will D. Howe (Bobbs-Merrill). A study of the author of the "Essays of Elia" and his circle. Mr. Howe has done a creditable job of research and deserves thanks for assembling the more important of Lamb's letters, but his hop-skip-and-jump method of writing prevents him from making anything like full use of the material he has collected. A good introduction to Lamb, if any such introduction is

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still needed, but otherwise rather superficial.

NAVY IN THE SKY, by Lieutenant Wallace W. Elton, U.S.N.R. (Whittlesey House). A collection of photographs, some of them very good, that tell the story of what is officially called the Naval Air Arm. Ought to please all aviation enthusiasts, especially those in short pants.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA, by Edwin Honig (New Directions). The first detailed survey in English of this modern Spanish poet and playwright. The analysis of Lorca's background, the relation of his talent to both folk and formal art, and the account of his work as director-playwright are particularly full and interesting. On the whole, the criticism is dry and not very deep.

VERSE

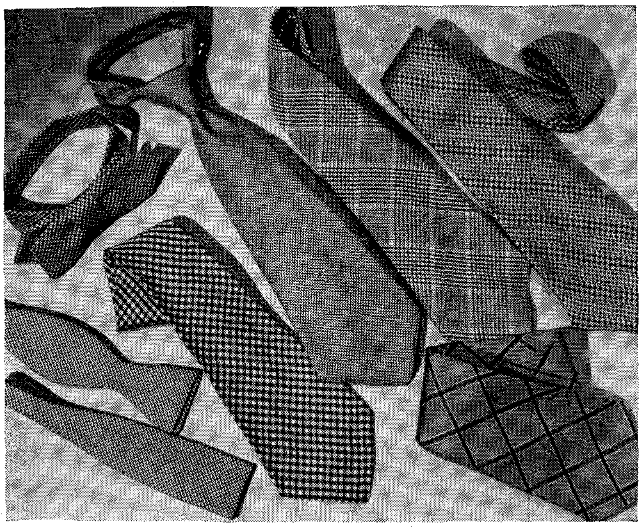
1 × 1 (ONE TIMES ONE), by E. E. Cummings (Holt). In this new volume, E. E. Cummings abandons his trick style from time to time. His satire against the fatuous and cruel and his delight in the romantic aspects of life and love are then apparent at their respective bests. The trick style, by the way, is more durable than one would have supposed possible: this is Cummings' eleventh collection of verse.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS, by Mark Van Doren (Holt). The first collection of this poet's verse since his "Collected Poems" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1940. The title is curiously fitting; Van Doren manages, in the most plausible way, a kind of somnambulist style and even a sleepwalker's mood and point of view—a feat in itself, but a little tiring.

THE LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF CANADIAN POETS, edited by Ralph Gustafson (New Directions). An interesting selection from modern Canadian verse. The oldest poet represented is sixty-one and the youngest twenty-two. The writing and general observation are far from provincial. That the work is transitional is revealed by the fact that, Canada having experienced an intensive "regional" phase in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, not a glimpse or sound of Canada as Canada appears anywhere in the small volume.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BEYOND THE DARK, by Kieran Abbey (Scribner). A large and active section of the population of New York City these days seems to consist of



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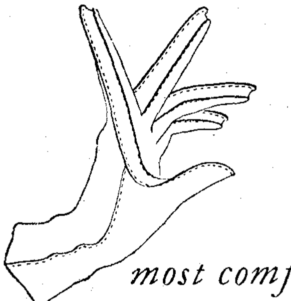

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unfortunate young couples who are being shot at not only by Nazi agents but also by well-meaning members of the FBI. If you aren't scared to death by the plight of the young people in this story, which is very well done, you're just getting hardened, that's all.

No Little Enemy, by Oliver Weld Bayer (Doubleday, Doran). The saboteurs are at it again. This time they're making things tough for Tom Bonbright, a political cartoonist who is sent out on a War Bond tour through the Middle West. Fortunately for the story, Bonbright is accompanied by an English actor, some chorus girls, a home-front hero, an actress, and her press agent, all very well depicted. They go a long way toward averting serious slumps in the action.

Murder Lays a Golden Egg, by Eric Traviss Hull (Doubleday, Doran). Although it has been pointed out before that it's risky for a wealthy woman to invite all her unpleasant relatives to a houseparty on a secluded island to talk over finances, this mystery tackles the situation again, and fairly competently, too. Chiefly for the reader who likes to mull over lists detailing the whereabouts of A, B, and C when D was getting her skull cleft by a hatchet.

•

The gun, inside the envelope, was on the seat near a large, white, man-sized handkerchief which bore the initial "M." Police pointed out that Miller's name begins with an "M."—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Gives you something to think about, all right.

•

The exhortations of a 1944 Lyssastrata would receive cold reception from our modern women. Lizzy may have had the right angle for her time and purpose when she called the love-starved women of ancient Greece together in the Pallas Athene.—*Publicity release.*

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•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Madison, Wis. (U.P.)—A land-stranded bluejacket studying radio at the University of Wisconsin heard of a fellow who might tattoo a hula girl on his chest.

He hunted up the artist and asked him.

The fellow crinkled up shaggy brows and said he was sorry he couldn't.

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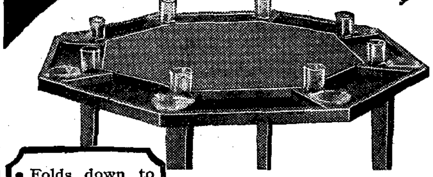

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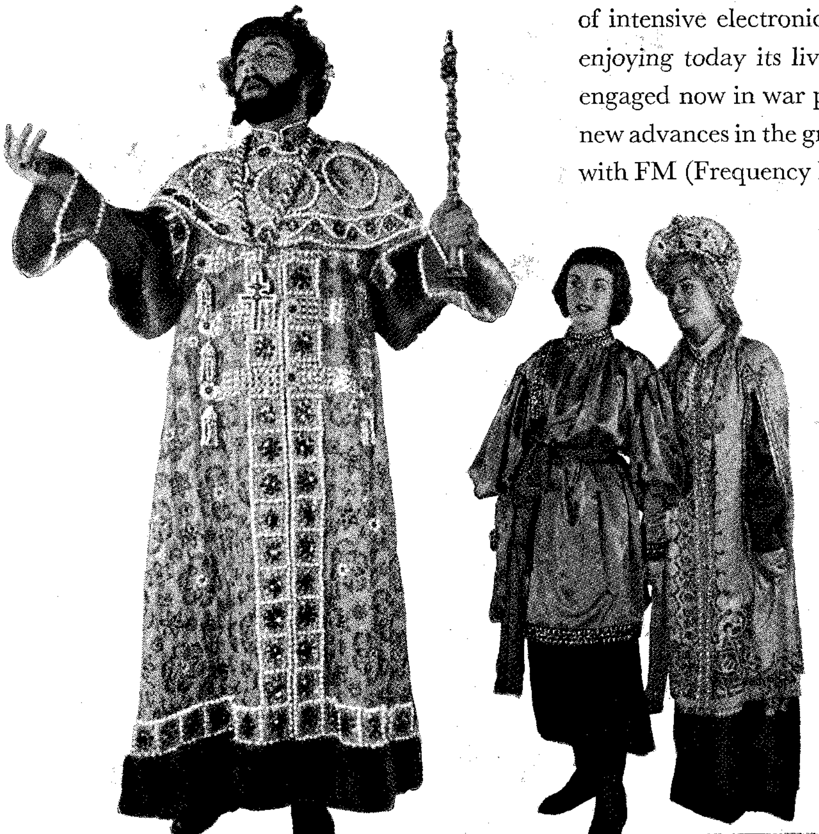
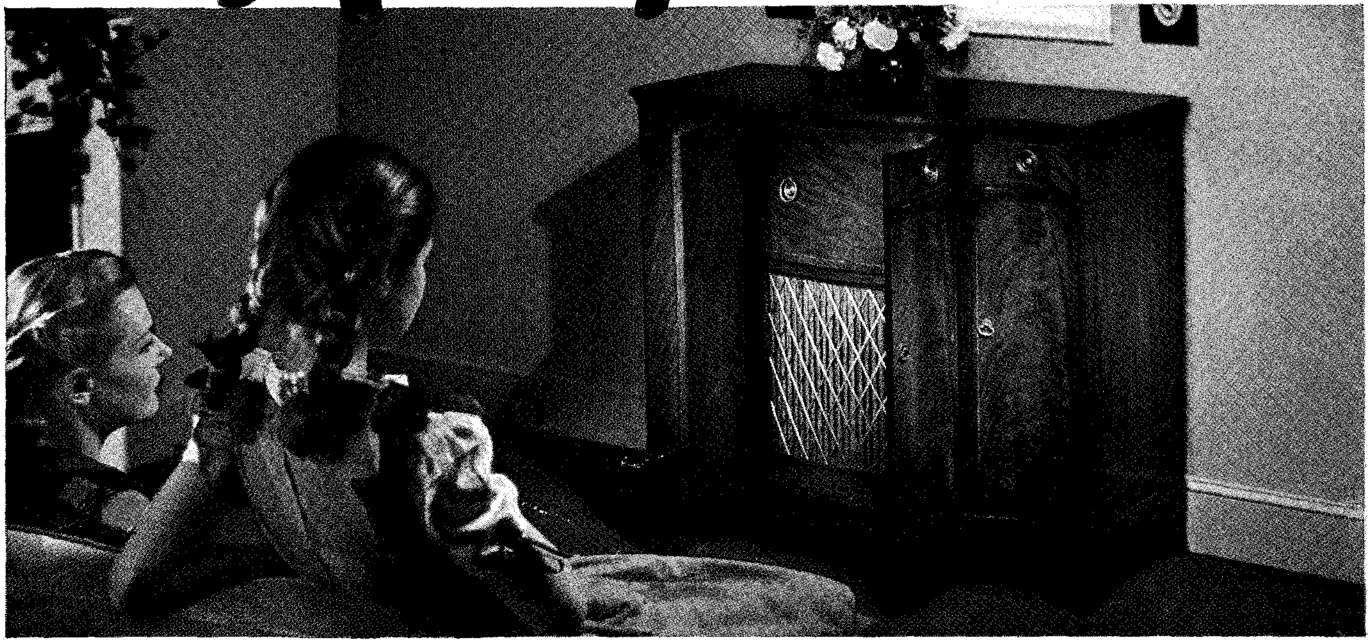


Metropolitan Opera star Ezio Pinza, singing the aria from the Coronation scene in the first act of Boris Godounov.



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